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THE INGENIOUS KNIGHT,
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

“NOT MINE OWN FEARS, NOR THE PROPHETIC SOUL
OF THE WIDE WORLD DREAMING ON THINGS TO COME,
CAN YET THE LEASE OF MY TRUE LOVE CONTROL,
SUPPOSED AS FORFEIT TO A CONFINED DOOM.
THE MORTAL MOON HAS HER ECLIPSE ENDURED,
AND THE SAD AUGURS MOCK THEIR OWN PRESAGE;
INCERTAINTIES NOW CROWN THEMSELVES ASSURED,
AND PEACE PROCLAIMS OLIVES OF ENDLESS AGE.
NOW WITH THE DROPS OF THIS MOST BALMY TIME
MY LOVE LOOKS FRESH, AND DEATH TO ME SUBSCRIBES,
SINCE, SPITE OF HIM, I’LL LIVE IN THIS POOR RHYME,
WHILE HE INSULTS O’ER DULL AND SPEECHLESS TRIBES:
AND THOU IN THIS SHALT FIND THY MONUMENT,
WHEN TYRANTS’ CRESTS AND TOMBS OF BRASS ARE SPENT.”

SHAKESPEARE, *Sonnet* cvii.

THE SECOND PART .
OF THE
INGENIOUS KNIGHT,
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

COMPOSED BY
MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA,
AUTHOR OF THE FIRST PART.

DEDICATED TO
DON PEDRO FERNANDEZ DE CASTRO,
COUNT DE LEMOS, DE ANDRADE Y DE VILLALUA, MARQUIS DE SARRIA,
GENTLEMAN OF HIS MAJESTY'S HOUSEHOLD,
COMMANDER OF THE ENCOMIENDA OF PEÑAFIEL Y LA ZARZA,
OF THE ORDER OF ALCANTARA,
VICEROY, GOVERNOR, AND CAPTAIN-GENERAL OF NAPLES, AND
PRESIDENT OF THE SUPREME COUNCIL OF ITALY.

A NEW TRANSLATION FROM THE ORIGINAL OF 1615, BY
ALEXANDER JAMES DUFFIELD, WITH SOME OF THE NOTES
OF THE REVEREND JOHN BOWLE, A.M., S.S.A.L., JUAN
ANTONIO PELLICER, DON DIEGO CLEMENCIN, AND OTHER
COMMENTATORS.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

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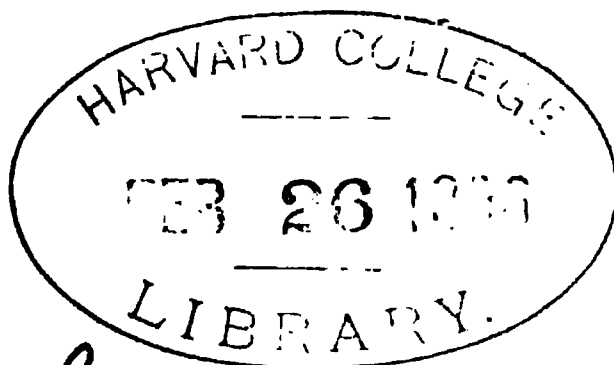
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CONTENTS OF VOL. III.



THE SECOND PART—*Continued.*

CHAPTER XIII.

	PAGE
WHEREIN IS PROSECUTED THE ADVENTURE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE WOOD, WITH THE WITTY, NEW, AND SWEET DISCOURSE WHICH PASSED BETWEEN THE TWO SQUIRES	3

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEREIN IS PROSECUTED THE ADVENTURE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE WOOD	13
---	----

CHAPTER XV.

WHEREIN IS REHEARSED AND TIDINGS GIVEN OF WHO WERE THE KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS AND HIS SQUIRE	32
---	----

CHAPTER XVI.

OF WHAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE WITH A SOBER GENTLEMAN OF LA MANCHA	37
---	----

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEREIN IS MANIFESTED THE TOPMOST POINT AND HIGHEST DEGREE WHICH THE HIGH COURAGE OF DON QUIXOTE EVER DID, OR COULD EVER REACH; TOGETHER WITH THE HAPPILY FINISHED ADVENTURE OF THE LIONS	52
---	----

CHAPTER XVIII.

OF THAT WHICH BEFEL DON QUIXOTE IN THE CASTLE OR HOUSE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE GREEN GABARDINE, WITH OTHER HUMOR- OUS THINGS	70
--	----

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER XIX.

	PAGE
WHEREIN IS REHEARSED THE ADVENTURE OF THE ENAMoured SHEP- HERD, WITH, IN TRUTH, OTHER GRACIOUS ACCIDENTS	84

CHAPTER XX.

WHEREIN ACCOUNT IS GIVEN OF THE BRIDAL OF CAMACHO THE RICH, AND OF WHAT BEFEL BASILIO THE POOR	96
--	----

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEREIN ARE PROSECUTED THE BRIDALS OF CAMACHO, WITH OTHER MOST DAINTY ACCIDENTS	110
---	-----

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEREIN ACCOUNT IS GIVEN OF THE GREAT ADVENTURE OF THE CAVE OF MONTESINOS, WHICH IS IN THE HEART OF LA MANCHA, THAT WAS BROUGHT TO A HAPPY ISSUE BY THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA	121
---	-----

CHAPTER XXIII.

OF THE WONDERFUL THINGS WHICH THE CONSUMMATE DON QUIXOTE RECOUNTED AS HAVING SEEN IN THE DEEP CAVE OF MONTESINOS, THE GREATNESS AND IMPOSSIBILITY OF WHICH MAKES THIS CHAPTER TO BE HELD FOR APOCRYPHAL	134
---	-----

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEREIN ARE RECOUNTED A THOUSAND ODDS AND ENDS OF AS MUCH IMPERTINENCY AS NEED TO THE TRUE UNDERSTANDING OF THIS SUBLIME HISTORY	152
---	-----

CHAPTER XXV.

WHEREIN IS NOTED THE ADVENTURE OF THE BRAYING, AND THE MERRY ONE OF THE PUPPET-PLAYER; TOGETHER WITH THE MEMORABLE RIDDLES OF THE DIVINING MONKEY	163
--	-----

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHEREIN IS PROSECUTED THE DELIGHTFUL ADVENTURE OF THE PUPPET-MASTER; WITH OTHER THINGS, IN SOOTH, SUFFICIENTLY GOOD	179
--	-----

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHEREIN ACCOUNT IS GIVEN OF WHO WERE MAESE PEDRO AND HIS MONKEY, WITH THE ILL SUCCESS THAT DON QUIXOTE HAD IN	
--	--

CONTENTS.

vii

	PAGE
THE BRAYING ADVENTURE, WHICH DID NOT END AS HE COULD HAVE WISHED AND HAD INTENDED	198

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ON THINGS WHICH BENENGELI SAYS THEY SHALL KNOW WHO READ, IF THEY BE READ WITH ALL HEED	209
--	-----

CHAPTER XXIX.

OF THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF THE ENCHANTED BARGE ...	218
--	-----

CHAPTER XXX.

OF WHAT CAME OF THE CONJUNCTION OF DON QUIXOTE WITH A BEAUTIFUL HUNTRESS	229
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHICH TREATS OF MANY AND GREAT AFFAIRS	238
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXII.

OF THE REPLY WHICH DON QUIXOTE GAVE TO HIS CENSURER, WITH OTHER GRAVE AND GRACIOUS HAPS	250
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXIII.

OF THE SAVOURY DISCOURSE WHICH THE DUCHESS AND HER MAIDENS HELD WITH SANCHE PANZA, WORTHY TO BE READ AND MUCH MARKED	271
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHICH MAKES REPORT OF WHAT THEY DID TO DISENCHANT THE PEER- LESS DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO, WHICH IS ONE OF THE ADVENTURES MOST FAMOUS IN THIS BOOK	283
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHEREIN IS PROSECUTED THE REPORT MADE TO DON QUIXOTE ON THE DISENCHANTMENT OF DULCINEA, WITH OTHER ADMIRABLE SUCCESSSES	295
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHEREIN IS REHEARSED THE STRANGE AND NEVER-BEFORE-IMAGINED ADVENTURE OF THE HEART-SICK DUENNA, OTHERWISE THE COUNTESS TRIFALDI ; TOGETHER WITH A LETTER WHICH SANCHE PANZA WROTE TO HIS WIFE TERESA	306
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXVII.

	PAGE
WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF THE DUENNA DOLOROUS	315

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WHEREIN REHEARSAL IS MADE BY THE DUENNA DOLOROUS OF HER EVIL FORTUNE	319
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN WHICH THE TRIFALDI CONTINUES HER WONDROUS AND MEMORABLE HISTORY	329
--	-----

CHAPTER XL.

OF THINGS WHICH APPERTAIN AND ARE RELATIVE TO THIS ADVENTURE, AS WELL AS TO THIS MEMORABLE HISTORY ..	334
---	-----

CHAPTER XLI.

OF THE ADVENT OF CLAVILEÑO, WITH THE END OF THIS LONG-WINDED ADVENTURE ...	342
--	-----

CHAPTER XLII.

OF THE COUNSELS WHICH DON QUIXOTE GAVE TO SANCHE PANZA, BEFORE HE SHOULD GO TO GOVERN THE ISLAND, WITH OTHER MATTERS OF MUCH CONSIDERANCE ...	360
---	-----

CHAPTER XLIII.

OF THE SECOND COUNSELS WHICH DON QUIXOTE GAVE TO SANCHE PANZA ...	369
---	-----

CHAPTER XLIV.

HOW SANCHE PANZA WAS CARRIED OFF TO THE GOVERNMENT, AND OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE WHICH HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE IN THE CASTLE ...	378
--	-----

CHAPTER XLV.

HOW THE GREAT SANCHE PANZA TOOK POSSESSION OF HIS ISLAND, AND THE MANNER IN WHICH HE BEGAN TO GOVERN ...	393
--	-----

CHAPTER XLVI.

OF THE FEARSOME FRIGHT, BELL-JANGLING, AND CAT-MEWING WHICH CAME UPON DON QUIXOTE IN THE COURSE OF THE LOVES OF THE ENAMoured ALTISIDORA ...	404
--	-----

CONTENTS.

ix

CHAPTER XLVII.

PAGE

WHEREIN IS PROSECUTED HOW SANCHE PANZA COMPORTED HIMSELF IN HIS GOVERNMENT	411
--	-----

CHAPTER XLVIII.

OF WHAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE WITH DOÑA RODRIGUEZ, THE DUENNA OF THE DUCHESS, WITH OTHER CASUALTIES WORTHY TO BE WRITTEN AND HELD OF ETERNAL MEMORY	425
--	-----

CHAPTER XLIX.

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO SANCHE PANZA ON GOING THE ROUNDS OF HIS ISLAND	437
--	-----

CHAPTER L.

WHEREIN IS DECLARED WHO WERE THE ENCHANTRESS AND EXECU- TIONERS THAT SCOURGED THE DUENNA, AND PINCHED AND CLAWED DON QUIXOTE; TOGETHER WITH THE SUCCESS WHICH HAPPENED TO THE PAGE WHO CARRIED THE LETTER TO TERESA PANZA, WIFE OF SANCHE PANZA	454
--	-----

CHAPTER LI.

OF THE PROGRESS IN THE GOVERNMENT OF SANCHE PANZA; WITH OTHER ISSUES, SUCH AS THEY ARE	468
--	-----

CHAPTER LII.

WHEREIN IS REHEARSED THE ADVENTURE OF DUENNA DOLOROUS THE SECOND, OR THE WRETCHED, KNOWN BY THE OTHER NAME OF DOÑA RODRIGUEZ	482
---	-----

CHAPTER LIII.

OF THE WEARY END AND UPSHOT WHICH CAME OF SANCHE PANZA'S GOVERNMENT	493
---	-----

CHAPTER LIV.

WHICH TREATS OF THINGS TOUCHING THIS HISTORY, AND OF NO OTHER	502
---	-----

CHAPTER LV.

OF THINGS WHICH HAPPENED TO SANCHE BY THE WAY, AND OTHERS OF THE MOST CHARMING KIND	516
---	-----

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER LVI.

	PAGE
OF THE UNCOMMON AND NEVER-SEEN BATTLE WHICH TOOK PLACE BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA AND THE LACQUEY TOSILOS, IN DEFENCE OF THE DAUGHTER OF THE DUENNA DOÑA RODRIGUEZ	527

CHAPTER LVII.

WHICH TREATS OF HOW DON QUIXOTE TOOK HIS LEAVE OF THE DUKE, AND OF WHAT HAPPENED WITH THE WITTY, WANTON ALTISIDORA, THE DUCHESS'S HANDMAID	535
---	-----

CHAPTER LVIII.

SHOWING HOW SO MANY ADVENTURES FELL UPON DON QUIXOTE THAT THEY TROD ONE UPON ANOTHER	541
--	-----

CHAPTER LIX.

WHEREIN IS REHEARSED THE EXTRAORDINARY HAP, WHICH MAY BE HELD FOR AN ADVENTURE, WHICH BEFEL DON QUIXOTE ...	560
--	-----

CHAPTER LX.

OF WHAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE ON HIS WAY TO BARCELONA ...	574
---	-----

CHAPTER LXI.

OF WHAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE ON HIS ENTRANCE INTO BARCELONA, WITH OTHER THINGS WHICH ARE MORE NICE THAN WISE ...	595
--	-----

CHAPTER LXII.

WHICH TREATS OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE ENCHANTED HEAD, AND OTHER CHILDISH TRICKS WHICH MUST BE TOLD	601
--	-----

CHAPTER LXIII.

OF THE ILL WHICH CAME TO SANCHE PANZA ON HIS VISIT TO THE GALLEYS, AND OF THE NEW ADVENTURE OF THE BEAUTIFUL MOORISH MAIDEN	620
--	-----

CHAPTER LXIV.

WHICH TREATS OF THE ADVENTURE WHICH GAVE DON QUIXOTE MORE GRIEF THAN ANY OF THE MANY WHICH HAD HAPPENED TO HIM UNTIL NOW	635
---	-----

CONTENTS.

xi

CHAPTER LXV.

	PAGE
WHEREIN TIDINGS ARE GIVEN OF HIM WHO WAS THE KNIGHT OF THE MOON, WITH THE DELIVERANCE OF DON GREGORIO, AND OTHER HAPS	642

CHAPTER LXVI.

WHICH TREATS OF THAT WHICH HE WHO SEES SHALL READ, OR HE SHALL HEAR WHO LISTENS TO THE READING	651
--	-----

CHAPTER LXVII.

OF THE RESOLUTION WHICH DON QUIXOTE TOOK TO TURN SHEPHERD AND FOLLOW A PASTORAL LIFE WHILE THE YEAR OF HIS PROMISE SHOULD PASS, WITH OTHER HAPPENINGS, IN SOOTH, VERY SAVOURY AND GOOD	659
--	-----

CHAPTER LXVIII.

OF THE BRISTLY ADVENTURE WHICH HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE...	667
---	-----

CHAPTER LXIX.

OF THE MOST RARE AND MOST NEW EVENT WHICH IN THE WHOLE DISCOURSE OF THIS GREAT HISTORY CAME UPON DON QUIXOTE...	675
--	-----

CHAPTER LXX.

WHICH FOLLOWS SIXTY-NINE, AND TREATS OF THINGS WHICH COULD NOT BE PASSED OVER FOR THE CLEARING UP OF THIS HISTORY ...	682
--	-----

CHAPTER LXXI.

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE IN GOING TO THEIR VILLAGE	694
--	-----

CHAPTER LXXII.

OF HOW DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHE ARRIVED AT THEIR VILLAGE ...	705
--	-----

CHAPTER LXXIII.

OF THE OMENS WHICH CAME TO DON QUIXOTE ON ENTERING HIS VILLAGE, WITH OTHER SORTED HAPS WHICH GRACE AND BRING GOODLY CREDIT TO THIS GREAT HISTORY	713
---	-----

CHAPTER LXXIV.

OF HOW DON QUIXOTE FELL ILL, AND OF THE WILL HE MADE ; AND HIS DEATH	721
--	-----

THE SECOND PART
OF THE
INGENIOUS KNIGHT,
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.
(*Continued.*)

THE INGENIOUS KNIGHT,
DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

CHAPTER XIII.

WHEREIN IS PROSECUTED THE ADVENTURE OF THE KNIGHT
OF THE WOOD, WITH THE WITTY, NEW, AND SWEET
DISCOURSE¹ WHICH PASSED BETWEEN THE TWO SQUIRES.

THE knights and the squires were divided, these rehearsing the story of their lives, and those of their loves; but the history first relates the discourses of the men, and afterwards prosecutes those of their masters. And thus it proceeds: Being separated a little from them, the squire of him of the Wood said to Sancho—

“It is a hard life we pass and have to live, good sir, this of us squires of knights-errant; verily we do eat bread in the sweat of our brows, which is one of the curses that God threw at our first parents.”

“You can also say,” added Sancho, “that we eat it in the shivering of our bodies; for who endure more heat and cold than your poor squires of knight-errantry? Nor would it be so bad if we did eat, for

good fare lessens care ; but it is likely enough that we pass one or two days without breaking our fast, except on the wind which blows."

"All this one might bear and help to bear," said he of the Wood, "with the hope we have of the reward; for if a knight-errant whom a squire serves be not overmuch unlucky, he will at least, in a little while, find himself rewarded with a handsome government of some island, or an earldom of good seeming."

"I," answered Sancho, "have already told my master that I would be content with the government of some island, and he is so noble and so liberal that he has promised it to me many and divers times."

"I," said he of the Wood, "have told my master that I would be satisfied with a canonry for my services, and my master has already given orders for one."

"Well now," said Sancho, "then your master will be an ecclesiastical knight, belike, and so is able to do these favours to his good squires : but mine is only lay ; although I mind me of some wise people, who, in my opinion, were evil inclined, who wanted to persuade him to turn archbishop ; but he did not wish it, and only cared to be an emperor : and I was trembling all the time, lest he should have a mind to take to the Church, because I am not capable to hold benefices in her ; for I would have your worship know that although I seem to be a man, yet am I a very beast for the Church."

"Well, in truth, your worship errs," said he of the Wood, "for your insulary governments are not all of good state ; some are crooked, some poor, some

melancholy, and, finally, the straightest of them and the most to be desired carries with it some heavy weight of cares and troubles, which he has to bear who is so unhappy as for chance to confer it upon him. It would be a good deal better for us who profess this damned slavery to go back to our homes and pass the time in more easy exercise, such, we might say, as hunting or fishing; for what squire is there in the world who is so poor as not to have a hack, and a brace of greyhounds, and a fishing-rod, with which he can amuse himself in his village?"

"I lack nothing of all these," said Sancho; "it is true that I have no hack, but I have an ass, which is worth twice as much as my master's horse. God give me a bad Easter, and let it be the first which comes, if I would truck with him, although he gave me four measures of barley to boot. Your worship will laugh at the price which I put on my Dapple (dapple is the colour of my ass). As for greyhounds, there are plenty; my village is overstocked with them; and then, besides, the chase is more pleasant when it is at other people's expense."

"Really and truly," answered he of the Wood, "master squire, I have resolved and determined to give up these drunken frolics of those knights, and retire me to my village and bring up my chickens. I have three, which are like three Oriental pearls."

"I have two," said Sancho, "which are fit to be presented to the pope in person; especially a girl, whom I am bringing up for a countess, if God pleases, although it will be in spite of her mother."

“And how old is this lady whom you are bringing up for a countess?” inquired he of the Wood.

“Fifteen years, two more or less,” answered Sancho; “but she is as tall as a lance, as fresh as an April morning, and as strong as a porter.”

“These are parts,” said he of the Wood, “not only for a countess, but also for a nymph of the greenwood. Oh, the whoreson slut! and what strength the sly jade will have!”

To which Sancho answered, somewhat in dudgeon, “No giglot is she, nor was her mother; nor will either of the two so be, God willing, as long as I live. And speak you more courteously; for one who, like your worship, has been bred among knights-errants—who are courtesy itself—these words do not appear to me to be well concerted.”

“Oh, how ill has your worship understood me,” answered he of the Wood, “or the secret of praise, sir squire. What! do you not know that when some knight has delivered him a good lance on the bull in the ring, or when any person does anything good, the vulgar exclaim, ‘O whoreson dog, how well he did it!’ and that which seems to be dispraise in that sense is a notable commendation? And do you forswear, sir, all sons and daughters who do not works which make their parents worthy of similar praise.”

“Yea, I do forswear all of them,” said Sancho; “and after this sort, and in this sense, your worship may heap up on my children and my wife a whole garden-house, for all that they do and say are extremes, worthy of such praises; and that I may return and see

them again, I pray God that he deliver me from mortal sin, which will be the same if he delivers me from this parlous profession of squire, which I have incurred a second time, enticed and deceived of a purse with a hundred crowns, which I found one day in the heart of the Sierra Morena ; and the devil puts before my eyes, here, there, hither—no, but yonder, yes, a bagful of doubloons, so that I fancy at every step I can clutch it with my hands, hug it in my breast, and carry it home, and make annuities and set up rents, and live like a prince ; and for the little while I fancy this, the many toils I go through for this stupid master of mine, who is more of a madman than a knight, are made light and easy to be borne.”

“ From this comes the saying,” answered he of the Wood, “that covetousness bursts the sack. And if you go to treat of that sort, there is not a better in all the world than my master, for he belongs to those of whom it is said, ‘Other people’s cares kill the ass ;’ and because he would recover another knight of his lost senses, he turns mad himself, and goes hunting after I know not what, and which, even if he find it, will make him shoot out his lip.”

“ And he is perhaps in love ? ”

“ Yea, and of one Casildea de Vandalia, the rawest and best cooked lady² that can be found in the whole of this orb. But the rawness is not the foot he limps on ; still greater gewgaws wamble in his stomach, as we shall see before many hours are over.”

“ There is no road so smooth but what has some tripping and toppling in it,” said Sancho ; “in other

houses they dress beans, and in mine they cook them by the caldron; madness has more followers and spongers than wisdom; but if it be true, what is commonly said, that to have companions in toil lessens toil, I may console me with your worship, for you serve a master quite as stupid as is mine."

"Stupid, but valiant," answered he of the Wood, "and more sly than stupid or valiant."

"That is not so with mine," said Sancho. "I mean that he is nothing sly; rather he has a soul like a glass. He does not know how to do harm to anybody, but only good to all; he has no cunning—a child can persuade him that it is night in the middle of day; and for this simplicity I love him as the skin of my own heart, and will neither cheat him nor leave him, for all the fooleries he may do."

"For all that, sir and brother," said he of the Wood, "if the blind guide the blind, both run in danger of falling into the ditch. Better will it be for us to make straight paths for our feet, and return to our old remembered spots; for they who hunt for adventures do not always catch them to their liking."

Sancho spat often, seemingly a certain kind of sticky spittle, and somewhat dry, which being seen and noted by the charitable timber squire, he said—

"It seems to me that we have talked till our tongues cleave to the roof of our mouths; but I have brought a loosener hanging to my horse's pommel, as big as it is good." And rising, he returned presently with a grand skin of wine, and a *mèat-pie* half a yard long; and that is no overrating, for it was of a tame

rabbit, so large, that on Sancho touching it he fancied it must be of some he-goat, or at least a kid ; which Sancho beholding, said—

“ And did your worship bring this with you, sir ? ”

“ Why, what think you,” answered the other—
“ that I am some low-born squire ? Let me tell thee that I have a better provand on my horse’s haunches than ever general carried on the march.”

Sancho fell to without being entreated, and swallowed, in the dark, mouthfuls as big as horse-balls, and he said, “ Verily, your worship is a faithful and legal squire, right and tight, magnificent and grand, as this banquet shows, which if it has not come hither by enchantment, it at least appears so ; and not like me, paltry and unfortunate, who only bring in my wallets a bit of cheese, so hard that you could split a giant’s skull with it, and to keep it company a few dozen carobs, and a many other sort of nuts ; thanks to the strictness of my master, and the opinion which he holds, and the rule which he keeps, which is that knights-errant ought not to be fed or kept except on dried fruits, and herbs of the field.”

“ Parfay, brother,” answered he of the Wood, “ my stomach was not made for sweet thistles or cactus pears, nor mountain roots. Let our masters do as they please with their opinions and chivalry laws, and let them eat what these order ; I carry my pies, and this skin hanging from the pommel, for yea or for nay, which is so devout to me, and I so devout to her, that but little whiles pass without I give her a thousand kisses, and embrace her a thousand times.”

So saying, he placed the bottle in Sancho's hands, who, raising it aloft, pressed it to his mouth, and stood looking at the stars for a quarter of an hour. On finishing his drink, he let fall his head on one side, and heaving a great sigh, exclaimed, "O whoreson dog! O skulking knave! how fine it is!"

"See now," said he of the Wood, on hearing Sancho's *whoreson dog*, "how thou praisest this wine, calling it 'whoreson dog.'"

"I say," answered Sancho, "that I confess that I know it is no dishonour to call any one 'whoreson dog,' where it is intended for praise. But tell me, sir, by the age of that which we love most, is this wine from Ciudad Real?"

"Bravo, tapster!" said he of the Wood; "it comes, in truth, from nowhere else, and it owns to some years of age."

"Let me alone for that," said Sancho; "don't you go a-supposing but what I am able always to tell exactly all about wines. Is it not fine, sir squire, that I should have an instinct so great and so natural in this knowing of them, for if you only let me smell at any one, I will tell you its native place, its lineage, its flavour, its keep, and how many turns they have to give it, with all the particularities belonging to wine? But there's nothing to wonder at in that; for I had in my family, on my father's side, two of the most excellent tasters which, in long, long years, La Mancha ever knew; in proof of which, there happened what I am now going to tell. They gave to those two some wine out of one cask, asking for their

opinion of the condition, quality, goodness, or malice of the wine: one tried it with the tip of his tongue, the other did no more than raise it to the tip of his nose; the first said that that wine had a smack of iron; the second said that it smacked of leather. The owner protested that the cask was clean, and that that wine had no ingredient whatever from which it could get the taste of leather or of iron; but, withal, those two famous tasters stuck to what they had said. Time went on, the wine was sold, and in cleaning out the cask they found in it a little key hanging from a leather strap. Now see, your worship, whether one who comes of that breed is not fit to give his voice in such-like things."

"Therefore, say I," answered he of the Wood, "let us give up this going a-hunting after adventures; and seeing that we have home-baked loaves, not to go peering for tarts, but return to our huts, where God may find us if he has a mind to."

"Until my master comes to Saragossa I shall serve him, and after that we will all come to some agreement."

Finally, so much did the two good squires drink, and so much did they talk, that sleep deemed it needful to tie up their tongues and temper their thirst—to quench it was impossible; and so both of them holding on to the almost empty bottle, with their mouthfuls half chewed in their mouths, they fell asleep, where we will leave them for a while to tell of that which passed between the Knight of the Wood and he of the Rueful Visage.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XIII.

Note 1, page 3.

The witty, new, and sweet discourse—the title to this chapter ; on which the Spanish commentators demand, “What is a new discourse ? All discourses are new, but this is of eating and drinking ; what there is of new,” they say, “is the salt of the dialogue.” They also say, do these gentle critics, “that to eat bread *in*, instead of *with*, the sweat of our brows is *un idiotismo*.” It is Greek, my unhappy friends. See the Septuagint, Gen. iii. 19, and the Spanish version of the early Spanish Reformers, printed September, 1569.

Note 2, page 7.

The rawest and best cooked lady. The squire is playing upon the double meaning of *cruda*, which is applied equally to a person of cruel disposition or a piece of meat that has not even smelt a fire.

CHAPTER XIV.

WHEREIN IS PROSECUTED THE ADVENTURE OF THE
KNIGHT OF THE WOOD.

AMONG the many discourses which passed between Don Quixote and the sylvan knight, the history tells that he of the Wood said to Don Quixote, "Finally, sir knight, I would have you know that my fate, or rather my choice, led me to fall in love with the peerless Casildea de Vandalia. I call her peerless, because she has no equal, either in the grandeur of her person, or in the excellency of her estate and beauty. This adorable Casildea, of whom I am speaking, in recompense of my honourable thoughts and courteous observance, employed me, as his step-mother employed Hercules, in many and divers dangers, promising me at the end of each that the end of the other should be the crown of my hope; and thus my labours go on, adding link to link, until they are without number, nor know I which shall be the last that is to be the first in fulfilling my lawful desires. One time she bade me go and defy that famous giantess of Seville, who is called Giralda,¹

who is very valiant and strong, being made of brass, and who, without moving from one fixed spot, is the most wavering and fickle woman of the world. I came, I saw, I conquered; I made her stand still, and kept her steady to one point, so that for a whole week no winds blew except those from the north. At another time, she commanded me to go and poise the ancient stones of the fierce bulls of Guisando²—an enterprise more befitting porters than knights. At another time, she ordered me to plunge headlong into the Cave of Cabra,³ a nameless and fearsome peril, and to bring her special report of what is hidden in the obscurity of that profound deep. I stayed Giralda's motion, I weighed Guisando's bulls, I flung me into Cabra's cave, and drew to light that which was hidden in its abyss; and still my hopes are not less dead, and her mandates and disdains no less quick! In brief, she at last ordered me to travel all the provinces of Spain, and to make all knights-errant whom I should find wandering there, to confess that she alone is the most excellent in beauty of all living beauties, and that I am the most valiant and the best and most enamoured knight of the world; in which demand I have already journeyed through the greater part of Spain, and have there overthrown many knights who have dared to contradict me. But that for which I hold me of more value, and am most proud, is having overcome in single combat that most famous knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, and made him confess that my Casildea is more beauteous than his Dulcinea; and in this conquest alone I reckon

me to have conquered all the knights of the world, for that Don Quixote of whom I have spoken has conquered all, and I having overcome him, his glory, his fame, and his honour are transferred and passed to my person ; for

*The more the honour of the vanquished foe,
The more renown hath he who laid him low.*

So shall run to my account, and become mine own, the innumerable exploits of the already mentioned Don Quixote."

Don Quixote was appalled on hearing the Knight of the Wood, and was ready a thousand times to give him the lie, and even now he had *You lie* on the tip of his tongue ; but he forbore as best he could, in order to make him confess his own lie with his own mouth, and therefore, with much calmness, he said to him—

" That your worship, sir knight, might have vanquished most of the knights-errants of Spain, and even of all the world, I make no doubt ; but that you have vanquished Don Quixote de la Mancha, I do doubt. It may be that it was another who hath some resemblance, although there are few who are like him."

" How not ? " demanded he of the Wood. " By the heaven which covers us, I fought with Don Quixote ; I overcame him, I made him yield. He is a man tall of stature, of meagre visage, sere, and lank of limb, gray, with eagle nose, and somewhat bent, of large mustachios, black and drooping ; he takes the field under the title of the Knight of the

Rueful Visage, and has as his squire a labourer called Sancho Panza; he bestrides the loins and rules the rein of a fiery steed called Rozinante; and, lastly, he serves, as the sovereign of his heart, one Dulcinea del Toboso, whilom Aldonza Lorenzo—like unto mine, who for that her name was Casilda, and is of Andalusia, I call her Casildea de Vandalia—and if all these tokens suffice not to accredit my truth, here is my sword, which shall compel incredulity itself to believe it.”

“Calm yourself, sir knight,” said Don Quixote, “and listen to what I would say. You shall know that this Don Quixote of whom you speak is the greatest friend which I have in this world, and so much so that I may say that I hold him in the place of myself; and by these signs which you have given me of him, so certain and particular, I am forced to believe that it must be him himself whom you have conquered. On the other side, I see with my eyes and feel with my hands that it is not possible it can be the same, unless it be that, having as enemies many enchanterers, especially one who is his persistent persecutor, some one of them hath taken his shape and suffered himself to be overcome, in order to defraud him of the fame which his exalted chivalry hath reaped and acquired on the face of the whole earth. And in confirmation of this, I would also have you know that these same enchanterers, his adversaries, only two days ago⁴ transformed the figure and person of the beauteous Dulcinea del Toboso into a village girl, foul and low; and after this manner they must

have transformed Don Quixote. And if all this suffice not to ground you in the truth which I declare, here is Don Quixote himself, who will maintain it with his arms, on foot or on horseback, or after what manner it shall please you ;” and in saying that, he sprang to his feet, grasped his sword, and awaited the resolution of the Knight of the Wood.

He, in the same calm voice, answered and said, “To the good paymaster pledges give no pain : he who once, sir Don Quixote, was able to vanquish you, being transformed, may well hope to make you yield in your own person. But because it becomes not knights to do their feats of arms in the dark, like padders and ruffians, let us wait for the day, that the sun may behold our works ; and let the condition of our battle be that the conquered shall remain at the will of the conqueror, to do with him all that he pleases, provided that what he shall ordain shall become a knight to obey.”

“I am more than pleased with this condition and compact,” answered Don Quixote.

In saying that, they went in quest of their squires, and found them snoring in the same postures in which sleep had surprised them. They wakened them, and ordered them to make ready the horses, for that at sunrise the two had to engage in a bloody, single, and unequal combat. At which tidings Sancho was struck with wonder and amazement, fearful for his master’s health, on account of what he had heard of the other’s prowess from the squire of the Knight of the Wood. But, without speaking a word, the two

squires went in search of their cattle, and found them all together, for the three horses and the dapple had smelt each other out.

While on the way, he of the Wood said to Sancho, "Thou must know, brother, that fighters of Andalucia, when they are godfathers in a quarrel, hold it as a custom not to stand idle, with one hand in the other, while their godsons are in strife. This I say because I would have thee know that meanwhile our masters are fighting, we also have to fight and make us splinters."

"This custom, sir squire," said Sancho, "may out there hold and pass as common among the ruffians and fighters whom you name, but among your squires of knights-errant it is not to be thought of; at least, I have never heard my master make mention of any such custom, and he carries in his memory all the ordinances of knight-errantry. Moreover, supposing it is true, and that there is an express order that squires should fight while their masters are fighting, yet I have no mind to comply with it, but will pay the fine which may be put on all such peaceful squires; and I am sure it will not be more than two pounds of wax, and I would rather pay those pounds, for I know they will cost me less than the lint which I should waste in plastering my head, which would be sure to be cut and parted in two; and, more, it is impossible for me to fight, for I have no sword, and never carried one in my life."

"I know a good remedy for that," said he of the Wood. "I have brought here two linen bags of the

same size ; take thou the one, I will take the other, and with these equal arms we will have a bout at bag and baggage."

"After that fashion and welcome," answered Sancho, "for such a fight will rather dust than wound us."

"It must not be so," said the other ; "for we must throw into the bags, lest the wind blow them aside, half a dozen pebbles, smooth and clean, and of the same weight ; and after this fashion we can bag-baste one another, without doing us much hurt or damage."

"Look here, by God's body !" exclaimed Sancho ; "put in your bags sable fur and balls of carded cotton, so that we break not our noddles, nor grind our bones to powder ! But even were they filled with silk cocoons, know, my dear sir, that I would not fight. Let our masters fight, and much good may it do them, and let us drink and let us live ; for to time belongs the care of taking away our lives, without our seeking ways and means to do so before their hour and season come, and dropping them before they are ripe."

"For all," said he of the Wood, "let us fight for half an hour, if you like."

"Nor that," said Sancho. "I will not be so discourteous, nor so ungrateful, as to hold any quarrel, however small it may be, with one with whom I have eaten and drank. Besides, how the devil can any, without being angered or in choler, fight skilfully and well for nothing ?"

"For that I know a sufficient remedy," said he of the Wood. "It is this : before we begin to fight, I will come prettily up to your worship, and give you three

or four cuffs that will lay you at my feet, which will wake up your choler, though it slept sounder than a dormouse."

"Against that measure I know another," said Sancho, "which comes not a whit behind it. I will cut a cudgel, and before your worship comes to wake up my choler, I will give yours such a drubbing as shall send it to sleep, from which it shall not awake, except in the other world, where it is well known that I am not a man to let another handle my face; and let each one look after his own things. Although the surest way will be for each one to let his choler sleep; for no one knows what is in another man's soul, and some come for wool and go back shorn; and God blessed peace and cursed quarrellings, and if a hunted cat, shut up and close put to it, gets turned into a lion, I who am a man, God only knows into what I may turn; and so from now I intimate to your worship, sir squire, that all the evil and damage which may come of our quarrel will be placed to your account."

"So be it," answered he of the Wood; "God send the day, and us some increase."

And now did a thousand different speckled birds begin to warble in the trees, and, by their varied and joyous carols, seem to welcome and salute the russet morn, which now, through the gates and balconies of the east, began to reveal the beauty of her face, shaking from her locks countless numbers of liquid pearls; and the grass bedabbled in that sweet dew seemed to sprout and rain the finest seed pearls. The willows dropped delightful manna, the springs of water

laughed, the brooks murmured, the woods rejoiced, and the fields told their gold at her coming.

But scarcely had the lightness of day given time to see and distinguish things, when the first which met the eyes of Sancho Panza was the nose of the squire of the Wood, which was so great that it almost shadowed the whole of his body. In effect, it is said to have been of enormous bigness, curved in the middle, and all full of pimples of a livid hue, as a purple fig; it hung two fingers below the mouth: which bigness, colour, pimples, and curving sweep, so deformed the face, that Sancho, on beholding it, began to quiver hand and foot, like a child in a fit of epilepsy, and he proposed in his heart to take two hundred cuffs rather than awake his choler by fighting with that grisly monster.

Don Quixote beheld his contender, and found that his helmet was on, and the beaver down so that he could not see his face; but he noted him as a robust man, and not of very great stature. Over his armour he wore a cassock, or surcoat, made of a stuff which seemed like unto finest cloth of gold, besprinkled with many small moons of shining mirrors, which made a magnificent and gaudy show. There waved above his helmet a great number of plumes, green, yellow, and white; his lance, which rested against a tree, was very great and stout, having a steel spike of more than a palm's length. Don Quixote saw all this, and noted it all, and judged from what he saw and noted that the aforesaid knight must needs be of great strength. But, unlike Sancho Panza, he did not fear him; much rather,

with a gentle portance, he said to the Knight of the Mirrors—

“If your much stomach for conquest, sir knight, has not deprived you of courtesy, by your courtesy I entreat you raise your vizor, if but a little, that I may see if the comeliness of your face answers to the bravery of your equipage.”

“Or conquered or conqueror you come out of this emprise, sir knight,” replied he of the Mirrors, “time and space more than enough will be left you in which to see my face; and if I do not now satisfy your craving, it is because, as it seems to me, I should be doing a very great wrong to the fair Casildea de Vandalia, in delaying the time that it will take to raise my vizor, before I make you confess what you know is my pretence.”

“Well, yet while we mount our horses,” said Don Quixote, “you might tell me if I am that Don Quixote whom you say you overthrew.”

“To that we may answer,” said he of the Mirrors, “that so you seem to be the same knight whom I conquered as seems one egg to another; but since you say that you are persecuted of enchanters, I dare not affirm that you are the same or not.”

“That sufficeth me,” answered Don Quixote, “for me to believe in your deceiving; but to deliver you therefrom on all points, let us to horse, and in less time than you delay in raising your vizor, if God, if my mistress, and my arm avail me, I will see your face, and you shall see if I am the conquered Don Quixote whom you fancy.”

With that, cutting short all arguments, they mounted ; and Don Quixote turning Rozinante's rein, in order to take as much of the field as suited him to return the encounter of his enemy, he of the Mirrors did so likewise. But Don Quixote had not retired more than twenty paces, when he heard the Knight of the Mirrors calling to him ; then, meeting each other halfway, he of the Mirrors said—

“Observe, sir knight, that the condition of our battle is that the vanquished has, as I said before, to remain at the discretion of the victor.”

“I know it,” answered Don Quixote, “provided that he impose and command nothing on the vanquished which is not confined within the limits of chivalry.”

“So it is understood,” answered he of the Mirrors.

At this moment the strange nose of the squire caught Don Quixote's vision, and he was no less astonished than Sancho ; so much so that he judged him to be some monster, or some new form of man, or of those who are no longer of this world.

Sancho, seeing his master set forth to take his career, had no wish to remain alone with long-nose, being fearful that with one single fillip of that nose on his own his quarrel would be over, and he be stretched on the ground with fear, if not by the blow ; so he put himself behind his master, having hold of one of Rozinante's stirrup-leathers, and when he thought the time had come for Don Quixote to turn, he said—

“I pray your worship, master mine, that before you turn to engage, you help me to get up into that cork tree, where I can see, more to my liking than I can from the ground, the gallant engagement which your worship is about to have with this knight.”

“I rather think, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “that thou wishest to climb and mount the platform, that thou mayest see the bulls without danger.”

“The truth, I confess,” said Sancho, “is that the outrageous nose of that squire holds me astonished, and fills me with fright, and I do not dare to remain near him.”

“It is such a nose,” said Don Quixote, “that were I not what I am, I also should be afraid ; but come, I will help thee to mount where thou pleasest.”

Meanwhile that Don Quixote was detained in helping Sancho climb the cork tree, he of the Mirrors took as much of the field as he thought necessary, and believing that Don Quixote, without waiting for sound of trumpet or other signal, would do the same, turned his horse's rein, who was not more swift nor of better seeming than Rozinante, and at full career, which was half a trot, came on to the encounter of his enemy. But seeing him occupied in the climbing of Sancho, he checked rein, and stopped in the midst of his career ; for which the horse was most thankful, for the reason that he could hardly move.

Don Quixote, who believed that his enemy was coming flying against him, stoutly pressed together his spurs into the lean flanks of Rozinante, and made him march after such sort that, according to the history,

this was the only time he was known to gallop a little, for all the rest were nothing better than downright trottings; and with this never before seen fury he came on to where the Knight of the Mirrors awaited him, who was plunging his spurs up to the rowel in his horse, without being able to make him move a toe from the spot where he had taken up his abode in the midst of his mad career.

In this happy time and juncture did Don Quixote find his adversary puzzled with his horse, and much occupied with his lance, for he had not, or knew not how, or had not time to set it in rest.

But Don Quixote, taking no heed of these inconveniences, in all safety and without any danger whatever, encountered him of the Mirrors with such force that, in spite of himself, he brought him to the earth over his horse's haunches, giving him such a fall that, without moving foot or hand, he gave signs of his being a dead man.

Sancho scarcely saw him fall, than he slipped down the cork tree, and at full speed ran up to his master, who, alighting from Rozinante, went and stood over the Knight of the Mirrors, and untying the knots of the helmet to see if he were dead, and to give him air if perchance he was alive, he saw——

But who may say what he saw, without causing amazement, wonder, and terror in all who shall hear of it? He saw, says the history, the same face, the same figure, the same aspect, the same physiognomy, the same effigy, the perspective the same, of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco; and as he looked, he called in a loud voice—

“Run hither, Sancho; come and see what thou shalt see, but which thou shalt not believe! Haste thee, boy, and observe what can be done of witches and enchanters!”

Sancho came up, and as he saw the bachelor Carrasco's face, he began to make a thousand crosses, and to bless himself as many equal times. And all this while the deposed knight gave no signs of life, and Sancho said to Don Quixote—

“I am of opinion, master mine, that, for yea or for nay, your worship should thrust your sword down the throat of this who seems to be the bachelor Sampson Carrasco; perhaps you will kill in him some of your enemies, the enchanters.”

“Thou sayest not ill,” said Don Quixote, “for of our enemies the fewer the better;” and drawing his sword to give effect to Sancho's advice and counsel, the squire of the Knight of the Mirrors came up, now without his nose which had made him so frightful, and cried—

“Take heed what you do, sir Don Quixote, for he whom you have at your feet is the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, your friend, and I am his squire.”

Sancho, seeing him without his first ugliness, said, “And the nose, what has become of it?”

To which he answered, “Here it is in my pocket;” and, putting in his right hand, he drew out a mask nose of pasteboard and varnish, of the manufacture we have already described.

Sancho regarding him with all his eyes, in a loud voice of surprise, exclaimed, “Holy Mary! Grant me

help! Is this not Tommy Cecial, my neighbour and gossip?"

"And how say you by that?" quoth the unnosed squire. "I am Tommy Cecial, friend and gossip, Sancho Panza, and by-and-by I will tell you by what aqueducts, lies, and tricks I have come hither; but meanwhile I beg and pray of your master that he touch not, nor ill-treat, nor wound, nor kill the Knight of the Mirrors, whom he has at his feet; for, without any doubt, it is the daring and ill-advised bachelor Sampson Carrasco, our countryman."

By this time he of the Mirrors had come to himself, which Don Quixote perceiving, he placed the naked point of his sword between his two eyes, and said, "Thou art dead, knight, if thou confess not that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso surpasses in beauty thy Casildea de Vandalia; and for the rest thou hast to promise, if from this conflict and fall thou comest off with life, to betake thee to the city of Toboso, and present thyself before her on my behalf, that she may dispose of thee according to her will. If she leave thee at thine own disposal, then shalt thou come in search of me, for the trail of my exploits shall serve thee for a guide to bring thee where I shall be; and thou shalt rehearse to me all that has passed between her beauteousness and thee—conditions which conform to the covenant we made before our battle, and are agreeable to the rules of knight-errantry."

"I confess," said the fallen knight, "that the lady Dulcinea's old and dirty shoe is worth more than the comely although ill-combed beard of Casildea,

and I promise to go and return from her presence to yours, and give you an entire and particular account of all that you demand."

"You shall also confess and believe," added Don Quixote, "that the knight whom you conquered was not, and could not be, Don Quixote de la Mancha, but another of his seeming; as I believe and confess that thou, although thou seemest to be the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, art not, but another, who is like unto him, and who in his figure mine enemies have placed here to check and temper the heat of my choler, and that I may make a gentle use of the glory of my conquest."

"All this do I confess, judge, and feel, as you believe, judge, and feel," answered the doubled-up knight. "Suffer me to rise, I entreat you, if, that is, the shock of my fall, which has left me sorely bruised, will allow me."

Don Quixote helped him to rise, as did also his squire, Tommy Cacial, from whom Sancho never took his eyes, asking him things, the replies to which gave manifest tokens of his being very truly the Tommy Cacial he said he was. But Sancho was so possessed of what his master said of the enchanters having changed the body of the Knight of the Mirrors into that of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, that he could not even credit the sight of his eyes.

Finally, master and man remained in this delusion; and he of the Mirrors, with his squire, much out of humour and in evil case, parted from Don Quixote

and Sancho, with intent to look for some village where he might get plastered and his ribs splintered.

Don Quixote and Sancho turned to prosecute their journey, where the history leaves them to give an account of who were the Knight of the Mirrors and his long-nosed squire.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XIV.

Note 1, page 13.

That famous giantess of Seville, who is called Giralda. She stands fourteen feet high, and weighs twenty-five hundred-weight. She turns with the slightest breeze: hence her name. She is intended to represent Faith—a strange choice for a vane to be blown about of every wind, seeing that both sex and character adopted should never vary nor be fickle. The pagan Spaniard Seneca may be quoted—

Vento quid levius? Fulmen. Quid fulmine? Fama.
Quid famâ? Mulier. Quid muliere? Nihil.

The tower on which the Giralda girates is one of the most beautiful in the world. It was built in 1196 by Abu Yusuf Yakub, who was, according to Don Pascual de Gayangos, the great builder of his age. The foundations of it are made of destroyed Roman and Christian statuary, which lessens the pleasure one has in remembering it. The belfry is now girdled with a motto from the Proverbs—*Nomen Domini fortissima turris*. On grand occasions it is lighted up at night, and it then seems to hang like a bright chandelier from the dark vault of heaven. See Ford, vol. i. p. 283.

Note 2, page 14.

The fierce bulls of Guisando. These ancient granite statues still exist in a vineyard of the Geronomite convent of Guisando, some fourteen miles from Avila, in Castile. They were once very numerous in Central Spain. Gil de Avila, writing seven years before the appearance of *Don Quixote*, enumerates *sixty-three*. Many were the learned conjectures of that time

as to the origin and use of these unexplained relics of antiquity. Now they are fast disappearing, many having been broken up to mend roads or repair pigsties.

Note 3, page 14.

The Cave of Cabra. A natural cavern in the mountain range of Cabra, in the province of Cordova, the entrance to which is about two miles from the city of that name. Its exact depth has not been ascertained, although it has been penetrated some one hundred and fifty yards. No fire or even smoke has ever been seen coming out of the cave, although it is known to the common people as one of the mouths of hell. It is mentioned again by Cervantes in his *Ordenanzas de los Poetas*, which he appended to the *Viage del Parnaso*, wherein children are threatened with the coming of some bad poet, who will throw them into this dismal cavern if they be not good.

Note 4, page 16.

Only two days ago. The commentators observe, "It was not one day, and it is now clear that Cervantes had no chronological plan."

CHAPTER XV.

WHEREIN IS REHEARSED AND TIDINGS GIVEN OF WHO WERE THE KNIGHT OF THE MIRRORS AND HIS SQUIRE.

IN extreme gladness, arrogance, and vainglory went Don Quixote for having achieved a victory over so valiant a knight as he conceived him of the Mirrors to be, from whose chivalrous promise he hoped to learn if the enchantment of his mistress was still in process; since of necessity the vanquished knight must return on pain of forfeiting his title, and render him an account of what had passed between him and her. But Don Quixote thought one thing and he of the Mirrors another, who, for the present, minded nothing but where he might procure his getting plastered, as was said before.

The history then rehearses that when the bachelor Sampson Carrasco counselled Don Quixote to prosecute his suspended chivalries, he had first of all held a bureau¹ with the priest and the barber on the measures to be taken to bring Don Quixote to stay at home in peace and quietness, and not allow his ill-sought

adventures to disturb him ; at which council it was concluded, by the vote of all in common and the opinion of the bachelor in particular, that Don Quixote should once more afield, since it was impossible to stay him, and that Sampson should take the road as a knight-errant, engage with him in battle—there would be no lack of occasion—and overcome him, which would be a thing easy to do, and that there should be pact and covenant that the conquered should remain at the mercy of the conqueror ; and so, Don Quixote being conquered, the bachelor knight should command him to return to his village and his home, and not sally from thence in two years, or until he should give him fresh order : with which it was clear that Don Quixote, being overcome, would indubitably comply, so as not to contravene or break the laws of chivalry ; and it might be that in the time of his seclusion he would forget his vanities, or occasion might arise to procure some sufficient remedy for the humour of his madness.

Carrasco was pleased ; and there offered him as squire Tommy Cecial, gossip and neighbour of Sancho Panza, a merry knave and a witty. Sampson armed himself as we have seen, and Tommy Cecial fitted over his natural nose the false one of the mask, as has been said, in order that he should not be known of his gossip when he should see him. And so they went on the same travel as Don Quixote, and came up with him almost in time to find him in the adventure of the waggon of Death ; and finally they followed him into the wood, where happened all which the

prudent have read ;² and if it had not been for the extraordinary fancies of Don Quixote, which made him believe that the bachelor was not the bachelor, the bachelor would have been for ever disqualified for becoming a doctor, through not having found even a nest where he had come to look for birds.

Tommy Cecial, who perceived how ill they had sped, and what an evil end their way had come to, said to the bachelor, "Of a truth, Sir Sampson, we have got our deserts. With ease we think and plan an enterprise, but most times with difficulty do we carry it. Don Quixote mad, we wise; he is off sound and laughing, your worship remains pounded and tristful. We now know which is most mad—he who is so because he cannot help it, or he who is so at his own will."

To which Sampson answered, "The difference between these two madmen is that he who is so of necessity will always be so, and he who is so for his pleasure may give it up when he will."

"Since that is so," said Tommy Cecil, "and I of my own will went mad when I would be your worship's squire, by the same will I cease to be mad, and will go back home."

"That is your concern," answered Sampson; "but to think that I will return to mine until I have be-cudgelled Don Quixote, is vain. I am not now carried away by the desire to find him to recover him of his madness, but for vengeance, and the great pain of my ribs will not allow me to hold more charitable discourse."

The two went on discoursing thus, until they reached a village, where they had the good luck to find an algebraist,³ who prescribed for the unfortunate Sampson. Tommy Cecial left him and went back, and he remained musing upon his vengeance. The history will return to speak of Sampson in due time, but at present it must make itself merry with Don Quixote.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XV.

Note 1, page 32.

Held a bureau (Entrado en bureo). In the time of Cervantes this signified a council of major-domos of the palace. The word was not known in Spain before the time of Charles V.

Note 2, page 34.

All which the prudent have read. The Spanish commentators observe, "Yes, and the imprudent also," and exclaim, at the end of a long-winded short note, "But Cervantes wrote swiftly and without much thought!" See Clemencin, v. 267.

Note 3, page 35.

Algebraist. "Le mot algebrista vient de algebrar, qui, d'après Covarrubias, signifiait, dans le vieux langage, l'art de remettre les os rompus. On voit encore, sur les enseignes de quelques barbiers-chirurgiens, algebrista y sangrador."—Viardot. The word was also used in this sense by one or more of the early English dramatists.

CHAPTER XVI.

OF WHAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE WITH A SOBER
GENTLEMAN OF LA MANCHA.

IN gladness, joy, and loftiness, as we have said, Don Quixote followed his way, imagining himself, for the late victory, to be the most valiant knight-errant which the world possessed in that age. He held for finished and brought to a happy end all the adventures which from that time forthward could happen to him; he cared not now for enchantments or wizards; he lost all recollection of the innumerable cudgellings which he had received in the discourse of his chivalries, and of the stoning which had broken half his teeth, and of the ingratitude of the galley-slaves, and of the daring and the storm of staves of the Yanguesians. Finally, he said within himself, if he could only find some art, mode, or manner to disenchant his lady Dulcinea, he would not envy the greatest fortune which had been or might be acquired by the most fortunate knight-errant of past ages.

He was altogether occupied in these imaginations, when Sancho said to him, "How say you, sir, that

even yet I should see before my eyes the outrageous nose and surpassing antics of my gossip Tommy Cecial ? ”

“ And dost thou haply believe, Sancho, that the Knight of the Mirrors was the bachelor Carrasco, and his squire Tommy Cecial, thy gossip ? ”

“ I know not what to say to it,” said Sancho ; “ I only know that the tokens which he gave me of my home, my wife, and children could not be given me by any but himself ; and the face, without the nose, was of the same Tommy Cecial, as I have seen it many times in my village—for we lived next door to one another—and the tone in which he spoke was all in keeping with it.”

“ Let us reason, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote ; “ come hither. Under what consideration could it happen that the bachelor Sampson Carrasco should come, armed in offensive and defensive arms, and fight against me ? Have I, perchance, been his enemy ? Have I ever given him occasion of quarrel ? Am I his rival, or makes he profession of arms in envy of the fame which I have gained thereby ? ”

“ Then, what shall we say, sir,” replied Sancho, “ of that knight, be he who he might, seeming so like the bachelor Carrasco, and his squire like Tommy Cecial my gossip ? And if it be enchantment, as your worship has said, could there not be two others in the world whom they might look like ? ”

“ All is artifice and plot,” answered Don Quixote, “ of the malignant magi who persecute me, who, foreseeing that I must come off victor in the conquest,

prevailed that the vanquished knight should show the face of my friend the bachelor, that the amity I have for him should intervene between the rage of my sword and the force of my arm, and so temper the just wrath of my heart ; and after this manner he escapes with his life, who, by frauds and falsities, procured to take away mine. In proof of which thou knowest already, O Sancho, by experience, which cannot lie and will not deceive, how easy a thing it is for enchanter to change one face to another, making the beauteous ugly, and the ugly beautiful. Why, two days have not passed since thou didst behold with thine own eyes the beauty and grace of the peerless Dulcinea in all its entirety and natural lustre, and I beheld her in the foulness and vileness of a coarse country field-woman, with cataracts in her eyes, and an evil odour in her mouth ; and, if this pernicious wizard dare to make a transformation so wicked, there is no wonder that he should do the like to Sampson Carrasco and thy gossip, in order to snatch the fame of the conquest from me. But with all this I comfort me, for, under what figure soever, I remain conqueror over mine enemy."

"God knows the truth of all," said Sancho ; and as he knew that the transformation of Dulcinea had been by his own plot and artifice, his master's wild fancies gave him no contentment ; but he would make no answer, for fear he might say something that should discover his cozenage.

In the midst of these discourses there overtook them a man who journeyed by the same way, mounted

upon a fine grizzled mare, dressed in a gabardine of fine green cloth, with facings of tawny-coloured velvet, with a hunting cap of the same velvet; the trappings of the mare were those of the field and the jennet, also maroon and green. He carried a Moorish scimitar hanging from a broad belt of green and gold, and his buskins were wrought like the belt; the spurs were not gilt, but of greened enamel, so bright and burnished that, being in keeping with all the rest of the dress, they looked better than if they had been of pure gold.

When the traveller came up, he saluted them courteously, but spurred on the mare to pass them.

But Don Quixote addressed him. "Sir gallant," he said, "if you journey our way and your speed imports not, we shall be glad to have you go with us."

"In truth," answered he of the mare, "I had not passed on, but was afraid the company of my mare might make your horse unruly."

"You may quite well," interposed Sancho at this moment—"you may quite well slack the reins of your mare, for our horse is the honestest and best behaved of any in the world. Never on a like occasion has he done an unseemly thing, and only once did he transgress the bounds, when my master and I caught it sevenfold. I say again that your worship can slacken if you like, for were she brought to him between two plates, in good sooth he would not notice her."

The traveller checked rein, wondering at Don Quixote's mien and visage, for he was now without his helmet, which Sancho carried, as if it were a valise,

at the pommel of Dappel's pannel; and if he of the Green looked much at Don Quixote, much more did Don Quixote look at him of the Green, who appeared to him to be a man of mark. In age he might be about fifty years, with few grey hairs, an aquiline nose, his aspect between grave and gay; and, in brief, by his looks and his attire, he had the seeming of a man of good quality.

What he of the Green judged of Don Quixote was that he had never before seen a man of like form or fashion; he wondered at the longitude of his horse, the greatness of his stature, the meagreness and sallowness of his face, his arms, his portance and accoutrement—figure and portraiture not seen for times long since past in that country side.

Don Quixote noted well the attention with which the traveller regarded him; and reading his desire in his surprise, and as he was very courteous and very fond of pleasing all men, before the traveller could ask him anything, he started off as follows, saying, "This figure which your worship beholds in me being so new and so unknown to common usance, it causes me no marvel that you should have marvelled at it so much; but your worship shall cease to wonder when I tell you, as I now tell, that I am a knight of those of whom the people sing, which go on ventures. I left my country, I engaged my estate, I renounced my pleasures, and threw me into the arms of fortune, that she might do with me as might best seem to her. My desire was to raise again the already dead knight-errantry; and these many

days that I have been stumbling here, falling there, hurling me hither, and rising yonder, I have fulfilled a great part of my purpose, succouring widows, shielding maidens, aiding married women, orphans, and pupils—the fit and natural vocation of knights-errant; and therefore, for my valorous, manifold, and Christian-like deeds, I have merited to be in print in nearly all, or the most of, the nations of the world. Thirty thousand volumes have they printed of my history, and it is on the way to get printed thirty thousand times ten thousand more, if Heaven oppose it not. Finally, to include all in few words, or rather in one, I tell you that I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the Knight of the Rueful Visage; and although self-praises are debasing, yet at times I find me forced to rehearse them—that is, when no one else is at hand to give them proclamation. So that, sir and most worthy gentleman, neither this horse, nor this lance, nor this shield, nor squire, nor all these arms, nor the serenity of my face, nor my meagre lankness, ought to cause you wonder more, now that you know who I am and the profession I make.”

Having so spoken, Don Quixote was silent; while he of the Green, as he lagged in reply, seemed as if he could make none, but after a good space he said—

“Sir knight, you judged aright my desire from my wonder; but you have not quite removed my marvel in seeing you; for supposing as you say, sir, that to know who you are would remove it, yet am I in still greater wonder and surprise than before. What! is it possible that in our day there are knights-errant

in the world, and that there are such things as printed histories of real chivalries ? I cannot persuade myself that there are on earth any who to-day favour widows, protect maidens, or honour married women, or succour orphans, nor could I believe it if I had not beheld it with mine own eyes. Blessed be Heaven that with this history of your sublime and true chivalry which your worship says is in print, will be cast into oblivion the numberless forgeries of those feigned knights-errant of which the world is full, to the hurt of good manners, and so much to the prejudice and discredit of faithful history."

"There is much to say," answered Don Quixote, "in argument of those histories of knights-errant being forgeries or not."

"Why, are there any who doubt," demanded he of the Green, "that such histories are false ?"

"I doubt it," replied Don Quixote. "But leave we that apart, for, if we continue to travel together, I trust in God to convince your worship that you have done ill in allowing yourself to be carried away of the current of those who hold for certain that they are false."

From this last saying of Don Quixote, the traveller made some guesses that Don Quixote must be much of a fool, but waited until some others might confirm them ; yet, before diverting themselves with other arguments, Don Quixote prayed him in his turn to say who he was, since he himself had given some account of his own condition and way of life.

To which he of the green gabardine replied, "I,

sir Knight of the Rueful Visage, am a noble, a native⁷ of the village where we shall, please God, dine to-day. I am more than moderately well off, and my name is Don Diego de Miranda. I pass my life with my wife and children, and with my friends ; my sports are hunting and fishing, but I keep no falcon nor greyhounds, only some decoy partridge or some fiery-eyed ferret. I have some six dozen of books in our common tongue and in Latin—some of history, and some of devotion ; those of chivalry have not darkened the steps of my door. I give myself more to laical books than books of prayers—such as be for honest pastime, which procure delight by their language, and admiration and pause by their plot ; although of these there be very few in our Spain. Sometimes I dine with my friends and neighbours, and oftentimes I invite them to dine with me. My dinners are neat and fine, but generous. I like not slander, nor allow it in my presence ; I pry not into other people's lives, nor spy into their actions. I hear mass every day ; I share my goods with the poor, without boasting of good works, so as not to give entrance to my heart of either hypocrisy or vainglory—enemies by whose flattery the heart of the most modest is taken captive. I try to make peace between such as be at variance ; I am devoted to Our Lady, and trust for ever in the infinite mercy of God our Lord."

Sancho, who was most attentive to the rehearsing of the nobleman's way of life and pastimes, which appearing to him to be good and holy, and quite suffi-

cient for the working of miracles, threw himself from Dapple, and ran in hot haste to seize him by the right stirrup ; and with devout heart, almost with tears, he kissed his feet once and many times.

Which the noble perceiving, said, "What doest thou, brother ? Wherefore these kisses ?"

"Give me leave with my kisses," answered Sancho, "because I think your worship is the first saint on horseback I have seen in all the days of my life."

"I am not a saint," answered the nobleman, "but a great sinner. Thou, brother—yea—should be good, as thy simplicity doth show."

Sancho returned into his pack-saddle, having drawn a pleased smile from the profound melancholy of his master, and caused fresh wonder in Don Diego.

Don Quixote asked him how many children he had, telling him that one of the things in which the ancient philosophers, who lacked a knowledge of the true God, found the chief good, was in the gifts of nature, of fortune, in holding many friends, and in having many and good children.

"I, sir Don Quixote," answered the noble, "have one son ; and if I had him not, perhaps I should think me more happy than I am—not for that he is bad, but because he is not so good as I could wish. He will be about eighteen years of age now. These six years he has been at Salamanca, learning the Latin and Greek tongues ; and when I wished that he should take to study other sciences, I found him so steeped in poetry—if that may be called science—that it is not possible to

make him encounter law, which I wished him to study, nor even the queen of all, theology. I would have him to be the crown of his race, for we live in an age when our kings bestow high rewards on good and pure learning; for learning without purity is a pearl on a dunghill. He will pass the whole day in searching out if Homer said well or ill in such a verse of the *Iliad*; if Martial be obscene or no in such an epigram; if such and such verses in Virgil are to be taken in this way or that. In fine, all his conversation is with the books of the aforementioned poets, and with those of Horace, Perseus, Juvenal, and Tibullus; but of your modern Spanish writers he makes small account. But for all the small regard he shows for Spanish poetry, his thoughts are just now wholly absorbed in making a gloss upon four verses which have been sent him from Salamanca, which I think are for a literary joust."

To all of which Don Quixote answered, "Children, sir, are fragments of the bowels of their parents, and so must be loved, how good or bad soever they may be, as we must love the souls which give us life. To parents belong their guidance from their infancy in the paths of virtue, good breeding, and good and Christian-like manners, so that when full grown they may be the consolation of their parents' age, and glory of their posterity. As to forcing upon them the study of this or that science, I hold it not good, although in persuading them there can be no harm; and when there be no need to study *pane lucrando*, the student being so fortunate as that Heaven

hath given him parents to provide for him, I am of opinion that they should let him follow that science to which they observe him most inclined ; and, albeit poetry is less useful than delightful, yet is it not of those which bring dishonour upon its possessor. Poetry, noble sir, to my seeming, is like unto a gentle maiden,¹ young in years, and of extreme beauty, whom to enrich, beautify, and adorn, is the care of the many maidens who attend her—which be the other sciences—and she must be served of all, while to all these she must lend her lustre. But this same maiden will brook no handling, nor be haled through the streets, nor be published at the corners of the market-place, nor in the palace woods. She is made of an alchemy of such virtue² that he who knoweth how to treat her may change her to purest gold of greatest price. He who enjoyeth her must keep her within due bounds, not allowing her to run into unchaste satires or impious sonnets. She must by no means be vendible, unless for heroical poems, or woeful tragedies, or for pleasant and artful comedies ; she must not be left to the touch of jesters, nor of the ignorant vulgar, incapable of knowing and esteeming the treasures which she holds enshrined within her. Nor think, sir, that I mean here by the ‘vulgar’ merely plebeian and humble people, but rather that all who are ignorant, whether lord or prince, must be reckoned among that crew. Thus, he who with the requisites I have mentioned holds commerce with POETRY, shall become famous, and his name be honoured among all the polite nations of the world. And regarding what you say, sir, that your son

holds in no high esteem the poetry of Spain, I love to think that there he must be at some fault. My reason is this : the grand Homer did not write in Latin, because he was a Greek, nor Virgil write in Greek, because he was a Latin. In resolution, all the ancient poets wrote in the language which they drank in with their mother's milk, and sought not after strange tongues by which to express their high thoughts. This being so, it is fitting that this custom extend to all nations—that the German poet should not be disesteemed because he writes in his own language, nor even the Biscayan who writes in his. But your son, according to what I fancy, sir, does not mislike him of Spanish poetry, but of poets who merely know the Spanish tongue, who have no knowledge of any other, or of any of the other sciences which adorn, and awaken, and help the native impulse. And yet in this there may lurk error, for, according to true opinion, the poet is born—that is, from his mother's womb comes forth the true poet, and with that inclining which Heaven gave him, without other study or art, shall he compose things which make true the saying which is written, *Est Deus in nobis*, etc. Let me further say that the natural poet who is helped of art shall be better and much advantaged of the poet who only by art strives to be one. The reason is, that art cannot take the place of nature, but it can aid in perfecting it, so that from the mingling of art and nature, and nature with art, we obtain the most perfect poet. Be this, then, the conclusion of my discourse, noble sir, that your worship leave your son to follow where his star

beckons ; for, being so good a student as he must needs be, and having happily mounted the first step of the sciences, which is that of language, with the help of these he may reach the top of humane letters, such as become a gentleman, and adorn, honour, and ennoble him, as mitres become bishops, and robes become judges who are learned in the law. Chide, your worship, your son if he makes satires to the prejudice of others' honour ; chastise him, and tear them up. But if he writes sermons, like Horace, wherein he rebukes the general vice, as he did with so much elegance, laud him ; for it is well that the poet write against envy, and speak evil in verse of the envious ; and so of other vices, if so be he aim not at persons. There are poets who, for the pleasure of making one smart lash of speech, will run the risk of being banished to the Isles of Pontus. If the poet be chaste in his manners, he will be so also in his verse. The pen is the tongue of the soul ; whatever be the conceptions engendered there, such will be his writings. When kings and princes perceive the wonder-working science of golden poetry shine with good grace in persons of prudence, virtue, and wisdom, they honour and esteem and enrich them, and even crown them with the leaves of that tree which the thunderbolt cleaves not, as if in sign that no one should offend those whose temples are honoured and adorned by such crowns."

He of the green gabardine was much struck with wonder at Don Quixote's arguments, so much so that he wavered in the opinion of his being a fool. In the

midst of that discourse, Sancho, it not being much to his liking, went out of his way to beg a little milk of some shepherds who were milking their ewes hard by ; and the nobleman took that opportunity to renew the discourse, being charmed by the discretion and good taste of Don Quixote, when Don Quixote, raising his eyes, saw coming towards them, on the same road, a waggon carrying the royal colours, and believing it to be some new adventure, he in a loud voice called to Sancho to come and give him his helmet. Sancho hearing him call, left the shepherds, and at full speed, pricking Dapple, came up to his master, to whom there happened an adventure indeed, both portentous and staggering.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XVI.

Note 1, page 47.

Poetry . . . to my seeming, is like unto a gentle maiden. "Of all books of human wisdom extant in all kinds, Homer is the first and best. No one before him, Josephus affirms; nor before him, saith Velleius Paterculus, was there any whom he imitated: nor after him any that could imitate him. And that Poesy may be no cause of detraction from all the evidence we give him, Spandanus (preferring it to all arts and sciences) unanswerably argues and proves, for to the glory of God, and the singing of his glories, no man dares deny man was chiefly made. And what art performs this chief end of man with so much excitation and expression as Poesy: Moses, David, Solomon, Job, Esay, Jeremy, etc., chiefly using that to the end above said? And since the excellency of it cannot be obtained by the labour and art of man, as all easily confess it, it must needs be acknowledged a divine infusion. To prove which in a word, this distich, in my estimation, serves something nearly:—

*Great Poesy, blind Homer makes all see
Thee capable of all arts, none of thee."*

—Chapman's Preface to the *Iliads*.

Note 2, page 47.

She is made of an alchemy of such virtue. Milton uses the same word—

*Four speedy cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchymy.
Paradise Lost, ii. 517.*

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEREIN IS MANIFESTED THE TOPMOST POINT AND HIGHEST DEGREE WHICH THE HIGH COURAGE OF DON QUIXOTE EVER DID, OR COULD EVER REACH, TOGETHER WITH THE HAPPILY FINISHED ADVENTURE OF THE LIONS.

THE history relates that when Don Quixote shouted for his helmet to Sancho, he was buying some curds which the shepherds sold, and being pressed by the much haste of his master, he knew not what to do with them, nor how to carry them ; so, not to lose them, seeing they were paid for, he bethought him of casting them into his master's helmet, and with that happy provision he returned to see what was his will. On coming up, Don Quixote said to him—

“ Friend, give me that helmet, for I know little of adventures or that which I spy yonder has need of me, and I shall have need to take me to arms.”

He of the green gabardine, on hearing this, looked about him on every side, and seeing nothing but a waggon coming towards them, carrying two or three small flags, he conjectured that that waggon was

bringing his Majesty's treasure, and so he told Don Quixote ; but he gave him no credence, always believing and thinking that everything which happened to him must pertain to adventures and still adventures, and so he answered to the noble—

“A man prepared has half the battle gained ; there is nothing lost in making me ready. I know by experience that I have enemies, visible and invisible, but I know not when, nor from whence, nor at what time, nor in what form they may assault me ;” and, turning about, he demanded the helmet of Sancho, who, not finding how to remove the curds, had perforce to give it him as it was.

Don Quixote took it, and without noting with what it was lined, he hastily clapped it upon his head ; and as the curds were thus pressed and squeezed, the whey began to run down all over his face and beard, which gave him such a fright, that he cried to Sancho—

“What will this be, Sancho ? Methinks my skull must be softening, or my brains dissolving, or that I sweat from head to foot. But if this be sweat, it is not from fear. Without doubt, I believe that this is a dreadful adventure which now awaits me. If thou hast aught wherewith to wipe me, give it to me, for this copious sweat doth blind mine eyes.”

Sancho was silent, and gave him a napkin, and with it thanks to God that his master had not found out what it was. Don Quixote dried himself, and took off the helmet to see what thing it was which, as he thought, so cooled his head, and beholding those

white crumbs in the helmet, he put them to his nose, and smelling them, he exclaimed—

“By the life of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, if these be not curds which thou hast placed in here, heedless squire, lout, and traitor !”

To which Sancho, with great phlegm and dissimulation, answered, “If they be curds, give them, your worship, that I may eat them ; but let the devil take them, for he must have put them there. Would I have dared to befoul your worship’s helmet ? You well know the darer. I’faith, sir, from what God helps me to understand, I also have my enchanter, who persecute me, as creature and member of your worship, and who have put that dirt there to move your patience into choler, and make you vex my ribs as you used to do. But this time I trow they have missed the mark ; for I trust in the good understanding of my master, who must have considered that I have no curds or milk, nor anything of that sort, and that, if I had, much rather would I have put them into my belly than into the helmet.”

“All that may be so,” said Don Quixote. And all that did the noble note, and much wondered at it all, especially that when, after Don Quixote had wiped his head and face and beard, and the helmet, he put it on his head, set himself well in the stirrups, anxiously proved the presence of his sword, and, grasping his lance, exclaimed, “Now, come what may come, here am I, ready to cope with Satan himself in person.”

Here the waggon with the flags came up, with which there came no other people than the waggoner

with the mules, and a man seated in front. Don Quixote set himself before them, and said—

“Whither go ye, brethren? what waggon is this? what carry ye in it? and what flags be these?”

To which the driver answered, “The waggon is mine; that which it holds are two wild and caged lions, which the general of Oran sends to court as presents to his Majesty; the flags are those of the king our lord, and are a sign to show that here goes something of his.”

“Be they great lions?” inquire Don Quixote.

“So large are they,” said the man who guarded the door of the cage, “that larger, nor any so large, have never passed from Africa to Spain. I am the keeper, and have conveyed others, but never such as these. They are male and female; the male is in this first cage, and the female in the one behind. They are at present hungry, not having eaten to-day; so that your worship will please move out of the way, for we must hasten to the place where we are to give them their food.”

To which Don Quixote, smiling a little, said, “Whelps of lions to me? What to me are lion’s whelps, and at this time of day? Well, by God! the gentry who sent them hither shall see whether I am a man to be frightened of lions. Alight, good man; and if thou be their keeper, open these cages and turn on me these beasts, and in the middle of this field I will make them know who is Don Quixote de la Mancha, in despite and contempt of the enchanters who have sent me them.”

“ Truly,” said the nobleman within himself, “ our good knight has given us a sign of who he is ; the curds have mellowed his skull and matured his brains.”

Hereupon Sancho came up, and said, “ For God’s love, sir, so order it that my master shall not encounter these lions, for if he does they will make mincemeat of us all.”

“ Why, then,” said the nobleman, “ is your master so mad that you fear and believe that he will attack such wild animals ?”

“ He is not mad,” said Sancho, “ only daring.”

“ I will take care that he dare not this,” said the nobleman, and coming to Don Quixote, who was hastening the keeper to open the cages, said to him, “ Sir knight, knights-errant ought to undertake adventures which give hope of a good ending, and not such as are altogether desperate ; for valour which is the fruit of rashness hath in it more of madness than fortitude ; and more as these lions come not against you, nor do they dream of so doing, but they go to be presented to his Majesty, nor will it be well to delay them or impede their journey.”

“ Gentle sir,” answered Don Quixote, “ I pray you, get you gone, and keep you with your tame partridge and your fiery-eyed ferret, and leave each to his own calling ; this is mine, and it is for me to know if these sir lions come against me or not. Then, turning to the keeper, he exclaimed, “ By God’s lid, Don villain, if straightway thou dost not open these cages, I will pin thee with this lance to thy waggon.”

The driver, seeing the determination of that armed

phantom, said, "Good your worship, for the sake of charity, let me unyoke the mules, and put me with them in safety before letting loose the lions; for, if the mules be killed, I shall be ruined for the rest of my days, for I have no other way of living but by them and this waggon."

"O man of little faith," said Don Quixote, "alight and unyoke, and do what thou wilt, and thou shalt quickly see that thou hast laboured in vain, and mightest have saved thyself this trouble."

The driver alighted and unyoked in great haste, and the keeper cried aloud, "Bear me witness, all who are here present, how I am forced against my will to open these cages and let loose the lions, and that I make protest to this gentleman that all the harm and damage which these beasts may do shall run and be placed to his account, with my salary and rights besides. You, gentlemen, look to yourselves, for I am sure they will do me no hurt."

Again did the noble persuade our knight not to attempt that piece of madness, for it was to tempt God to attempt so great a folly.

To which Don Quixote answered that he knew what he did.

The noble bade him look well to what he did, for he was sure he was deceived.

"Now, sir," replied Don Quixote, "if your worship care not to be a spectator of what to your seeming must prove a tragedy, prick your grizzle and put yourself in safety."

Which when Sancho heard it, with tears in his

eyes, he besought him to desist from that emprise, to compare with which that of the windmills, and the fearsome fullers, and, in fine, all the feats he had attempted in the whole discourse of his life, were tarts and gingerbread. "Look you, sir," said Sancho, "here is no enchantment, nor anything of that sort ; for I have seen through the bars and chinks of the cage the claw of a real lion, and I guess therefrom that the lion to which such a claw belongs is bigger than a mountain."

"Fear, at least," answered Don Quixote, "will make it appear to thee greater than half the world. Retire thee, Sancho, and leave me ; and if I die here, thou knowest our ancient compact : betake thee to Dulcinea—— I need say no more." To these he added other arguments, by which he cut off all hope of his ceasing to prosecute that insane intent.

He of the green gabardine would have hindered him, but found himself unequal in arms, nor did he hold it wise to engage with a man who was mad : for such at all points did Don Quixote now appear to him to be ; who again hastening the keeper, and reiterating his threatenings, gave occasion to the noble to spur on his mare, and Sancho his Dapple, and the driver his mules, all striving to get as far away from the waggon as they could before the lions should break away.

Sancho bewailed his master's death, for that time he believed, without any doubt, that he would come into the claws of the lions ; he cursed his fortune, and the evil hour when the thought came into his mind to

serve him ; but, for all his wailing or lamentation, he ceased not to beat Dapple, in order to get far enough from the waggon.

The keeper, seeing now that those who were flying were sufficiently far off, repeated the requests and intimations which he had already made to Don Quixote, who answered that he heard them, and that he need trouble himself with no more intimations and requests—that all would be of little fruit, and that he should make haste.

In the long delay which the keeper made in opening the first cage, Don Quixote stood considering whether it were better to make his battle on foot rather than on horseback, and at last determined to fight it on foot, fearing that Rozinante would be in terror at sight of the lions ; therefore he threw himself from horse, flung aside his lance, braced his shield, and, unsheathing his sword, fair and softly, with marvellous portance and valiance of heart, went and put himself in front of the waggon, commending himself with all his soul to God, and afterwards to his lady Dulcinea.

Here it should be noted that the author, coming to this point of this faithful history, exclaims and says, “ O impregnable and, beyond all amplitude, courageous Don Quixote de la Mancha ! glass in which all valiant men of the world may see themselves, second and novel Don Manuel de Leon, the glory and honour of Spanish knights ! in what words shall I rehearse this portentous feat, or by what arguments make it credible to coming ages ? Or what praises

shall not become and square with thee, albeit they be, of all hyperboles, hyperbolical? Thou on foot, thou alone, thou intrepid, thou magnanimous, with one single sword, and that not one of the sharpness of those with the little dog-mark,¹ with a shield not of bright and shining steel, art on guard awaiting the two most fierce lions which the forests of Africa ever bred. Let thine own deeds weave thee praise, valorous Manchegan, for here at this point will I leave thee for lack of words to amplify them."

Here the author broke off the aforesaid exclamation, and proceeds to take up the thread of the history, saying:—

The keeper now seeing Don Quixote fixed in that pose, and that he must perforce let loose the male lion on pain of falling in the misfortune of the daring knight's wrathful indignation, threw wide open the doors of the first cage, where was, as has been said, the male lion, of extraordinary bigness and fearful and grisly aspect. The first thing which he did was to turn himself in the cage into which he had been thrown, reach out a paw, and stretch himself; then he opened his mouth and yawned very leisurely, and with almost two palms of tongue which he drew out, he licked the dust from his eyes and washed his face. This done, he thrust his head outside the cage, and looked around on all sides with flaming eyes—sight and attitude enough to strike temerity itself with terror.

Don Quixote only carefully watched him, wishing that he would leap from the waggon and take

him in his paws, between which he thought to cut him to pieces. At this point he reached the top of his never-imagined madness; but the generous lion, more courteous than arrogant, careless of childishness and bravado, after having looked around him, as has been said, turned round and showed his hinder parts to Don Quixote, and, with great coolness and quiet, again lay down in the cage.

Don Quixote, seeing this, ordered the keeper to stir him up with blows, and irritate him to make him come out.

“That I will not do,” said the keeper, “because if I provoke him, the first to be torn in pieces would be myself. Content you, sir, with what you have done, which is all that it is possible to say in the article of courage, and think not to tempt fortune a second time. The lion has before him an open door: to come forth, or not come forth, rests with him; but as he has not yet come out, come out he will not for the whole of the day. Your worship’s greatness of heart has already been declared: no brave combatant, to my thinking, is obliged to do more than challenge his enemy and await him afield; and if his antagonist come not, on him rests the infamy, and he who awaits him gains the crown of victory.”

“That is true,” answered Don Quixote. “Close the door, friend, and give me a writing, in the best form thou art able, of what thou hast here seen me do: to wit, thou didst open to the lion; I awaited him; he came not; I continued to await him; he continued to delay, and turned tail and laid him down.

I am bound for no more ; to the devil with enchanters, and God aid right, truth, and true chivalry. Shut the door, as I have ordered, while I signal to them that have fled, and the absent, that they may know of this exploit from thy lips."

The keeper did so ; and Don Quixote, putting on the point of the lance the napkin with which he had wiped his face of the storm of curds, began shouting to those who still fled, all in a troop, led by the nobleman, who turned their heads to look at every step.

Sancho, spying the signal of the white cloth, exclaimed, "May they slay me, if my master has not killed the wild beasts ! He is calling us."

They all came to a halt, and knew that he which made signs was Don Quixote ; and so, lessening their fear, they drew near to him little by little, until they heard plainly that Don Quixote called them. Finally, they all returned to the waggon ; and on coming up, Don Quixote said to the driver—

"Put to thy mules again, brother, and go thy way ; and thou, Sancho, give him two gold crowns, for himself and for the keeper, in recompense for the delay which I have caused them."

"That will I do with good will," said Sancho. "But what has become of the lions ? Be they dead or alive ?"

Then the keeper minutely and deliberately rehearsed the end of the conflict, amplifying, as best he could and knew, the valour of Don Quixote ; at sight of whom the lion, turned coward, would not, or dared not, stir from out the cage, in spite of his keeping its

door wide open for a good space ; and upon his telling that knight that it was to tempt God to irritate the lion to make him leap out, as he had wished to have him irritated, in spite of his teeth and against all his will, he allowed him to shut the door.

“What think ye of this, Sancho ?” said Don Quixote. “Are there enchantments which can avail against true courage ? Enchanters can rob me of fortune ; but of fortitude and courage ? It is impossible.”

Sancho gave him the crowns ; the driver yoked up ; the keeper kissed Don Quixote’s hands for the favour which he had received, and promised to tell the king himself of that valorous exploit when he saw him at court.

“Very well ; if perchance his Majesty inquire who did it, tell him the Knight of the Lions,² for henceforth I will that my title be exchanged, changed, and altered from that which I have hitherto borne, of the Knight of the Rueful Visage ; and herein I follow the ancient usance of knights-errant, who changed names when they wished, or when it suited them.”

The waggon went on its way, and Don Quixote, Sancho, and he of the green gabardine went on theirs.

All this time Don Diego de Miranda spake not a word, being all attention to mark and note the words of Don Quixote, who, to his seeming, was a wise man mad, or a madman who leaned to wisdom. The first part of his history had not yet come to his knowledge ; for had he read that, his wonder at Don Quixote’s words and deeds would have ceased, for he

would have known the quality of his madness ; but as he did not know, he now thought him to be in his senses, and now to be mad ; for that which he said was concerted, elegant, and well spoken, and what he did was foolish, rash, and stupid ; and he said within himself—

“ What greater madness could there be than to put on a helmet filled with curds, and to make believe that enchanters had softened his skull ; and what greater rashness and folly than to wish to fight perforce with lions ? ”

Don Quixote diverted him from these fancies and this soliloquy, saying, “ Who doubts, Don Diego de Miranda, that your worship holds me in opinion for a madman and a fool ? Nor would it be a great marvel if this were so, for my works bear not witness to aught else ; but, for all, I would have your worship know that I am not so mad, nor so foolish, as I might have appeared. Very brave appears a gallant knight in the eyes of his king, when, in the middle of a great square, he delivers with happy effect his lance against a wild bull. Very brave appears your gallant knight, armed in shining arms, prancing the lists in gleeful jousts, in presence of fair dames ; and right well in seeming are all those knights who, in military exercises, or what appear to be such, entertain, enliven, and, if we may so say, honour the courts of their princes. But, above all these, better seems a knight-errant who, through deserts and solitary places, through unfrequented woods, crossways, and mountains, goes in search of dangerous ventures, with

intent to give them happy and fortunate ending, solely to achieve glorious and enduring fame. A knight-errant, I say, better seems in succouring a widow on some desert waste, than a courtier knight wooing a maiden in the cities. All knights hold particular functions. The courtier serves fair ladies, adorns the court of his king with liveries, entertains poor knights with the splendid hospitality of his table, orders jousts, maintains tourneys, and displays himself great, liberal, and magnificent, and a good Christian above all; and after this manner shall he fulfil his due obligations. But it is for the knight-errant to scour the dark places of the world, to penetrate the most intricate labyrinths, to attempt the impossible at every step; to defy, on waste wilds, the fierce rays of the sun in the midst of summer, and in winter the pitiless inclemencies of the winds and the snows. Lions affright him not, nor sprites terrify him, nor monsters strike him with dread; for in seeking these, attempting those, and conquering all, are his principal and real functions.

“ I, then, as it falls to my lot to belong to the number of knights-errant, cannot refuse me to encounter all that which, to my seeming, falls within the jurisdiction of my profession; therefore the encounter with the lions which I have just accomplished pertains to me of right, in spite of my knowing it to be an excessive rashness. For I know full well what is valour—that it is a virtue which is placed between the two vicious extremes, such as are cowardice and temerity; but it is less ill that the valiant should touch and top the point of rashness, than that he should descend to and

touch the base of cowardice ; for, as it is easier for the prodigal to become liberal than the avaricious, so is it more easy for the rash to become truly valiant, than for the coward to ascend to the height of true courage. In that of attempting adventures, believe me, your worship sir Don Diego, it is better rather to overdo with spirit than underdo with care ; for it sounds a better sound in the ears of those who hear it, that such a knight is rash and daring than that such a knight is timid and a coward."

" I declare, sir Don Quixote," said Don Diego, " all that your worship has said and done to be ruled and levelled by reason itself, and I believe that if the ordinances and laws of chivalry were to be lost, they would be found in the breast of your worship, as in their own repository and archives. But haste we now, for it grows late, and let us reach my home and village, where your worship shall rest from your late labour, the which, if it hath not been of the body, hath been of the spirit, which at times redounds to the body's weariness."

" I take the offer as a great favour and kindness, sir Don Diego," answered Don Quixote ; and, spurring more than they had yet done, about two in the afternoon they arrived at the home and the village of Don Diego, whom Don Quixote styled the Knight of the Green Gabardine.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XVII.

Note 1, page 60.

The sharpness of those with the little dog-mark. Viardot has the following note, taken from Pellicer:—"On appelait *épées du petit chien*, à cause de la marque qu'elles portaient, les épées de la fabrique de Julian del Rey, célèbre armurier de Tolède et Morisque de naissance. Les lames en étaient courtes et larges. Depuis la conquête de Tolède par les Espagnols sur les Arabes (1085), cette ville fut pendant plusieurs siècles la meilleure fabrique d'armes blanches de toute la chrétienté. C'est là que vécurent, outre Julian del Rey, Antonio, Cuellar, Sahagun et ses trois fils, et une foule d'autres armuriers dont les noms étaient restés populaires. En 1617, Cristobal de Figuéroa, dans son livre intitulé : *Plaza universal de ciencias y artes*, comptait par leurs noms jusqu'à dix-huit fourbisseurs célèbres établis dans la même ville, et l'on y conserve encore, dans les archives de la municipalité, les marques ou empreintes (*cuños*) de quatre-vingt-dix-neuf fabricants d'armes. Il n'y en a plus un seul maintenant, et l'on a même perdu la trempe dont les Mozarabes avaient donné le secret aux Espagnols."

Note 2, page 63.

The Knight of the Lions. Viardot observes : "Les histoires chevaléresques sont remplies de combats de chevaliers contre des lions. Palmérin d'Olive les tuait *comme s'ils eussent été des agneaux*, et son fils Primaléon n'en faisait pas plus de cas. Palmérin d'Angleterre combattit seul contre deux tigres et deux lions ; et quand le roi Périon, père d'Amadis de Gaule, veut combattre un lion qui lui avait pris un cerf à la chasse, il descend de son cheval, *qui, épouvanté, ne voulait pas aller en avant*. Mais don Quichotte avait pu trouver ailleurs que dans ces livres un exemple de sa folle action. On raconte que, pendant la dernière guerre de Grenade, les rois catholiques

ayant reçu d'un émir africain un présent de plusieurs lions, des dames de la cour regardaient du haut d'un balcon ces animaux dans leur enceinte. L'une d'elles, que *servait* le célèbre don Manuel Ponce, laissa tomber son gant exprès ou par mégarde. Aussitôt don Manuel s'élança dans l'enceinte l'épée à la main, et releva le gant de sa maîtresse. C'est à cette occasion que la reine Isabelle l'appela don Manuel Ponce de *Léon*, nom que ses descendants ont conservé depuis, et c'est pour cela que Cervantès appelle don Quichotte *nouveau Ponce de Léon*. Cette histoire est racontée par plusieurs chroniqueurs, entre autres par Perez de Hita dans un de ses *romances*."

The Cid, of course, could not be allowed to come behind these in the matter of lion-fighting, and the following ballad, which is taken from the collection of Escobar, lxii., is characteristic :—

THE CID, THE LION, AND HIS INSOLENT SONS-IN-LAW.

*The noble Cid fell fast asleep when he came forth from meat,
With head upon his hand he lay, and on his favourite seat ;
Around him watch his sons-in-law, Diego, and Ferdinand,
And Bermudo of the stammering tongue, but of the iron hand.*

*They pass the time with pleasant jest and gossip of the town,
And press their fingers to their lips to keep their laughter down ;
When, lo ! the palace rings with shouts, men hasten to and fro,
Crying, " ' Ware the lion ! foul fiend take the man who let him go ! "*

*Bermudo minds the matter not : not so the noble brothers,
The fear that seizes on their hearts right soon their laughter smothers ;
With hurried steps they turn aside, and whisper face to face,
And they have made a quick resolve to seek a safer place.*

*The younger brother Ferdinand has done a nimble feat,
Has hid himself behind the Cid, and right beneath his seat ;
Diego, elder of the twain, in haste to leave the place,
Lies floundering in a nameless spot and is in woeful case.*

*The folk run shrieking up the hall, the lion roars behind,
Bermudo draws his shining blade, to flee he has no mind ;
The Cid he utters but a word, a word of much avail,
The raging beast forgets to roar, and meekly wags its tail.*

*He puts his arm around its neck and fondly strokes its mane,
With kind caresses to its den he leads it back again ;
The people round are dumb with awe, their wonder is not hid,
“ We see two lions here,” they cry, “ but the bravest is the Cid ! ”*

*With merry heart and cheerful face into the hall he came,
And for his sons-in-law he called, though well he knew their shame ;
Bermudo cries, “ I vouch for one, he crouches there to see
If the brute be male or female, a clever man is he ! ”*

*Now enters Martin Pelaëz, and speaks both loud and fast :
“ Largess, my lord, good news I bring, they’ve plucked him out at last ! ”
“ Plucked whom ? ” exclaimed the astonished Cid. “ The other one ! ” he
said,
“ Through fear he took up quarters whence the devil would have fled ;*

*“ ’Tis true, my lord, and here he comes ; but turn aside, I pray,
A censer will be requisite when’er he comes this way ! ”
The one they haul from out his hole, the other they restrain,
Their brave new wedding garments are foul with many a stain.*

*The Cid regards them each in turn, his fury will not cease ;
He knows not how to speak his mind, nor how to hold his peace.*

CHAPTER XVIII.

OF THAT WHICH BEFEL DON QUIXOTE IN THE CASTLE OR
HOUSE OF THE KNIGHT OF THE GREEN GABARDINE,
WITH OTHER HUMOROUS THINGS.

DON Quixote found the house of Don Diego de Miranda to be spacious like those of the country, the arms, although of rough stone, over the front door, the buttery in the courtyard, the cellar in the gate-court, where many large earthen jars were placed around, which, for being of Toboso, revived the memories of his enchanted and transformed Dulcinea ; and sighing, and not bethinking him of what he said or before whom he said it, he exclaimed—

*O pledges sweet, that bring to mind my woe,
Sweet, ay, and joyful when God willed it so!*

O Tobosian jars, ye have brought to my recollection, the sweet pledge of my greatest bitterness ! ”

This was heard by the poet-student, Don Diego’s son, who with his mother had come to give him welcome ; and mother and son wondered much at the strange shape of Don Quixote, who, alighting from

Rozinante with great courtesy, went to entreat that he might kiss the lady's hands. On which Don Diego said—

“Receive, my lady, with your wonted grace sir Don Quixote de la Mancha, who is now before you, knight-errant the most valiant and most wise which the world doth hold.”

The lady, whose name was Doña Christina, received him with tokens of much love and courtesy, which Don Quixote acknowledged with abundance of discreet and gentle compliments.

Almost the same courtly commerce passed with the student, who, on hearing Don Quixote discourse, took him for a man of wit and learning.

Here the author describes all the minute particulars of Don Diego's house, setting forth all things which are contained in the mansion of a wealthy country gentleman; but to the translator of this history it seems well to pass over in silence these and other small matters, as not befitting the principal purpose of the history, in which truth hath more energy than tedious digressions.

Don Quixote was led into a room, Sancho took off his armour, and he remained in his walloons and wash-leather jerkin, all soiled with the sweat of arms; the collar was of linen of the scholar's cut, without starch and without lace; the buskins date-coloured; the shoes were of tarpaulin. He girt on his good sword, which hung from a shoulder-belt of sealskin, from which opinion holds that he had suffered many years from an infirmity of the kidneys.¹ Over all he

wore a cloak of fine grey cloth. But before all this, with five or six caldrons of water (there is some difference as to the number of caldrons), he washed his head and face, and yet the water continued to be of the colour of whey; thanks to the dainty taste of Sancho, and the purchase of his cursed curds which had made his master so white. In the aforesaid gear, with a gentle air and graceful mien, Don Quixote sallied into another room, where the student awaited him to entertain him while the tables were being laid; for Doña Christina would show how, on the coming of so noble a guest, she knew how, and was able, to regale those who came to her house.

While Don Quixote was unarming, Don Lorenzo (such was the name of Don Diego's son) took occasion to ask his father, "What are we to think of the gentleman whom your worship has brought home? For the name, the figure, and your saying that he is a knight-errant have given my mother and me much wonder."

"I know not, my son, what to answer," replied Don Diego. "I can only tell thee that I have seen him do things which mark him for the greatest madman in the world, and use words so discreet as to blot out and give the lie to his deeds. Talk thou with him, and feel the pulse of his reason, and, as thou hast discernment, judge of his discretion or folly as thou shalt find; albeit, truth to tell, I hold him rather for a mad man than a sage."

Upon that Don Lorenzo went to entertain Don Quixote, as has been said; and among other dis-

courses which passed between the two, Don Quixote said to Don Lorenzo—

“Don Diego de Miranda, your worship’s father, has made report to me of your rare ability and the subtle genius of your worship, and, above all, that you are a great poet.”

“I may be a poet,” answered Don Lorenzo, “but a great one I have not presumed to think me. It is true that I am very much given to poetry and the reading of the best poets, but not in any manner to give me the name of great, as my father says.”

“This modesty mislikes me not,” replied Don Quixote; “for there is no poet who is not arrogant, and who does not fancy himself to be the greatest poet in the world.”

“There is no rule without an exception,” said Don Lorenzo, “and such an one there might be, and he not think so.”

“Few,” said Don Quixote. “But tell me, your worship, what verses be those which you have now in hand, and which your noble father tells me makes you go somewhat careful and pensive? For if it be some gloss, I know somewhat of the secret of glossing, and should be glad to see them; and if they be for some learned joust, endeavour, your worship, to carry off the second prize. For the first is ever gained by favour, or by the great quality of the person; the second by pure merit; and the third comes to be the second, and the first, according to this reckoning, will be the third, after the manner of the degrees which they grant in your universities; but, withal, the name of First makes a great show.”

"So far," said Don Lorenzo to himself, "I cannot judge thee for mad; let us proceed." And he said aloud, "It seems to me that your worship must have been to the schools; what sciences did you study?"

"That of knightly chivalry," answered Don Quixote, "which is as excellent as poesy, and even a finger's breadth beyond it."

"I do not know what science that is," said Don Lorenzo, "and until now I never heard of it."

"It is a science," replied Don Quixote, "which includes within it all, or nearly all, the sciences of the world; for the reason that he who makes profession of it must be a jurisconsult, and know the laws of distributive and commutative justice, in order to give to each one that which is his, and which befits him; he must be a theologian, in order to give a reason of the Christian law which he professes, clear and distinct, wherever it may be demanded of him; he must be a physician, and principally a herbalist, in order to know, in the midst of idle wastes and deserts, the simples which have virtue to heal wounds, so that the knight-errant need not at every step be searching for some to dress them; he must be an astrologer, to know by the stars how many hours of the night have flown, and in what part or in what climate of the world he finds himself; he must know the mathematics, because at every stir shall he stand in need of them; and leaving this aside, that he must be adorned with all the theological and cardinal virtues, and descending to other small matters, I hold that he must know how to swim, as they say swam Fish Nicholas²

or Nicolao; he must know how to shoe a horse, and mend the saddle and bridle; and, to return to higher matters, he must keep the faith of God and his mistress; he must be chaste in his thoughts, modest in word, liberal in works, valiant in deed, suffering in labour, charitable to those who are in need, and, finally, the defender of truth, although it cost him his life to maintain it. Of all these great and lesser parts is the good knight-errant compact, so that your worship, sir Don Lorenzo, can see whether it be a worthless science which the knight learns, studies, and professes, and whether it may stand on a level with the loftiest which are taught in the gymnasiums and schools."

"If this be so," replied Don Lorenzo, "I say that this science exceeds all others."

"How 'if this be so'?" answered Don Quixote.

"What I mean," said Don Lorenzo, "is that I doubt if there have been, or now are, knights-errant and adorned with so many virtues."

"Many times have I said what I now repeat, that the greater part of the people of the world hold opinion that in it there never have been knights-errant; and because it seems to me that, unless Heaven miraculously gives them to understand the truth that such there have been and are, whatever pains I may take must be in vain, as many times experience hath convinced me; I will not now detain me in delivering your worship from the error which is held by so many: what I think of doing is to entreat Heaven to deliver you, and to give you to perceive how advantageous and necessary were knights-errant to the world

in past ages, and how useful they would be in the present, if they would employ them ; but now, for the sins of the people, there triumph idleness, sloth, gluttony, and pleasure."

"Our guest hath escaped," quoth Don Lorenzo to himself ; "but, for all, he is a brave lunatic, and I should be an idle fool if such I did not hold him to be."

Here they ended their discourse, for they were called to dinner.

Don Diego asked his son what fair copy he had made of their guest's mind. To which he answered—

"Nor all the doctors nor the best scribes of the world will be able to decipher him from the rough draft of his lunacies ; he is a mingled madman, of many lucid intervals."

They went in to dinner, which was such as Don Diego had said on the way they were accustomed to give to their friends—neat, generous, and savoury. But that which most pleased Don Quixote was the marvellous silence which reigned through the whole house, which was like a monkery of Carthusians.

The cloth being withdrawn, thanks given to God, and water to the fingers, Don Quixote earnestly begged Don Lorenzo to repeat to him the verses intended for the learned joust. To which he answered—

"That I may not seem to be like those poets who, when prayed to say their verses, deny them, and when not entreated spit them out, I will give you my gloss, for which I expect no prize whatever, for I wrote it solely to practise my fancy."

“A friend of mine, and a discreet,” said Don Quixote, “was of opinion that no one should weary himself in glossing upon verses ; and the reason, he said, was that the gloss could never come up to the text, and that many times—perhaps the most—the gloss fell short of the intent and purpose of that which was commented upon ; and, more, that the rules of the gloss were very much too straight—that they suffered no interrogatives ; neither *he said*, nor *I will say*, nor the making of verbs into nouns, nor the changing of the sense, with other ties and strictnesses with which all are shackled who gloss, as your worship knows right well.”

“Verily, sir Don Quixote,” said Don Lorenzo, “I would much like to catch your worship in one false Latin quantity ; but I cannot, for you slip through my fingers like an eel.”

“I do not know what your worship means, or wishes to mean, in this of my slipping through your fingers,” answered Don Quixote.

“I will make me plain,” replied Don Lorenzo ; “but at present be your worship attentive to the verses of the text and those of the gloss, which are as follows :—

THEME.

*“ Were I now but as before
I could hope for nothing more ;
Would the happy time were here
Of what shall by-and-by appear.*

GLOSS.

*“ All things here are fleeting fast ;
So the happiness has passed*

*Fortune gave me once-a-day,
Without stint and without stay ;
All her favours now have ceased ;
Fortune, 'tis an age at least
Since thou saw'st me at thy feet—
Are we doomed no more to meet ?
Oh, the happiness in store,
Were I now but as before.*

*I desire no other pleasure,
Other glory, other treasure,
Other triumph, other palm ;
Give me but the pleasing calm
I possessed in days of yore.
Fortune, turn to me once more !
Let the magic of thy name
Soothe the rigour of my flame,
Come at once, come as before—
I could hope for nothing more.*

*Things impossible I ask ;
For 'twould be a hopeless task
For the greatest power on earth
To give Time a second birth
When it once hath fled by.
Time doth run and Time doth fly,
But it never turneth back ;
And those men do wisdom lack
Who exclaim, in accents drear,
Would the happy time were here !*

*Life to me is far from cheering,
Sometimes hoping, sometimes fearing ;
'Tis but Death in thin disguise.
'Twould be better, 'twould be wise,
Dying now to finish pain,
Death to me would be a gain ;
But it is not, nor can be,
For, on second thoughts, I see
Life has still a wholesome fear
Of what shall by-and-by appear."*

When Don Lorenzo had finished reading his gloss, Don Quixote rose to his feet, raised his voice until it almost reached a shriek, and, with one hand grasping the right of Don Lorenzo, exclaimed, "Now, by Heaven, yonder in the highest ! generous youth, thou art the best poet of this orb, and art worthy to be crowned with laurel—not by Cyprus, nor by Gaeta, as said a certain poet, whom God pardon ; but by the academies of Athens, if they were only now in being, and by those which exist to-day in Paris, Bologna, and Salamanca. Grant Heaven that Apollo may slay with his arrows the judges who shall deprive thee of the first prize, and that never may the muses deepen the shadow of their doors. Repeat to me, sir, if it please you, some of your loftier verses, for I would like all in all to feel the pulse of your excellent wit."

Is it not fine, as they say, that Don Lorenzo should be pleased to find himself praised of Don Quixote, whom he held to be a madman ? O force of flattery, how far and how wide stretch the limits of thy pleasing reign ! This truth was verified in Don Lorenzo, who complied with the desire and demand of Don Quixote, repeating this sonnet on the novel or story of Pyramus and Thisbe :—

SONNET.

*Now breaks the wall that maid exceeding fair
 Who cleft bold Pyramus's heart in twain ;
 Love starts from Cyprus, and proceeds amain
 To view the rent so narrow and so rare.
 There silence speaks ; because no voice will dare
 To pass so strait a strait, or dares in vain ;
 Their souls likewise ; for Love is ever fain
 To smooth the way in every hard affair.*

*Desire bursts every bound, and with the blunder
Of that imprudent virgin there befel
Death for her pleasure. What a tale to tell !
For both, at one fell swoop (portentous wonder),
Kills them, entombs them, makes them live in story,
One cruel sword, one sepulchre, one glory !*

“Blessed be God!” exclaimed Don Quixote, having heard Don Lorenzo’s sonnet, “that amidst the infinite number there be of consumptive poets, I have seen a consummate poet, as you are, my dear sir, which the art of this sonnet enables me to perceive.”

Full four days was Don Quixote most nobly regaled in Don Diego’s house; at the end whereof he prayed licence that he might take his leave, telling him how grateful he was for the favour and good welcome he had met with in his house, but that it did not well become knights-errant to bestow many hours on idleness and pleasure. He desired to go and fulfil the duties of his calling, searching for adventures, which rumour told him abounded in that country, where he purposed to waste the time until the day arrived of the tourney at Saragossa, which city lay direct in his course; but it was his intention first to enter the Cave of Montesinos, of which so many in that neighbourhood told so many and such marvellous things, inquiring into and verifying for himself the rise and true source of the seven lakes, commonly known as those of Ruydera.

Don Diego and his son lauded his honourable resolve, and bade him take whatever their house and estate afforded which he might need; that they would serve him with all good will, as the valour

of his person and his noble profession did oblige them.

At length the day of parting came, so joyous for Don Quixote, so sad and unlucky for Sancho, who found the great abundance in Don Diego's house much agree with him, and was loth to return to the hunger to which he was used in the woods and wastes, and the straitness of his ill-provisioned wallets; but he filled and stuffed them with what to him appeared most necessary.

Don Quixote, on taking his leave of Don Lorenzo, said, "I know not if I have said it before to your worship, but if I have, I repeat what I have said, that when your worship shall wish to save labour and travail in reaching the inaccessible height of the temple of fame, you need do no other thing than to leave the path to the heights of poesy, which is somewhat narrow, and take to the most narrow way of chivalry, and that shall suffice to make you an emperor in a brace of straws."

With these final discourses, Don Quixote closed the case of his madness,³ more especially when he added, saying, "God knows how much I desire to carry with me sir Don Lorenzo, to teach him how to spare the humble, to trample underfoot and kick the proud—virtues which are annexed to the profession which I profess; but, since his tender years will not brook it, nor his laudable exercises permit him, I will content me solely by giving a hint to one who is a poet, as to how your worship might become famous. Be you guided by others' opinion, and not

by your own ; for there is no father nor mother who think their own children ugly, and in regard to those of the mind this deception is still stronger."

Father and son wondered anew at the intermeddling arguments of Don Quixote, now wise, now foolish, and at the persistent tenacity with which he clung, come what might, to going in quest of his unhappy adventures, which he held as the only aim and end of his desires.

They repeated their offers and compliments, and, with the free leave of the lady of the castle, Don Quixote and Sancho, the one upon Rozinante and the other on Dapple, went on their way.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XVIII.

Note 1, page 71.

Suffered many years from an infirmity of the kidneys. It must not be supposed that the wearing of the belt over the shoulder was to cure this infirmity, as has been surmised by some, but because Don Quixote could not suffer the inconvenience of the belt round his waist.

Note 2, page 74.

Fish Nicholas. The Spanish commentators complain of Jarvis omitting the words, "As they say swam Fish Nicholas," and inserting in a note the words, "alluding to a fabulous story in the theatre of the gods." Viardot translates as follows from Pellicer :—"En espagnol *el pege Nicolas*, en italien *pesce Colas*. C'est le nom qu'on donnait à un célèbre nageur du xv^e siècle, natif de Catane en Sicile. Il passait, dit-on, sa vie plutôt dans l'eau que sur terre, et périt enfin en allant chercher, au fond du golfe de Messine, une tasse d'or qu'y avait jetée le roi de Naples don Fadrique. Son histoire, fort populaire en Italie et en Espagne, est pourtant moins singulière que celle d'un homme né au village de Lierganès, près de Santander, en 1660, et nommé Francisco de la Véga Casar. Le P. Feijoo, contemporain de l'événement, raconte, en deux endroits de ses ouvrages (*Teatro critico* et *Cartas*), que cet homme vécut plusieurs années en pleine mer, que des pêcheurs de la baie de Cadix le prirent dans leurs filets, qu'il fut ramené dans son pays, et qu'il s'échappa de nouveau, au bout de quelque temps, pour retourner à la mer, d'où il ne reparut plus."

Note 3, page 81.

Closed the case of his madness. That is, he decided the question of his insanity, which had been raised between Don Diego and his son. The elder translators seem to miss the allusion.

CHAPTER XIX.

WHEREIN IS REHEARSED THE ADVENTURE OF THE
ENAMoured SHEPHERD, WITH, IN TRUTH, OTHER
GRACIOUS ACCIDENTS.

DON Quixote had put himself but a little way ayont the village of Don Diego, when he encountered two apparent priests, or students, and two husbandmen, who came mounted on four asinine beasts. One of the students carried a portmanteau in a wrapping of green buckram, a linen bundle which seemed to hold a little grain and two pairs of grogram stockings ; the other carried nothing but a couple of new foils for fencing practice, with their buttons. The husbandmen carried quite other things, which gave sign and signal that they had been to some market town, where they had bought them, and were carrying them to their own village ; and the students, as well as the husbandmen, fell into the same astonishment as fell on all those who for the first time saw Don Quixote, and they were dying to know what manner of man this could be, who went so different to all others.

Don Quixote saluted them, and after hearing that

the road they went was the same he took, he offered them his company, and begged that they would slacken pace, for that their untamed foals went faster than his horse ; and to prevail with them, he told who he was, his office and profession—that he was a knight-errant, that he went through all parts of the world in search of adventures ; he told them that his proper name was Don Quixote de la Mancha, and his title *The Knight of the Lions*.

All this was to the husbandmen as if he had spoken Greek or Egyptian, but not to the students, who straightway felt the soft part of Don Quixote's brain ; but, withal, they regarded him with wonder and also respect, and one of them said to him—

“ If your worship, sir knight, has no determined route, as is usual with those who go in quest of adventures, may it please you to come with us ; you shall see one of the best and finest bridals which till this very day has been held in La Mancha, or for many leagues around.”

Don Quixote inquired if it were of some prince, that he lauded it so much.

“ No, it is not,” said the student ; “ only of a farmer and a farmer maiden—he the richest in all the country, and she the fairest ever seen of men. The preparations are rare and new, for the feast is to be kept in a meadow close to the village of the bride, whom, for her excellence, they call Quiteria the Fair, and the bridegroom is called Camacho the Rich. She is eighteen, and he is twenty-two years of age, both well mated ; although some nice folk, who keep in

mind the families of all the world, want to say that the family of the fair Quiteria has advantage over that of Camacho: but no one minds that now, for riches have power to solder many cracks.¹ In brief, the said Camacho is liberal, and has taken it into his fancy to roof overhead with boughs the whole meadow, after such sort that the sun will have some work to do if he wishes to visit the green grass with which the floor is covered; also there are to be concerted dances, as well those of the sword as of the small bells—for there are those in his village who know how to ring and jangle the bells most excellently well: of the heel-clappers I say nothing; let those say who are able to judge. But none of the things I have referred to, and many others which I have omitted to name, will make these bridals so memorable as what I fancy Basilio the Slighted will do. This Basilio is a shepherd, a neighbour of Quiteria's village, whose house is next door to Quiteria's home. From hence Love took occasion to renew to the world the old-forgotten loves of Pyramus and Thisbe; for Basilio was in love with Quiteria from his earliest and tender years, and she answered his desire with a thousand loving favours, insomuch that they rehearsed for pastime in the village the loves of the two children Basilio and Quiteria. Years went on increasing, and Quiteria's father resolved to forbid Basilio the ordinary access which he had to his family; and, to avoid all cause of jealousy and suspicion, he purposed to marry his child to the rich Camacho, it seeming not fitting to marry her to Basilio, who possessed by no

means so many gifts of fortune as of nature : and if it be possible to speak the truth without exciting envy, he is the most agile youth we know; he is a famous pitcher of the bar, an excellent wrestler, is great at tennis, runs like a deer, leaps like a goat, and plays ninepins like a charm ; he sings like a lark, and makes the guitar speak when he plays upon it, and, above all, can ply his sword with the best."

"For that one gift alone," here exclaimed Don Quixote, "this youth deserves to marry not only with the beauteous Quiteria, but with Queen Guinevere herself, were she now living, in spite of Lancelot and of all those who would desire to oppose him."

"Tell that to my wife," said Sancho Panza, who up till then had been silent and listening, "who will have it that each one should marry with his equal, minding the proverb which says, 'Each sheep to its coupling.' What I would like to see is that this good Basilio—I love him already—should marry him with this lady Quiteria ; and eternal life and good rest be theirs" (he meant the contrary) "who hinder those from marrying who like one another."

"If all those who love each other well were to marry," said Don Quixote, "it would take from parents the choice and right of marrying their children when and to whom they think best ; and if it were left to the will of daughters to select their own husbands, such an one would choose her father's footman, and another one whom she saw pass along the street, seemingly a sprightly fellow of mettle, even though he were nought else than a waster caitiff. For love and affection

fopperies. But no matter ; I know me myself, and know that I have not said many fooleries in what I have said, only that your worship, my dear sir, always make yourself the turnery of my sayings, and even of my deeds."

"Say attorney," said Don Quixote, "and not 'turnery,' prevaricator of good language, whom God confound."

"Let not your worship prompt me," answered Sancho ; "you know that I was not bred up at court nor have I studied at Salamanca just to know if I add to or take away some letter from my words. If so, God help me ; and there is no sense in expecting that a Sayagues shall talk like a Toledan,² and there may be Toledans who do not always talk polite."

"That is so," said the doctor ; "for they cannot speak so well who are brought up in the tanneries, or in the Zocodover, as those who pass nearly the whole day in the cloister of the cathedral ; and yet are they all Toledans. Chaste language, mannerly, elegant, and clear, belongs to discreet courtiers, even though they were born in the province of Slang. I say discreet, because there are many who are not so, and discretion is the grammar of good language, accompanied with use. I, sirs, have, for my sins, studied canon law at Salamanca, and prick me somewhat on giving my reason in words which are clear, full, and significant."

"If you had pricked yourself less on knowing how to handle the fencing foils³ which you carry, and more on the use of your tongue," said the other student,

“you might have been at the head of letters, as you are now at the tail.”

“Look you, bachelor,” answered the doctor, “you hold the wrongest opinion in the world touching dexterity with the sword, if you hold it in slight.”

“With me it is no opinion,” replied Corchuelo, “but fixed fact; and if you have a mind that I should prove it to you by experience, you carry swords, there is opportunity, I have nerves and strength, which, backed of my courage, which is not little, will make you confess that I am not deceived. Alight, and make use of your posturings, of your circles, your angles and science; for I hope to make you see stars at high noon with my modern and rustic dexterity, in which I trust, after God; for the man has yet to be born who will make me turn tail, and there is no one in the world whom I will not compel to give ground.”

“As to that of turning tail or no, I meddle not,” answered the expert, “although it be quite possible that in the place where thou first plantest thy foot, there thy grave will open—I mean to say that there you will be left for dead, through thy disregard of practice.”

“That shall we now see,” said Corchuelo; and, alighting swiftly from his beast, he drew with fury one of the swords which the doctor carried on his ass.

“It must not be thus,” said Don Quixote at this instant; “I would be master of this bout, and judge of this much-debated question.” So, alighting from Rozinante and taking his lance, he put himself in the middle of the road, where the doctor already, with gentle grace of the body and measured step, was going

to confront Corchuelo, who came against him, darting, as they say, fire from his eyes.

The others, the two husbandmen of the company, without alighting from their foals, served as spectators of the mortal tragedy.

Corchuelo assailed him every way, and laid on him with high strokes, low strokes, back strokes, cuts, thrusts, and slashes without number, with all fury, and as thick as hail; he fell on like an angry lion, but was met by a tap on the mouth from the foil-button of the doctor, who, checking him in mid-way of his rage, made him kiss it as if it were a relic, although not with the same devotion that relics ought to be, and generally are, kissed. Finally, the doctor counted by clean thrusts all the buttons of Corchuelo's cassock, tearing its skirts into shreds like the arms of a cuttlefish; twice did he strike off his hat, and wearied him in such wise, that of despite, choler, and rage, he clutched the sword, and flung it into the air with such force, that one of the countrymen looking on, who was a notary, ran after it, and afterwards bore testimony that the distance it went was nearly three-quarters of a league; which testimony will serve, as it hath served, for all to know and see with truth how force is overcome of art.

Corchuelo seated himself, quite spent, and Sancho, going to him, said—

“By my fay, master bachelor, if your worship take my counsel, now and henceforth you should challenge nobody to fence, but only to wrestle and throw the bar, for you are old and strong enough for that; as for

these who are called experts, I have heard say that they can thread the eye of a needle with a sword."

"I am satisfied," said Corchuelo, "with having fallen from my ass, and that experience has taught me how far I was from the truth ;" and, rising up, he embraced the doctor, and they became faster friends than they were before.

Not caring to wait for the notary, who had gone for the sword, thinking that he might delay too long, they determined to go on, so as to arrive early at Quiteria's village, whither they were all bound.

During what remained to them of the way, the doctor recounted the excellences of the sword with arguments of such demonstration, and with so many mathematical proofs and figures, that all became convinced of the fineness of the science, and Corchuelo was cured of his obstinacy.

The night set in, and before they arrived it seemed to all that above them and the village was a heaven full of countless and bright shining stars. They heard, at the same time, the sweet and mingled sounds of many instruments, as flutes, tambourines, psalteries, recorders, cymbals, and drums ; and when they drew near, they saw that the trees of an arbour, which had been planted there by hand, at the entrance of the village, were all full of lamps that were not offended by the wind, for it did not blow, but only breathed so gently that it had no power to move the leaves of the trees.

The musicians were the joy-makers of the bridals, who went in groups in that pleasant spot, some

dancing and others singing, while others played on the many-tuned instruments. In effect, it appeared nothing else but that joy and gladness went hand in hand through the whole of the meadow. Many others were busy in raising platforms, from which they might see, the next day, with ease, the plays and dances which were to be given in that place, dedicated to solemnizing the bridals of the rich Camacho and the funeral rites of Basilio.

Don Quixote cared not to enter the village, although the husbandman, as well as the bachelor, pressed him to do so ; but he gave as an excuse what, to his seeming, was most sufficient—that it was the custom of knights-errant to sleep in fields and forests rather than in towns, although it were beneath gilded roofs ; and with that he turned a little out of the way, sorely against Sancho's will, for he recollected the fine harbourage he had enjoyed in the castle or house of Don Diego.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XIX.

*Note 1, page 86.**Riches have power to solder many cracks.*

*With money in thy fist thou need never lack a friend ;
 The pope will grant his benison, and a happy life thou'lt spend ;
 Thou mayst buy a seat in paradise, a life withouten end :
 Where money trickleth plenteouslie, there blessings do descend.*

The Archpriest of Hita.

Note 2, page 90.

Expecting that a Sayagues shall talk like a Toledan. “ On appelle *tierra de Sayago* un district dans la province de Zamora où les habitants ne portent qu'un grossier sayon (*sayo*) de toile, et dont le langage n'est pas plus élégant que le costume.—Alphonse le Savant avait ordonné que, si l'on n'était pas d'accord sur le sens ou la prononciation de quelque mot castillan, on eût recours à Tolède, *comme au mètre de la langue espagnole.*”—Viardot.

Note 3, page 90.

The fencing foils. Motteux translates this “ foolish foils ;” Jarvis, “ unlucky foils ;” and Smollett, “ good-for-nothing foils.” The original is *las negras*—the black ones, or the sables, as we might say. They were really black in colour, with blunt point and no edge, and so called to distinguish them from *espadas blancas*, which were always sharp.

Note 4, page 92.

Like the arms of a cuttlefish. The original is *como colas de pulpo*. But Cervantes corrected this by the mouth of his dog Bergança : “ Speak with meetness, Scipio ; these are not called tails.”—*Coloquio de los dos Perros*.

CHAPTER XX.

WHEREIN ACCOUNT IS GIVEN OF THE BRIDAL OF CAMACHO
THE RICH, AND OF WHAT BEFEL BASILIO THE POOR.

SCARCELY had the fair Aurora given bright Phœbus leave by the ardour of his burning rays to dry the liquid pearls of his golden locks, when Don Quixote, shaking off dull sloth from his limbs, rose to his feet and called his squire Sancho, who still snored ; which Don Quixote perceiving, rather than awake him, he said—

“ O thou, blessed above all which inherit the earth, who, without envy or being envied, sleepest in the spirit of peace ! thee neither enchanters persecute nor enchantments affright : sleep on, I say for once, and will say it a hundred times, thou, whom no jealousies of thy mistress hold in continual watch, whom no wakeful thoughts of how to pay thy lawful debts disturb, nor the care of winning to-morrow’s bread for thee and thy small and needy family. Neither ambition disquiets thee, nor thee the vain pomps of the world weary, for the limits of thy desires extend no farther than care

for thine ass; since that of thy person hast thou placed on my shoulders, the counterpoise and burden which nature and custom have laid upon masters. The servant sleeps, and the master keeps ward, in thought how he shall sustain, better him, or do him favours; the anguish of beholding the heavens to be of brass, which withhold the accordant dew from the earth, afflicts not the servant, but the master, who is bound to provide, through sterility and famine, him who served him in times of fertility and plenty."

To all this Sancho answered not a word, for he was asleep, nor had he awaked so soon, if Don Quixote had not made him come to himself with the butt-end of his lance. He awoke at last, lazy and yawning, and revolving his eyes on all sides, said—

"From the bower close by here there comes, if I be not deceived, a smell and savour, seeming more of toasted bacon rashers than bottom grass or thyme. Bridals which begin with such perfumery, by my benison, must be plentiful and brave."

"Silence, glutton!" said Don Quixote. "Come, we will go to this marriage, and see how Basilio the Disdained will carry him."

"Let him carry himself as he will," said Sancho; "he cannot be poor and marry with Quiteria. He to be worth no more than a groat, and want to marry the moon? By my fay, sir, my notion is that the poor should be content with what they find, and not go looking for mushrooms in the sea. I'll wager an arm that Camacho could roll Basilio in reals; and if that be so, as it must be, a pretty fool Quiteria would be

to throw away the bravery and the jewels which Camacho has given, and will be able to give her, just for the bar-throwing and the fencing play of Basilio. For one good throw of the bar, or for one fine trick of the foil, they will not even give you a cup of wine at a tavern ; abilities and gifts which bring in no money : to the Count de Dirlos¹ with them for me ; but when such gifts fall to him who has plenty of gilt, such may my life be as they shall seem. On a good foundation you can build a good house, and the best foundation and bottom in the world is money.”²

“ By the God above us, Sancho ! ” exclaimed Don Quixote, “ have an end with thy harangue ; for certain am I that if thou wert let alone to proceed with that thou dost start at every step, no time would be left thee to eat or sleep—thou wouldst waste it all in talk.”

“ If your worship had a good memory,” answered Sancho, “ you would recollect the articles of our compact before we sallied from home this last time ; one of which was that you were to let me talk as much as I please, provided it was nothing against my neighbour, nor against your worship’s authority ; and, up till now, I think I have not contravened an article of that compact.”

“ I mind me not, Sancho, of any such article,” said Don Quixote ; “ but, allowing such to be, I will that thou be silent, and make haste, for already the instruments which we heard last night begin to glad the valleys, and without doubt the marriage will be celebrated in the cool of the morning, and not in the heat of the day.”

Sancho did as his master bade him, and putting the saddle on Rozinante and the pannel on Dapple, the two mounted, and at a soft pace made for the bower.

The first thing which offered itself to Sancho's vision was a whole steer spitted on an entire elm, and the fire before which it was roasting was made of a middling mountain of wood; and six pots were placed around the bonfire, which were never made in the moulds of common pots, for they were great jars, each one holding a slaughter-house of meat; whole sheep were sunk and swallowed up in them out of sight, as if they were pigeons. The hares, now without their fells, and the pullets without their feathers, which were hanging from the trees to be buried in the pots, were without number; the birds and divers kinds of game were infinite, all hanging from branches for the air to cool.

Sancho counted more than sixty wineskins, each containing more than four gallons, and all full, as it was afterwards proved, of generous wines. Here were piles of whitest bread, heaped up like mountains of wheat in a threshing-floor; the cheeses, arranged like a lattice of bricks, made a goodly rampart; two caldrons of oil, greater than a dyer's vat, served to fry the things of batter, of which, with a couple of stout peels, they made fritters that were plunged into another caldron of prepared honey, which stood close by. Of men and women cooks there were more than fifty, all clean, all cunning, and all content. In the bulging paunch of the roasting steer were enseamed

a dozen little tender sucking-pigs, to procure flavour and delicacy. The spices, of various climes, were not seemingly bought by the pound, but by the stone, and placed handy in a great chest. In brief, the preparation for the bridal was rustical, but abundant, and sufficient to feast an army.

Sancho Panza saw and regarded all this, and loved it all. The first which took captive and subdued his desire were the pots, from which he would have been most happy to make up a goodly stew; by-and-by, he was enamoured of the wineskins; and, lastly, the fruits of the frying-pans, if frying-pans such pompous caldrons can be called. So, without being able to suffer longer, and having no power for aught else, he came to one of the busy cooks, and, with courteous and hungry arguments, entreated that he would let him dip a crust of bread in one of those pots.

To which the cook replied, "Brother, this is not a day over which hunger rules, thanks to the rich Camacho; alight, and look about there for a ladle, and skim out a pullet or two, and much good may they do thee."

"I cannot see one," said Sancho.

"Hold on," cried the cook. "By the Virgin's ass! but what a dainty do-nothing art thou!" Saying this, he took a kettle, and plunging it into one of the great jars, he drew out three pullets and two geese, and said to Sancho, "Eat, friend, and break thy fast with these skimmings while dinner-time is coming."

"I have got nothing to put it in," said Sancho.

“Well, take it all,” said the cook, “spoon and everything ; for the wealth and happiness of Camacho supplies all.”

Whilst it thus fared with Sancho, Don Quixote was looking how at one part of the bower there came some dozen husbandmen, mounted on a dozen most goodly mares, having rich and most brave caparisons, their petrels hung with many bells, and all dressed in holyday array, who ran not one concerted race, but many, along the meadow, with loud huzzas and merry greetings, shouting, “Long live Camacho and Quiteria ; He as rich as She is fair, and She the Fairest of the world.”

Which Don Quixote hearing, he said to himself, “It is plain that these people have not seen my Dulcinea del Toboso, for if they had seen her they would not have been so forward in their praises of this Quiteria.”

A while after, there began to enter, by various parts of the bower, many and different figures of dances ; among which came one of the sword, consisting of four and twenty shepherds, handsome and lusty swains, all dressed in the finest and whitest linen, with quoifs wrought in various colours of fine silk. Presently their captain, a lithesome youth, asked of one of those on the mares if any of the dancers had got hurt.

“Thank God, so far not one of us has been wounded ; we are all without a scratch.” And he presently began to entwine him with the rest of his companions, with so many turns and with such dexterity, that although Don Quixote had been

accustomed to see such dances, none, to his seeming, appeared equal to that.

Another also much liked him, into which there entered the most beautiful maidens, so young, that apparently none were less than fourteen, and none were more than eighteen years, all clad in green cloth ; their hair, some in plaits, and some all loose upon their shoulders, all so golden that the rays of the sun became jealous ; and on their heads they had garlands made of jasmines, roses, amaranth, and honeysuckle. They were led by a reverend man of years, and an ancient matron, who were more gay and lightsome than their years promised. They danced to the flageolet, and bearing modesty in their eyes and countenance, and nimbleness in their feet, approved themselves far the fairest dancers in the world.

After these came another dance of artifice, of the kind called drolleries. It consisted of eight nymphs divided in two rows ; one row was led by God Cupid, and the other by Interest—that adorned with wings, bow, quiver, and arrows ; the other decked in silks of divers rich colours, and gold. The nymphs who attended Love carried on their shoulders their names written on white parchment in capital letters. Poetry was the title of the first ; Discretion, the second ; that of the third, Good Family ; of the fourth, Courage. The attendants on Interest were distinguished in like manner. Liberality was the title of the first ; Largess, of the second ; Treasure, of the third ; and of the fourth, Quiet Possession. Before them all came a castle of wood, which was drawn by four

savages, clad in ivy and hemp dyed green, so natural that they had well-nigh frightened Sancho. In front of the castle, and on all the four sides of its tower, was written, The Castle of Good Heed.

Four skilful players made music on the flute and tambourine. Cupid began the dance, and after two changes he raised his eyes and bent his bow against a maiden who stood in the castle turret, whom he addressed after this manner:—

*I am the god of powerful hand
In the air and on the land,
'Mid the wide and swelling deep,
And whatever hell doth keep
In its dungeon dark and steep :
What is fear I never knew ;
All I wish for, that I do,
Though impossible to view ;
Turn the possible to use,
Bid, forbid, and bind and loose.*

The stanza ended, he shot a dart at the castle tower, and retired to his post. Then came forth Interest, and they made other two changes ; the tambourines ceased, and he said—

*Love is great, but I am greater,
I myself am Love's creator ;
Scion of the noblest birth
Heaven ever sent to earth,
Widest known, of highest worth.
I am Interest, 'tis true
Few know with me what to do ;
Do without me still more few ;
I am thine, be what I may,
Thine for ever and a day.*

Exit Interest, and enter Poetry ; and after she had

made her changes, like the others, she fixed her eyes on the maiden of the castle, and said—

*Beaming with conceits most pretty,
Lofty, grave, and passing witty,
Ever-radiant Poesy
Sends her soul, fair one, to thee,
Wreathed with many a dainty ditty.
If my forwardness, perchance,
Do not make thee look askance,
I thy praises will advance ;
Raise thine envied fortune soon
'Bove the circle of the moon.*

Poetry withdrew, and forth from the row of Interest came Liberality ; and after making her changes, she said—

*I, true Liberality,
Keep the mean of both extremes—
Reckless prodigality,
And its contrast, which beseems
Heart of basest quality ;
But to-day, to honour thee,
I'll be prodigal and free :
Honoured vice, if vice it be,
Fitting well the lover's part,
Who in giving shows his heart.*

After this manner did the figures of the two squadrons come and go, and each made its changes and said its verses, some elegant, some ridiculous, of which Don Quixote only recollected (he had a great memory) those here given ; and now they all mingled together, winding in and winding out with gentle grace and comeliness ; and when Love passed in front of the castle, he shot his arrows over it, while Interest broke upon it his gilt crock save-alls.³

At last, after they had danced a good space, Interest drew out a great purse, formed of the skin of a large Roman cat, which seemed to be full of money ; and hurling it at the castle, its boards were disjoined by the blow, and they fell, leaving the maiden discovered and defenceless. Then came Interest, with the figures of his faction, and, throwing a great chain of gold about the maiden's neck, they made a show of taking her prisoner, conquered and made captive ; which, when Love and his protectors saw, they made a warlike show of rescue : and all these seeming motions which they executed were made to the sound of tabors, tripping and dancing to eloquent music. The savages interposed, who very speedily rebuilt the castle, in which the maiden was again mewed up ; and with that the disport came to an end, to the great delight of all beholders.

Don Quixote inquired of one of the nymphs who it was that had composed and ordered that show. She answered that it was the parson of the village, who had a very pretty taste for such inventions.

" I will wager," said Don Quixote, " he is more a friend to Camacho than Basilio, that bachelor or parson, and that he is more at home in satires than evensong. Well hath he mingled in the dance the abilities of Basilio with the riches of Camacho."

Sancho Panza, who heard all this, said, " The king is my cock ;⁴ to Camacho I hold me."

" After all," said Don Quixote, " it appears, Sancho, that thou art a peasant ; and of those who cry, *Long live him who wins.*"

"I do not know of whom I am one," answered Sancho; "but this I know, that I shall never get such delicate skimmings from the pots of Basilio as I got from those of Camacho"—pointing to the caldron full of geese and pullets; and laying hold of one, he began to eat with much good grace and appetite, and said, "A fig for the abilities of Basilio! Thou art worth as much as thou hast, and hast as much as thou art worth. There be only two families in the world, as my grandmother used to say, which are the *Haves* and the *Have-nots*, and it is true that she stuck to the first; and at this time of day, my dear sir Don Quixote, rather feel the pulse of *Have* than *Know*. An ass covered with gold looks better than a horse with a pack-saddle. So that I say again, to Camacho I hold me, of whose pots the abundant scum consists of geese and pullets, hares and rabbits; and that of Basilio, if at hand, although more likely underfoot, will be of swillings."

"Hast finished thy harangue, Sancho?" said Don Quixote.

"I must have it finished," answered Sancho, "for I see your worship is vexed with it. But for that, there was work cut out for three days."

"Pray God, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that before I die I may see thee dumb."

"At the rate we are going at," said Sancho, "before your worship dies, I shall be chewing clay; and then it might be that I shall be so dumb, I shall not speak a word till the end of the world, or, at least, until the day of judgment."

“Although it should so befall, O Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “thy silence shall never reach the pitch of what thou hast spoken, what thou speakest, or shalt speak in all thy life; and, besides, it is more than likely that the day of my death will come before that of thine, and so I think I shall never see thee dumb, not even when thou art drinking or sleeping, which is all I am able to say.”

“In good sooth, sir,” answered Sancho, “there’s no trusting in Rawhead (I mean in death), who likes lamb as well as mutton; and I have heard our priest say that she tramples with equal foot on the highest towers of kings, as on the humblest huts of the poor. This lady is not so nice as she is strong. She is not dainty; she eats of all, plays at all, and of all sorts of folk, ages, and highnesses stuffs her wallets. She is not a reaper who takes a nap at noon, but reaps at all hours, and cuts down the green grass as well as the dry; and she does not stop to chew, but swallows and gulps down all as is put before her, for she has a dog’s appetite which is never satisfied; and although she hath no belly, makes believe that she is dropsical, and thirsting to drink the lives of all that live, like you drink a cup of cold water.”

“No more, Sancho,” exclaimed Don Quixote; “hold thee whiles thou art well, and take heed of falling below it; for, in truth, what thou hast said of death in thy rustical fashion might have been spoken by a good preacher. I tell thee, Sancho, that if thy discretion were equal to thy common sense, thou mightest get thee a pulpit, and go about this world preaching prime things.”

“He preaches well who lives well,” answered Sancho, “and I do not know any other theologies.”

“Nor hast need,” said Don Quixote. “But I cannot tell nor fathom how it is, seeing that the beginning of wisdom is the fear of God, that thou, who fearest a lizard more than him, shouldst know so much.”

“Good your worship, judge you of your chivalries,” said Sancho, “and not fash yourself with other people’s fears or valours ; perhaps I am as genteel a fearer of God as any neighbour’s son : and leave me, your worship, to whiff off this scum. All the rest is idle words, for which they will demand an account from us in the next life.” Saying this, he began anew to assault his caldron, with such sturdy stomach that it awaked that of Don Quixote, who undoubtedly would have taken his part, had he not been hindered by that which of necessity must be told further on.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XX.

Note 1, page 98.

The Count de Dirlos. A well-known hero of romance, and a person of much importance in the early ballads. He was a brother of Durandarte, a great warrior in the Persian wars, a courtier, and an ambassador; in brief, another Ulysses, with Sancho for his laureate.

Note 2, page 98.

The best foundation and bottom in the world is money.

*Oh, money dwelleth in mansions great, the finest in the land,
With turrets high, and painted halls most beautiful and grand ;
The castles and the wide estates are all at its command ;
They owe to money what they are, and with it fall or stand.*

*It maketh priors, bishops, and abbot sto arise,
Archbishops, doctors, patriarchs, and potentates likewise ;
It giveth clerics without lore the dignities they prize ;
It turneth falsitie to truth, and changeth truth to lies.*

The Archpriest of Hita.

Note 3, page 104.

His gilt crock save-alls. The original is *Alcancias doradas*. These are of all sorts, sizes, and uses, but their primary use was for saving small moneys; they are little crocks, with no opening but the slit in the top for receiving the coins. *Alcancias* were used in war, being then filled with deadly combustibles and thrown as stink-pots among the enemy. They were used in festive sports, when they were filled sometimes with flowers, and at other times with perfumes, as Easter eggs are now.

Note 4, page 105.

The king is my cock. Cock-fighting, once so common in England, has found a home in Spain, in Peru and Chili, in the islands of the sea and the Australias; but this is fighting for the sake of fighting, not for the sake of finding out the quality of breed. In the Spanish gipsy tongue, a king signifies a fighting cock. The meaning of the proverb in Sancho's mouth is sufficiently obvious.

CHAPTER XXI.

WHEREIN ARE PROSECUTED THE BRIDALS OF CAMACHO,
WITH OTHER MOST DAINTY ACCIDENTS.

WHILE Don Quixote and Sancho were in the midst of the discourses mentioned in the foregoing chapter, they heard a great noise and outcry, which was made and raised by those who rode on the mares, who, in full career and with shoutings, went to meet the bride and bridegroom. These came hemmed in by a thousand kind of instruments and shows, attended by the priest, and the kinsfolk of both, and by all the better sort of people of the neighbouring villages, all in gallant show.

When Sancho caught sight of the bride, he said, "I'faith, she does not come dressed like a farmer's daughter, but like a handsome palace lady. By the holy ass, according as I see, if the medals which she ought to wear¹ are not splendid corals, and the green Cuenca baize is not a thirty-piled velvet! And, mercy! if her white linen furbelows are not, I swear, all of satin. Then to take her hands—covered with rings of jet? May I perish if they are not of gold, ay, and of

massy gold, paved with pearls as white as any curds, and every one will be worth a Jew's eye. O whoreson jade! what hair! and if it be not false, I have never seen longer or fairer in all my life. Oh, but how buxom, tall, and straight she is! No palm tree can compare with her, with its waving branches of dates; for the same do the gawds in her hair look as those which hang round her neck. I swear in my soul that she is a mettlesome maid, and can pass the Flemish banks." ²

Don Quixote smiled at the rustic praises of Sancho, and thought, apart from his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, that he had never seen a more beautiful woman.

The fair Quiteria came somewhat pale, owing, no doubt, to the bad night which brides always pass in making themselves ready for the coming day of their bridals. They drew near to a theatre which was erected at one side of the meadow, adorned with carpets and boughs, where the marriage was to be solemnized, and from where they would see the dances and the drolleries. They had just arrived at the place, when they heard behind them a great shout of voices, and one which called out, "Wait a while, people, who are as rash as ye are hasty." At which voice and words all turned to look, and perceived that they proceeded from a man dressed apparently in a loose black cassock, garnished with crimson flames. He was crowned, as was afterwards found, with a crown of mournful cypress, and in his hands he carried a heavy truncheon. On coming nearer, he was known by all to be the gallant Basilio; and all were astonished, awaiting in suspense

the issue of his shouting, and his words, fearing that his coming at that moment boded some ill. Wearied and breathless, he came and planted himself in front of the bridegroom and the bride, and thrusting his truncheon, the end of which was armed with a point of steel, into the ground, his face blanched, and his eyes fixed on Quiteria, in a trembling and fearful voice he said to her—

“ Well thou knowest, ungrateful Quiteria, that according to the holy faith which we profess, that while I live thou canst not be married to another ; nor canst thou deny that while I waited for time and mine own diligence to better my fortune, I have been mindful to guard the decorum which is due to thine honour. But thou, casting from thee all the obligations thou owest to my true love, hast sought to make another master of what is mine, whose riches not only serve to make him fortunate, but most happy ; and that he may be so to the full (not that I think he deserves it, but that Heaven hath been pleased to bestow it), I with these hands will undo the impossibility or the inconveniency which may obstruct it, by taking myself out of his way. Long live Camacho the Rich with the ingrate Quiteria ! long and happy ages may they live ! and die poor Basilio, whose poverty clipped the wings of his happiness and laid him in the grave.”

Saying this, he grasped the truncheon which he had thrust into the ground—one half of it remaining fixed, showed that it served as a scabbard to a short sword which he had within it—and setting that which might be called the hilt into the ground, with sudden and

determined purpose he threw himself upon it, and in an instant the bloody point appeared at his back, with half of the steel blade, the unhappy one weltering in his blood, being stretched upon the earth, transfixed with his own weapon.

His friends, foot hot, ran to succour him, grieved for his misery and his miserable hap; and Don Quixote, leaving Rozinante, ran to his help, took him in his arms, and found that he had not yet expired. They would have drawn out the sword; but the priest, who was present, was of opinion that this should not be done until he had made confession, for that the drawing out and his dying would be both one, at the same moment.

Coming to himself a little, Basilio, in a faint and doleful voice, said, "If thou wouldst, cruel Quiteria, give me thy hand as wife in this my last and needful agony, I should even hold my rashness to be pardoned in achieving the end of becoming thine own."

The priest, hearing this, bade him attend to the health of his soul, rather than to the pleasures of the body, and that he should very heartily pray God forgiveness of his sins and for his desperate audacity.

To which Basilio answered that he would in no manner confess himself until Quiteria should give him her hand to be his wife, for that that happiness would strengthen his will, and give him breath to make his confession.

Don Quixote, on hearing the petition of the wounded man, cried aloud that Basilio had made but a just and reasonable request, and one very easy to

grant, and that sir Camacho would be as much honoured in receiving the lady Quiteria as the widow of the valiant Basilio, as he would be in receiving her from her father's hand : " Here is nothing needed but an *Ay*, and nothing but the pronunciation of it will follow, for the bridal bed of this marriage will be the grave."

Camacho gave ear to all this, and was much troubled, not knowing what to do or say ; but the voices of Basilio's friends were so earnest, urging him to consent to Quiteria giving him her hand as wife, so that his soul might not be lost with that desperate parting with his life, that they moved him, and even forced him to say that if Quiteria wished to bestow upon him her hand, he would rest content, for all would but delay for one moment the accomplishment of his desires.

Then they all came about Quiteria, and some with prayers, and some with tears, and others with forcible arguments, pressed her to give her hand to poor Basilio ; and she, harder than marble, and more inflexible than a statue, showed that she neither knew how, nor had power nor wish, to answer a word ; nor would she have made response, if the priest had not told her to resolve her quickly in what she should do, for that Basilio had his soul between his teeth, and there was no time to wait on irresolute conclusions.

Then the fair Quiteria, without saying a word, seemingly troubled, tristful, and bowed down, came forward to Basilio, whose eyes were now set, his breath short and quick, and who, murmuring the name of Quiteria, gave tokens that he would die like a

Gentile and not like a Christian. Quiteria came to his side, and throwing herself on her knees, rather by signs than words, begged the hand of Basilio.

Basilio unfixed his eyes, and earnestly regarding her, he said, "O Quiteria, thou hast become pitiful at a time when thy pity must serve as a sword which shall end my life, since now I lack force to bear the glory thou bestowest in selecting me as thine own, or to check the pain which comes on apace to shroud these eyes in the frightful shadow of death. What I beg is, O fatal star of mine! that the hand which thou askest, and that which thou wilt give to me, shall not be out of mere compliment, nor to deceive me anew, but that thou confess and say that, without forcing thy will, thou bestowest and givest it me, as to thy lawful husband; for it is not reasonable that in an agony like unto this thou shouldst deceive me, or use feignings with one who hath treated thee so faithfully and true."

At these words he fell fainting, in such sort that all who were present believed that his soul would be carried away on each sigh.

Then Quiteria, all modest and shamefaced, taking in her right hand the hand of Basilio, said, "No force could suffice to bend my will; and, therefore, freely do I give thee the hand of a true wife, and will receive thine, if thou give it full freely, and that the calamity which thou hast hurried upon thyself hinders not nor opposes."

"Yea, I give it," answered Basilio, "without disorder or confusion, but with the clear mind which

Heaven is pleased to give me ; and thus I give and deliver me to thee as thy lawful husband."

"And I as thy wife," answered Quiteria, "whether now thou livest for years, or they carry thee from my arms to the grave."

"For one so wounded," said Sancho Panza at this point, "the young man talks much ; tell him to leave his courtings and attend to his soul, which methinks he holds more in his tongue than between his teeth."

Basilio and Quiteria then standing with their hands clasped, the tender-hearted and tearful priest pronounced the blessing, entreating Heaven to give good rest to the soul of the newly married man, who no sooner had received the benediction than he suddenly started to his feet, and with an unlooked-for agility drew the sword from his body, which had served it for a sheath.

All the bystanders were in amaze, and some of them, more simple than curious, began to cry out in a loud voice, "A miracle ! a miracle !"

But Basilio replied, "No miracle, no miracle ; only thrift, thrift."

The priest, regardless of this, yet astonished, quickly felt with both hands for the wound, and found that the knife had not passed through the flesh and ribs of Basilio, but through a hollow tube of iron, filled with blood and well fitted to its place ; the blood, as it was afterwards known, being prepared in such manner that it would not congeal.

In the end, the priest and Camacho, with the other bystanders, held themselves to have been mocked

and cheated. The bride gave no token of sorrow for the jest; but rather, on hearing some say that the marriage, for having been of deceit, could not stand, she said that she would confirm it anew—from which all came to believe that the case was concerted with the knowledge and privity of both. On which Camacho and his faction were so crestfallen, that remitting their vengeance to their hands, and drawing swords, many fell upon Basilio, in whose favour in an instant almost as many more were drawn; and Don Quixote taking the van on horseback, bearing his lance on his arm and well covered by his shield, made passage for all.

Sancho, to whom such frays never brought pleasure or solace, betook him to the jars whence he drew his delightful scum; the place, to his seeming, being sacred, and therefore to be held in respect.

Then Don Quixote called out in a loud voice, “Hold, sirs, hold! It becomes ye not to take revenge for the wrongs wrought by love. And note well that love and war are one and the same thing; and as in war it is lawful and customary to use artifice and stratagem to overthrow an enemy, so in the conflicts and strife of love, an artful tale or a ravelled scheme are held for good if they help to gain the desired end; provided they be neither to the prejudice nor dishonour of the thing beloved. Quiteria was fated to Basilio, and Basilio to Quiteria, by the just and favourable disposition of the heavens. Camacho is rich, and can buy to his liking when, where, and how it may please him. Basilio hath no more than this

ewe, and it is for no one to take it from him, however powerful he may be; for the two which God hath joined together let not man put asunder, and he who attempts it must first pass the point of this lance;" and with that he brandished it with such strength and dexterity, that he struck terror into all those who did not know him.

But so intensely did the disdain of Quiteria fix itself in Camacho's fancy, that in an instant he wiped her out of his memory; and so much was he swayed by the persuasions of the priest, who was a prudent man and a well meaning, that Camacho, with those of his inclining, were pacified and quieted, in token whereof they put up their swords, blaming more the frailty of Quiteria than the artifice of Basilio.

Camacho reasoned that if Quiteria loved Basilio as a maiden, she would love him as a wife; and that he had greater cause to thank Heaven for having rid him of her, than he could have had for bestowing her upon him.

Camacho and his band being thus pacified and comforted, so also were those of Basilio; and the rich Camacho, to show that he did not resent the jest, nor cared for it, willed that the bridal should go on as if he had been really married. But Basilio had no wish to assist at it, nor his wife, nor their followers, and so they all made for Basilio's village; for the poor, who be brave and discreet, have those who follow honour and stand by them, as well as the rich have those who flatter and surround them.

They took Don Quixote with them, holding him

for a man of valour and great in daring. Only Sancho's soul was overcast on seeing that it was impossible to keep the splendid feast and festival of Camacho, which lasted far into the night ; and so, beaten and sad, he followed his master, who went with Basilio's band ; and thus he left behind him the flesh-pots of Egypt, although he carried them in his soul ; the well-nigh consumed and finished scum of the caldron representing to him the glory and the abounding good which he had lost. And thus, tormented and full of thought, although without hunger, and not once alighting from Dapple, he followed upon the frogs of Rozinante.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXI.

Note 1, page 110.

The medals which she ought to wear. In the time of Cervantes these *patenas*, or thin medals, stamped with the image of some saint, were only worn by peasant girls, as in the time of the Cid their use was confined to high-born ladies. They were neither "glass beads" according to Motteux, nor "breastplates" according to Jarvis, nor "brooches" according to Smollett, but circular metal plates as large as the lid of a chalice. Cuenca baize was generally blue in those times, the green being esteemed common.

Note 2, page 111.

Can pass the Flemish banks. These difficult sandbanks have been celebrated in ancient song and modern comedy, and made the subject of jests and jokes and serious comment, by all Spanish writers of plays and song. "Les bancs de sable qui hordent la côte des Pays-Bas étaient fort redoutés des marins espagnols. Les dangers qu'on courait dans ces parages, et l'habileté qu'il fallait pour s'en préserver, avaient fait dire proverbialement, pour résumer l'éloge d'une personne recommandable, qu'elle pouvait *passer par les bancs de Flandre*. Comme le mot espagnol *banco* signifie également *banque*, Lope de Vega dit ironiquement du *maestro* Burguillos (nom sous lequel il se cachait) qu'on lui avait payé ses compositions, dans une joute littéraire, en une traite de deux cents écus sur les *bancs de Flandre*."—Viardot.

CHAPTER XXII.

WHEREIN ACCOUNT IS GIVEN OF THE GREAT ADVENTURE OF THE CAVE OF MONTESINOS, WHICH IS IN THE HEART OF LA MANCHA, THAT WAS BROUGHT TO A HAPPY ISSUE BY THE VALOROUS DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.

GREAT and manifold were the favours which the newly married people showered upon Don Quixote, obliged thereto by the example he had set in defending their cause ; and with his valour they paired his discretion, holding him for a Cid in arms, and a Cicero in eloquence.

The good Sancho refreshed himself for three days at the cost of the newly married, from whom he learned that the feigned wounding was not an artifice concerted with the fair Quiteria, but an invention of Basilio, himself expecting from it the very success which has been seen. True it is, he confessed that he had made known part of his purpose to some of his friends, that they might favour his intent at the right time, and support his deceit.

“Those things cannot and ought not to be called

deceits," said Don Quixote, "which are done to a virtuous end;" and that the marriage of lovers was the most excellent of ends; warning them that the greatest enemy which love had was hunger and continual need. For love is all mirth, merriment, and gladness, and more when the lover is in possession of the thing beloved, against which necessity and poverty are open and declared enemies.

All this he said with intent to persuade Master Basilio to relinquish the games in which he excelled, for although they got him fame, yet they procured not money; and that he should give himself to the winning of a provision by lawful means and industry, which never fail the prudent and thrifty. The poor, honest man (if the poor can be honest) hath a jewel in having a fair woman, of whom to be deprived is to be deprived of honour, and as it were slays it. The beautiful woman and honest, whose husband is poor, deserves to be crowned with laurels and palms of victory and triumph. Beauty of itself allures the hearts of all who behold and see it, as the savoury lure brings down the royal eagles and the high-soaring birds. But if such beauty be coupled with need and straitness, it is assaulted as well by ravens, kites, and other birds of rapine; and she who stands firm against all such assailants may well be called her husband's crown.

"Observe, discreet Basilio," added Don Quixote, "it was the opinion of I know not what wise man, that there was but one only true woman in the world; and he gave it as his counsel that each one should think and believe that that one was his own, and so

should he live happy. I am not married, nor hath the thought come to me of being so ; and yet, for all, I would venture to give counsel to any who might seek it of me, of the way he should go in search of a woman with whom he desires to marry. The foremost thing I would advise him to would be to look more to her fame than her fortune. For the excellent woman acquireth not good fame by merely being good, but by good seeming ; for the honours of women are much more hurt by graceless gestures and liberties done openly, than by secret wantonness. If thou bring a good wife home, it will be easy to keep her, and even to better her, in that goodness ; but if thou bring an evil one, it shall cost thee much labour to mend her, for it is not easy to pass from one extreme to another. I do not say it is impossible, but I hold it to be very difficult."

Sancho listened to all this, and said to himself, "This my master used to say, when I spoke things of marrow and fatness, that I might take in hand a pulpit, and betake me through this world for the time to come, preaching fine things ; but I say of him that when he begins to thread maxims and give counsels, he is not only able to take a pulpit in his hands, but two on every finger, and go crying in these market-places and saying what he likes. The devil take thee for a knight-errant which knows everything ! I thought in my soul that he could only know what belonged to his chivalries, but there is nothing on which he does not prick himself, and in which he does not dip his spoon."

Sancho muttered this somewhat aloud, and his master overheard it and demanded, "What art thou grumbling at, Sancho?"

"I say nothing and murmur at nothing," answered Sancho; "I was only saying to myself that I wish I could have heard what your worship has said here before I married me, for perhaps I might now have said, 'The loosened ox is well licked.'"

"So bad a wife is thy Teresa, Sancho?" said Don Quixote.

"She is not very bad," answered Sancho, "but she is not very good; at least, not so good as I could wish."

"Thou doest ill, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "to speak ill of thy wife, who is the mother of thy children."

"We do not owe one another a thing," answered Sancho; "for she also speaks evil of me when she lists, specially when she is jealous, and then Satan himself cannot suffer her."

At the end they stayed three days with the new couple, by whom they were feasted and served like kings.

Don Quixote entreated the dexterous doctor to provide him a guide, who could show him the way to Montesino's cave; for he had a great desire to penetrate into it, and see with his eyes if the marvels which they rehearsed of it in all those parts were real.

The doctor said that he would send with him a cousin of his, a famous student of books of chivalry,

and much given to their reading, who, with great good will, would bring him to the mouth of the cave itself, and would show to him the lakes of Ruydera, famous in La Mancha itself, and even through all Spain ; and he said that he would give him most pleasing pastime, for that he was a lad who knew how to make books for printing, and to dedicate them to princes. By-and-by the cousin came, on an ass big with foal, whose pack-saddle was covered with a gay rug, or pack-cloth.

Sancho saddled Rozinante, dressed up Dapple, and provisioned his wallets, which bore company with those of the student, also well provided ; and commending them to God, they took leave of all, and went on their way, taking the course to the famous Cave of Montesinos.

By the way Don Quixote asked of the cousin the kind and quality of his pursuits, his profession, and studies.

To which he answered that his profession was that of humanist ; his pursuits and studies the making of books for the press, all of great profit, and no less pastime to the republic ; that one of them was entitled, *On Liveries*, wherein he had described seven hundred and three liveries, with their colours, mottoes, and ciphers : “ From which can be taken and chosen, according to their liking, by the knights courtiers, all that they need for the feasts and times of rejoicing, without being beholden to any one, and without minting their brains, as they say, to fit them to their tastes and intentions ; for I provide for the Jealous, the Forsaken, the Forgotten,

and the Absent, such as will fit like a glove, and let them come, the Just more than the Unjust.¹ I have another book, which I mean to call *The Metamorphosis, or the Spanish Ovid*, of a new and rare invention : for, imitating Ovid in his burlesque, I tell who was the Giralda of Seville, and the Angel of the Magdalen ; who the Fountains of Vecinguerra of Cordova ; who the Bulls of Guisando, the Sierra Morena, the Fountains of Legatinos, and Lavapies of Madrid ; not forgetting me of that of Piojo, of the Gilded Fountain, and the Priory—and all this with their allegories, metaphors, and translations, in such sort that they gladden, amaze, and teach at the same time. I have another book, which I call *The Supplement to Polydore Virgil*, which treats of the invention of things ; it is great in erudition and study, for the reason that the things which Polydore has left out and are of vast moment, I have put in and verified in genteel style. Virgil forgot to tell us who was the first in the world to catch a cold, and who was the first that used salivations for the Gallic evil. Now, I resolve these points to the letter, and cite for authority more than five and twenty authors ; so that your worship may see whether I have laboured well, and whether that book will not be of use to the whole world.”

Sancho, who had been very attentive to the relation of the cousin, said : “ Tell me, sir, as God shall give you good luck in your book-printing—can you tell me (I am sure you can, for you know everything), who was the first which scratched his head ? I, for my part, believe it was our father Adam.”

“Yes, it would be Adam,” answered the cousin ; “for there is no doubt that Adam had a head and hair, and that being so, and being the first man in the world, he would sometimes scratch himself.”

“So believe I,” said Sancho. “But now, tell me, who was the first tumbler in the world ?”

“Of a truth, brother,” answered the cousin, “I know not how to determine that point until I have studied it, and I will study it on returning to where I have my books ; and I will satisfy you when we meet one another again, for this must not be the last time.”

“Well, look you, sir, waste no pains in this, for I have just come on the answer to my question. Know that the first tumbler in the world was Lucifer, when they pitched him, or he was thrown, out of heaven and came tumbling into hell.”

“Thou art right, friend,” said the cousin.

And said Don Quixote, “This question and answer are not thine, Sancho ; thou hast heard them from some one.”

“Peace, master !” said Sancho ; “for, in good faith, if I give me to question and answer, I shall never finish from now till to-morrow ; and if I want to ask silly questions and answer with whimses, I shall have no need to seek the help of neighbours.”

“Thou hast said more than thou knowest, Sancho,” said Don Quixote ; “there be some who weary themselves in knowing and verifying things which, after knowing and verifying, are not worth a farthing to the mind or the memory.”

In this and other savoury discourse did they pass

that day ; and that night they lodged in a small village, from whence the student told Don Quixote it was but two leagues to the Cave of Montesinos, and that if he maintained his resolve to enter it, it was necessary that he provide himself with ropes, to tie and let himself down to its bottom.

Don Quixote said that if it went down into hell, he would see where it ended ; therefore they bought them nearly a hundred fathoms of rope. And the day after, at about two in the afternoon, they came to the cave, the mouth of which is spacious and wide ; but it was filled with thorn, wild fig, bramble, and brier, in such dense perplexity that it was altogether invisible and hidden.

When they saw it they alighted, the student, Sancho, and Don Quixote, whom the two took and bound very tightly with the ropes ; and while they swathed and bound him, Sancho said to him, " Look well, your worship my master, what ye do ; do not bury yourself alive, nor put yourself where you will look like a water-bottle hung in some well to cool, for it neither concerns nor belongs to your worship to be the prier into this, which is worse than a dungeon."

" Tie, and be silent," answered Don Quixote, " for emprises such as this, friend Sancho, are reserved for me."

" Then," said the guide, " I beseech your worship, sir Don Quixote, that you take good heed, and examine with a hundred eyes what there is down there. Perhaps there will be things which I can put into the book of my transformations."

“The drum is in hands that will know well how to beat it,”² said Sancho.

This said, and the tying being finished (which was not over the harness, but over the doublet), Don Quixote exclaimed, “Very careless have we been in not providing us with some little bell, which might be tied close to me on the same rope, by which sound you might hear if I were still descending, and was alive; but now it is not possible: the hand of God guide me!”

Thereupon he threw himself on his knees, and made a prayer in a low voice to Heaven, asking God to help and give him good success in that, to his seeming, dangerous and new adventure. Then in a loud voice he said—

“O lady of my acts and movements, most excellent and peerless Dulcinea del Toboso! if it be possible that the prayers and rogations³ of this thy happy lover come to thine ears, by thy unequalled beauty, I beseech thee, listen to them, which are no other than that thou deny me not thy favour and shield now, when I am so much in need of both. I go to cast me headlong, to engulf me, and immure me in the abyss which here yawns before me, solely that the world may know that, if thou grant me thy favour, there is nothing impossible for me to undertake and achieve.”

In saying that, he came near to the brink, and found that it was not possible to be let down, or make an entrance, but by main force or cutting his way. So, putting his hand to his sword, he began to level and lay low those brambles which choked up

the mouth of the cave ; at which rushing and mighty noise, there fled out an infinity of great crows and daws, so swiftly and thick, that they brought Don Quixote to the ground ; and had he been as great a diviner as he was a catholic Christian, he would have taken it as an evil sign, and been excused from shutting himself in any place like unto that. Finally, he arose, and perceiving that no more crows, nor other birds of the night (such as bats), flew out, the cousin and Sancho gave him rope, and let him down into the deep of the frightful cavern ; and as he entered it, Sancho threw him his blessing, making above him a thousand crosses, and saying—

“ God guide thee, and the Rock of France,⁴ coupled with the Trinity of Gaeta, flower, cream, and skimming of knights-errant : there thou goest, bully of the world, heart of steel, arm of brass ! God, again, be thy guide, and bring thee back free, sound, and without guile, to the light of this world, which thou leavest to shut thyself up in the darkness which thou seekest.”

Almost the same prayers and deprecations did the student make over him.

Down went Don Quixote, shouting that they should give him rope, and more rope, and they gave it him little by little ; and now his callings were hushed in the deep of the cave, so that they could not hear them, and the hundred fathoms of rope were run out. They bethought them to draw Don Quixote up again, seeing that they could give him no more rope ; however, they delayed half an hour, at the end

of which they began to wind up the rope, which they did with great ease, and it held no weight whatever—a sign which made them readily fancy that Don Quixote remained below. Sancho, believing this, then began to weep bitterly, and pulled up in great haste that he might know the truth; and having seemingly hauled in some eighty fathoms, they felt a weight which rejoiced them exceedingly. At length, at the tenth, they distinctly spied Don Quixote; to whom Sancho shouted, saying—

“A good welcome back to your worship, my master; we began to think that you had remained there to cast.”

But Don Quixote answered never a word, and drawing him quite out, they saw that his eyes were closed, as if he were sleeping. They stretched him on the ground, they untied him, and still he did not awake. But after much turning and re-turning, shaking and handling him, after a good space he came to himself, stretching him full well, and as if awaking from a profound and deep sleep. Looking around wildly, he said—

“God pardon you, friends, for having robbed me of the most savoury and agreeable life and vision which ever human being saw or passed. In brief, now I know that all the delights of this life pass away like a shadow and a dream, or fade like a flower of the field. O unhappy Montesinos! O ill-wounded Durandarte! O hapless Belerma! O tearful Guadiana! ye, forlorn daughters of Ruydera, which show by your waters what streams have fallen from your beauteous eyes!”

With great attention did the student and Sancho listen to the words of Don Quixote, which he spake as if with endless dolour he drew them from his entrails. They besought him to let them know his meaning, and to tell them what he had seen in that infernal gulf.

“Infernal, do ye call it?” said Don Quixote. “Call it not so, for so it meriteth not, as shortly shall you see.”

He begged that they would give him to eat, for he felt exceeding hungry. They spread the cousin’s pack-cloth upon the green grass, they addressed them to the larder of their wallets, and all the three being seated in loving and good company, they dined and supped together. The cloth being raised, Don Quixote de la Mancha said—

“Let not one arise, and all ye children listen to what I shall tell.”

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXII.

Note 1, page 126.

The Just more than the Unjust. A mere playful use of words. He employs them as follows in one of his comedies : "Be these cards righteous? Sinners much more, I'm afraid." *El Rufian Dichoso.*

Note 2, page 129.

The drum is in hands that will know well how to beat it (En manos está el pandero que le sabran bien tañer).

*Tango vos, el mi pandero,
Tango vos, y pienso en el.*

Cancionero de Lisboa, 1517.

Note 3, page 129.

Prayers and rogations (Plegárias y rogaciones). The word rogation has no other use in the Spanish tongue than to denote the public intercessions fixed by the Church to be said at certain seasons of the year for the preservation of the fruits of the earth. The invocation of Dulcinea is in imitation of that made to Oriana by Amadis (*Amadis*, cap. 44).

Note 4, page 130.

The Rock of France. "La Roche de France est une haute montagne dans le district d'Alberca, province de Salamanque, où l'on raconte qu'un Français nommé Simon Véla découvrit, en 1434, une sainte image de la Vierge. On y a depuis bâti plusieurs ermitages et un couvent de dominicains. On appelle Trinité de Gaëte une chapelle et un couvent fondés par le roi d'Aragon Ferdinand V., sous l'invocation de la Trinité, au sommet d'un promontoire, en avant du port de Gaëte."—Viardot.

CHAPTER XXIII.

OF THE WONDERFUL THINGS WHICH THE CONSUMMATE DON QUIXOTE RECOUNTED AS HAVING SEEN IN THE DEEP CAVE OF MONTESINOS, THE GREATNESS AND IMPOSSIBILITY OF WHICH MAKES THIS CHAPTER TO BE HELD FOR APOCRYPHAL.

IT would be about four in the afternoon, when the sun bedimmed between the clouds, with pale light and tempered rays, gave Don Quixote opportunity, without heat or trouble, to tell to his two most blessed hearers that which he had seen in the Cave of Montesinos ; and he began after this manner :—

“ Deep down within the profundity of this dungeon, to the right, there is a concavity and space vast enough to hold within it a great waggon with its mules ; a little light creeps into it through some chinks and holes, which are fixed afar off in the superficies of the earth. This concavity and space saw I at the time when I began to find myself weary and vexed, tied and hanging by a rope, descending through that dark region below, without having any sure and determined way ; and so I resolved to enter it and rest a while. I shouted, begging you not to play out

more rope until I should tell you, but you could not have heard me ; then I gathered up the rope which you had let down, and making of it a coil or baldrick, I sat me down upon it, pensive for the most part, weighing what I ought to do to pierce the bottom, having no one to sustain me ; and in this musing and confusedness, at once and without intent of mine there fell upon me a deep sleep, and when I least thought for it, without knowing how or by what means, I awaked out of it, and found me in the midst of the most fair, pleasant, and delightful meadow which nature could create, or the most discreet human imagination body forth. I snuffed the lamps of mine eyes, made them clear, and saw that I was not asleep, but was really awake ; yet, for all that, I proved me in the head and breast, to certify me if it were I myself who sat there, or some vain illusion and counterfeit ; but the touch, the feeling, the concerted arguments which I held within myself, certified me that I who was there then, am he who is here now. Then was there brought to me the sight of a royal and gorgeous palace or castle, whose battlements and walls seemed framed of pure transparent crystal ; and in the midst of it there opened two wide gates, and from out them I saw coming towards me a reverend ancient man, clad in a toga of tawny baize, which trailed along the floor. Over the shoulders and across the breast he wore a college tippet of green satin, upon his head a black Milanese *gorra*, and his most white beard reached unto his girdle. — He carried no arms, but in his hand he held a rosary of beads as

large as middling walnuts, and each tenth bead was, as one might say, like to the egg of an ostrich for bigness. The carriage, the stately step, the grave aspect, and the most majestic presence, each of itself and altogether, struck me with amaze and wonder. He came to me, and what first he did was to embrace me straightly, and afterwards he said—

“ ‘ Woeful ages long ago it is, valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, since we have been immured in these enchanted idle wastes. We hoped for sight of thee, that thou mayst advise the world of what is held and hidden in this deep cavern, which is called the Cave of Montesinos, into which thou hast dared to enter—a feat kept solely for thy puissant arm to attempt, and thy stupendous courage. Come with me, most glorious lord, for I would show to thee the wonders which hide them in this transparent castle, of which I am governor and perpetual guard of honour; for I am Montesinos himself, from whom the cavern takes its name.’

“ Scarcely had he told me that he was Montesinos, when I demanded of him if it were true, that which was bruited in the world above, that with a small dagger he had taken the heart of his great friend Durandarte from out his breast, and carried it to the lady Belerma, as he had commanded when at the point of death.

“ He answered me that all which they said was true, excepting that of the dagger; for it was no dagger, nor a small one, but a burnished poniard sharper than an awl.”

“That poniard,” said Sancho at this point, “would be made by Ramon de Hoces, the Sevillian.”

“I know not,” proceeded Don Quixote; “but it could not be by that cutler, because Ramon de Hoces was of yesterday, and that of Roncesvalles, where this misfortune happened, was many years ago; and this verifying is of no importance, nor disturbs nor alters nor the truth nor context of the history.”

“That is so,” answered the student. “Pray proceed, your worship sir Don Quixote; I listen with the greatest delight in the world.”

“Nor with less do I tell it,” answered Don Quixote, “and so I go on. The reverend Montesinos got me within the crystalline palace, where, in a lower hall, exceeding fresh beyond compare, and all of alabaster, was a marble tomb, made with excellent mastership, upon which I saw a knight stretched at length—not of bronze, nor marble, nor sculptured jasper, as is the way on other tombs, but of real flesh and real bone. He held his right hand (which to my seeming was somewhat hairy and of much muscle—a sign of great strength in its owner) across the side of his heart; and before I could question aught of Montesinos, seeing me in amaze beholding the sepulchre, he said to me—

“‘This is my friend Durandarte, flower and mirror of all enamoured and valiant knights of his time. He is held here enchanted, as I am, and others many, both knights and ladies, by Merlin, that French enchanter, who they say was a son of the devil; and what I believe is that he was no devil’s son, only

he knew so much, as they say, that he knew a thing better than the devil himself. How, or for what he enchanted us, no one knows, but the coming time will show, which is not, as I fancy, far off. What amazes me is that I know, as certainly as it is noon-day, that Durandarte ended his life in my arms, and that after his death I drew out the heart with mine own hands, and, in truth, it was of more than two pounds weight; for, according to the naturalists, he that hath the largest heart is gifted with a greater courage than he which hath a small one. That being so, and this knight really died, how comes it, I demanded, that he complains and sighs, now and again, as if he were alive?’

“This was no sooner said, than the miserable Durandarte, in a loud voice, exclaimed—

‘*O my cousin Montesinos,
Bear in mind my old behest :
That when death should take my body,
And my spirit go to rest,
Thou my heart wilt straightway carry,
Where Belerma then may be,
And wilt serve her well and truly
For the love thou bearest me.*’¹

“On hearing this, the reverend Montesinos kneeled down before the pity-moving knight, and with tearful eyes he said, ‘Long since, sir Durandarte, most dear cousin mine—long since I did what you commanded in the doleful day of our loss. I took out the heart the best I could, without leaving the least part within the breast; I wiped it with a laced kerchief, and with it posted for France, having first laid you in the bosom of

the earth with so many tears as sufficed to wash my hands and clean me of the blood which covered them from groping in the entrails; and as more tokens, cousin of my soul, at the first town I reached after leaving Roncesvalles, I sprinkled on thy heart a little salt, that it should give forth no evil odour, and might be, if not fresh, at least clean and dry in presence of the lady Belerma, who with thee, and with me, and Guadiana thy squire, and with Ruydera the duenna, and her seven daughters and two nieces, and many others of thine known friends, are held here enchanted these many years by Merlin the sage; and although it be more than five hundred, not one of us hath died; only Ruydera is lacking, with her children and nieces, the which lamenting, for the compassion Merlin had for them, he converted them into so many lakes, which are now in the world of the living, and in the province of La Mancha, called the Lakes of Ruydera. The seven are of the kings of Spain, and the two nieces of knights of a most holy order, called of St. John. Guadiana, thy squire, howling thy misfortune, was changed into a river called of the same name, which, when it comes to the surface of the earth and sees the sun of the other heaven, such is the pain he feels for having left thee, that he again plunges into the bowels of the earth; but, as it is not possible for him to forsake his natural current, ever and anon he rises and shows himself where the sun and living people may behold him. The aforesaid lakes administer to him of their waters, by which, and with many others which come, he, pompous and grand, enters Portugal; but, for all this, wherever

he may go, he shows him sad and melancholy, and makes no boast of breeding in his waters fishes fit for feasts and that are esteemed, but common ones and coarse, very different to those of golden Tagus. And that which I have now told thee, O cousin mine, I have told thee many times, and as thou returnest me no answer, I fancy that thou believest me not, or dost not hear me, for which, God knows, I am greatly grieved. One piece of glad tidings would I now tell thee, which, if it serve not to lighten thy pain, will in no way increase it. Know that here thou hast in thy presence—open now thine eyes and see—that great knight of whom Merlin hath prophesied so many and great things; that Don Quixote de la Mancha, who anew, and with greater vantage than in the ages past, has brought to life in the present the long-forgotten knight-errantry, by whose means and favour it might be that we shall be disenchanted; for great exploits are reserved for great men.'

“‘And though it should fall out otherwise,’ answered the wounded Durandarte, in a wan and fainting voice—‘even though this may not be, O cousin, I say patience and shuffle;’”² and, turning on his side, he betook him to his accustomed silence, without speaking another word.

“After this were heard the greatest outcries and laments, accompanied with profound sighs and sobs of anguish. I turned mine eyes and saw, through the crystal walls, passing through another hall, a procession in two files of most beauteous maidens, all dressed in mourning, with white turbans of the Turkish fashion

on their heads ; and last of all, at the end of the files, there came a lady—for by her gravity such she seemed to be—also dressed in black, with a white quoif, having weepers so long and wide that they swept the ground. Her turban was twice as large as the greatest of all the others ; the eyebrows were coupled, the nose somewhat flat, the mouth large, but the lips red ; the teeth, which perhaps she showed, were not compact or well placed, although they were white like skinned almonds ; she carried in her hands a fine kerchief, and in the middle of it was, as far as one could judge, a heart of mummy flesh, for it was dry and withered. Montesinos told me how that all those women of the procession were servants of Durandarte and of Belerma, who there, with their master and mistress, were enchanted ; and that the last, which carried in her hands the heart on the cambric kerchief, was the lady Belerma, who with her maidens, every four days in the week, walk in that procession, and chant, or, to speak more truly, wail, doleful dirges over the body and over the wounded heart of her cousin : and if to my seeming she was somewhat ugly, or not so beautiful as she was famed, it was because of the bad nights and worse days which she passed in that enchantment, as might be seen in the deep blue under her eyes, and her bloomless colour ; and, he added, neither her sere yellowness nor the painful eclipse of her eyes could be said to come from common causes, for it had ceased to be with her after the manner of women—only from the dolour of her heart for the heart which she carries continually in her hands, which renews in her memory and brings

to her mind the misfortune of her hapless lover. But for this, she might almost equal in beauty, grace, and spirit the great Dulcinea del Toboso, as is affirmed of fame in all this region round, and even in all the world.

“ ‘Fair and softly,³ sir Don Montesinos,’ I then said ; ‘rehearse your history as it should be. Full well you know that all comparison is odious, and hence there is no cause to compare any with any one ; the peerless Dulcinea is who she is, and the lady Doña Belerma is who she is and what she has been, and there let it rest.’ To which he answered—

“ ‘Sir Don Quixote, pardon me, your worship. I confess that I was in the wrong, and said not well, in saying that the lady Dulcinea could scarcely equal the lady Belerma, since it would suffice, I know not by what signs, that I knew you for her knight ; for much rather would I have bitten out my tongue, than to compare her with aught but heaven itself.’

“ With that satisfaction which the great Montesinos gave me, my heart was quitted of the fright it had received on hearing my lady compared with Belerma.”

“ And I marvel yet,” said Sancho, “that your worship did not fall upon the old one, and grind all his bones, and pluck his beard without leaving a single hair in it.”

“ No, Sancho, friend,” answered Don Quixote, “it became not me so to do ; for we are all bound to have respect for the aged, albeit they are not knights, and principally to those which are, and are enchanted ; and well I know that there was nothing lost between us in

the many demands and answers which passed between us both."

Here the cousin spoke. "I know not," he said, "sir Don Quixote, how your worship, in so short a space of time as that since you went down below, have seen so much, and spoken and answered so much."

"How long was I below?" inquired Don Quixote.

"A little more than an hour," said Sancho.

"That may not be," said Don Quixote; "for there was I benighted, and rose with the dawn, again the night fell, and morning came, three times; so that, according to my reckoning, I was in those remote parts three days, hidden from your sight."

"It is true, and my master is in the right," said Sancho; "for, as all things which have happened to him are by enchantment, perhaps what to us appears an hour, down there would appear three days with their sister nights."

"So it will be," answered Don Quixote.

"And has your worship dined in all this time, my dear sir?" inquired the cousin.

"I have not broken my fast with a mouthful," answered Don Quixote, "nor felt hunger, nor even thought of it."

"And do the enchanted eat?" demanded the cousin.

"They do not eat," replied Don Quixote, "nor have they ever need to cover their feet, although it is the opinion of some that nails grow, and hair, and beards."

"And, sir, haply do the enchanted sleep?" inquired Sancho.

"Certes, no," answered Don Quixote; "at least, in

the three days that I was among them, not one closed an eyelid, nor did I."

"Here fits well the proverb," said Sancho. "It says, 'Tell me with whom thou goest, and I will tell thee whom thou art.' Your worship goes with the enchanted, the fasting, and those who keep watch; see now if it is much that you neither eat nor sleep while you are with them. But forgive me, your worship master mine, if I declare that of all you have now told us, God deliver me or the devil fetch me if I believe in any one thing."

"How not?" demanded the cousin. "Has, then, sir Don Quixote lied, when, if he had so wished, he could have made and imagined millions of lies?"

"I do not believe that my master lies," answered Sancho.

"If not, in what, then, dost thou believe?" inquired Don Quixote.

"I believe," said Sancho, "that that Merlin, or those enchanters who enchant the whole crew which your worship says you have seen and conversed with down there, have stuffed into your imagination or your memory all that you have told us, and all that remains yet to be told."

"All that might be," replied Don Quixote, "but it is not so; for I have told of that which I saw with mine eyes, and what these hands have handled. But what wilt thou say when I tell thee now how, among other things infinite and wonderful which Montesinos showed to me (which at leisure, and in the course of our journey, I will tell thee of, for they do not all

belong to this part), he showed me three country girls, which in those most charming fields went frisking and dancing like kids ; and scarcely had I seen them than I knew one to be the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, and the other two those same girls who came with her, with whom we talked on our coming away from Toboso ? I demanded of Montesinos if he knew them. He answered no : but he imagined that they must be some principal ladies, enchanted, who within a few days had appeared in those meadows ; and I was not to marvel at that, for there were many other dames of past and present ages enchanted in different and strange figures, among the which he knew was Queen Guinevere, and her duenna Quintañona, pouring out the mead to Lancelot when from Britain he came."

When Sancho Panza heard his master relate this, he thought to lose his wits, or to die of laughter ; for, as he knew the truth of the feigned enchantment of Dulcinea, of whom he had been the enchanter and the raiser up of that testimony, he knew of a surety that his master was out of his senses and in all points mad ; and therefore he said, " In an evil hour, a worse season, and an unlucky day did your worship, beloved master mine, go down into the other world, and at a cursed moment did you encounter sir Montesinos, who has sent you back to us in this pickle. Your worship was well enough up here, in all your senses such as God has given you, laying down the law and giving of counsel at every step, and not as now, recounting the greatest whimseys which could be fancied."

“For that I know thee, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “I take no note of thy words.”

“Nor I of your worship’s,” replied Sancho. “You may strike me—if you like, kill me for those I have said, and for those I mean to say if your worship does not correct and amend your own. But, good your worship, tell me, now we are at peace, how or by what tokens did you know it was our mistress? Did you speak with her; and what said you, and what did she answer?”

“I knew her,” said Don Quixote, “because she wore the same clothes which she had on when thou didst show her to me. I spoke to her, but she answered me never a word; rather she turned her back, and fled with such fleetness that an arrow could not overtake her. I would have followed her, and had done so, but Montesinos advised me not to weary myself, and said that it would be in vain; besides, the hour had now come for me to leave the cave and return. He also told me that, in the process of time, he would give me tidings of how he and Belerma and Durandarte might be disenchanted, with all the rest who were there. But that which grieved me most, of all I saw and noted there, was that whilst Montesinos was saying these things to me, there came to my side, without my seeing her come, one of the companions of the hapless Dulcinea, and with her eyes filled with tears, in a low and troubled voice she said to me, ‘My lady Dulcinea del Toboso sends your worship good greeting, and begs you to tell her how does your worship this many a day, and, for that she is in great need, entreats you at the same time

to have the goodness to lend her half a dozen reals, or what you have, on this petticoat which I bring you ; it is quite new, and of dimity, and she gives her word to return them as soon as possible !’

“ Such message caused me much amaze and wonder, and turning to sir Montesinos, I demanded, ‘ Is it possible, sir Montesinos, that enchanted people of quality suffer necessity ?’ To which he answered, ‘ Believe me, sir Don Quixote de la Mancha, that this which they call necessity prevails everywhere, extends to all, overtakes all, and even the enchanted escape it not ; and seeing the lady Dulcinea del Toboso sends to borrow those six reals, and the pawn is seeming good, there is nothing for it but to give her them, for doubtless she is in some great strait.’ ‘ A pawn I will not take,’ said I, ‘ still less can I give what is asked for, for I have but four reals,’ which I delivered to her (they were those, Sancho, which thou gavest me the other day to bestow in charity on the poor whom we might meet with in the way) ; and I said, ‘ Tell, sweet friend, thy mistress, that my breast is bowed down for her troubles, and that I would I were a Fugger³ that I might redress them ; and you shall let her know that I cannot have, nor ought I to have health, lacking her sweet vision and discreet discourse, and that I entreat her with all fervour that she will of her goodness let herself be seen of this her captive slave and persecuted knight, and hold converse with him. Tell her also this, that when she least expects it, she shall hear how that I have made oath and sworn, after the fashion of the

oath made by the Marquis de Mantua to avenge his nephew Valdovinos, when he found him ready to give up the ghost in the midst of the hills : which was not to eat meat on a tablecloth, together with the other odds which he there added, until he had avenged him ; and in like manner will I take no repose, but travel the Seven Divisions of the world⁴ with more preciseness than did the prince Don Pedro of Portugal, until I have disenchanted her.' 'All this and more does your worship owe to my mistress,' answered me the maiden ; and on taking the four reals, in the stead of making me a curtsy, she cut a caper which carried her two yards into the air ! ”

“O holy God !” exclaimed Sancho, in a loud voice, “is it possible that there can be such in the world, and that within it there should be enchanter and enchantments of such availment that they have turned the good understanding of my master into such savage madness ? Oh, sir, sir ! for God’s love, look to yourself, have regard to your honour, and give no credit to this stuff, which makes madmen and runs away with sense.”

“As thou lovest me well, Sancho, thou speakest after this manner,” said Don Quixote ; “and as thou art little versed in the things of the world, all things which have aught of difficulty in them to thee seem impossible : but a time will come, as I have said before, and I will tell thee things which I saw there below, which shall make thee believe those which I have now recounted, and whose truth admits of no reply or controversy.”

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXIII.

Note 1, page 138.

THE ROMANCE OF DURANDARTE.

*" O Belerma ! O Belerma ! thou wert born to give me pain,
Seven years I served thee truly, seven years, but all in vain ;
Now thou lovest me I perish, but for that I grieve not sore,
'Tis that I shall never see thee, never serve thee any more !*

*" O my cousin Montesinos, bear in mind my old behest :
That when death should take my body, and my spirit go to rest,
Thou my heart wilt straightway carry, where Belerma then may be,
And wilt serve her well and truly for the love thou bearest me.*

*" Twice in every week, I pray thee, bring my memory to her thought,
Bid her think and well remember with what price her love I bought ;
All my goodly lands I leave her, all my lands and signorie,
Since I now must lose herself, what are lands and wealth to me ?*

*" Montesinos ! Montesinos ! what a thrust this lance hath made !
Now my arm is growing powerless, and the hand that wields my blade ;
All my lower parts are freezing, stream my wounds, my heart beats
low,
Ne'er in France again shall see us those dear eyes that saw us go !*

*" Now embrace me, Montesinos, for my soul is taking flight,
And my voice is low and quivering, and my eyes have lost their light ;
These my last commands I give thee, act for me as seemeth best."*

*" May the Lord in whom thou trustest hear thy words, and give thee
rest ! "*

*Cold in death lay Durandarte, underneath a beechen tree,
Montesinos stood in sorrow, and his tears were falling free ;
From his head he took the helmet, from his side the sword unbound,
Made for him a sepulchre with his dagger in the ground ;
Now with poniard, now with dagger, cut the heart from out his breast,
Forth to bear it to Belerma, by his cousin's last request.*

*As he looked his last in sorrow, burst his words without control :
 " O my cousin Durandarte, comrade dearest to my soul,
 Sword that never yet was conquered, valiant heart without a peer,
 He who slew thee, O my cousin, wherefore did he leave me here ? "*

Note 2, page 140.

Patience and shuffle (Paciencia y barrajar). The common exclamation of old gamblers to the young, when they lose, by way of encouragement to continue play, and of consolation to themselves in their misfortunes.—See *El Fiel Desengaño contra los juegos*, by Francisco de Luque Faxardo, fol. 36.

Note 3, page 142.

Fair and softly is but a faint rendering of the *cepos quedos* of the text. The origin of this proverbial expression is not known : it is a familiar and somewhat burlesque exhortation to shut up, stand still, or be silent, according to circumstances, and there are critics who complain of Cervantes putting such a common phrase into the mouth of his ever punctilious hero.

Note 4, page 147.

I would I were a Fugger. The firm of the Fuggers farmed or discounted the proceeds of the indulgences issued for completing St. Peter's at Rome, and all Tetzels money-boxes were marked with the name of the firm of Augsburg. It has now become a saying, " I have no dislike to being rich, but I would not like to be a Fugger."—See *King Edward the Sixth's Journal*, Burnet, v. 2, and the Records for April 25 and May 30, 1551, and January 24 and February 29, 1552.

Note 5, page 148.

The Seven Divisions of the world. That is, the *Siete Partidas*—another of the great books of all time, without a knowledge of which no one can be said to have much knowledge of Spanish literature and laws. The reader will be glad of a single extract from this storehouse of knowledge :—

" What meaneth a tyrant ?

" A tyrant doth signify a cruel lord, who by force or by

craft, or by treachery, hath obtained power over any realm or country; and such men be of such nature that when once they have grown strong in the land, they love rather to work their own profit, though it be in harm of the land, than the common profit of all, for they always live in an ill fear of losing it."—Partida ii. tit. i. ley 10.

Of the nature of its laws, take the following, "On the governesses of kings' daughters:"—"They shall procure, as much as may be, that the king's daughters be temperate in eating and in drinking, in their conversation and their clothing, and of good manners in all things, and especially that they eschew anger, for, besides the wickedness which doth lie in it, it is the thing which in all the world most easily leadeth women to do ill. And they are to teach them to be handy in doing those works which belong to noble women, for this is a matter which becometh them much, since they earn by it cheerfulness of mind and a quiet spirit."—Partida ii. tit. ii., etc.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WHEREIN ARE RECOUNTED A THOUSAND ODDS AND ENDS
OF AS MUCH IMPERTINENCY AS NEED TO THE TRUE
UNDERSTANDING OF THIS SUBLIME HISTORY.

THE translator of this great history from the original written by its first author, Cid Hamete Benengeli, says that on coming to the adventure of the Cave of Montesinos, he found in the margin, written in Hamete's own hand, these comments.

“ I cannot understand, nor can I persuade me, that there happened to the valorous Don Quixote all which is written with such preciseness in the preceding chapter. The reason is that all the adventures which have happened until now were probable and very likely, but for this of the cave I find nothing in support of its truth, for that it exceeds all reason's bounds. But for me to think that Don Quixote would lie, being the most truthful noble, and the noblest knight of his time, is impossible ; for he would not lie if he were to be pierced with arrows. On the other hand, I have to consider that he recounted it, and with it all the aforesaid circumstances, and that he could not form this fabric of so great a machine of hollow fopperies

in so brief a space ; therefore, if this adventure seems apocryphal, the fault is none of mine ; and so, without affirmation of mine for false or true, I write it. Thou, reader, who art discreet, judge it as thou thinkest good ; I neither can nor ought to do more ; although one thing is certain, that as his end drew nigh and he must needs die, they say that he retracted it, and that he declared that he had invented it because to his seeming it agreed and squared well with the adventures which he had read in his histories.”

And then he proceeds, saying—

The cousin was as much amazed at the boldness of Sancho Panza, as at his master's patience, and judged that of the happiness which Don Quixote received in having seen his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, although enchanted, there was born that sweet condition which he then displayed ; for had it not been thus, the words and arguments which Sancho spoke merited his being pummelled to atoms : for it really appeared to him that he had spoken with great hardihood to his master, to whom he said—

“ I, sir Don Quixote de la Mancha, esteem as greatly well employed the journey I have made with your worship, for by it I have gathered four things : the first, I have known your worship, which I hold as a great blessing. The second, for knowing what is enclosed in this Cave of Montesinos, with the eruptions of Guadiana and the Lakes of Ruydera, and which will serve me for the *Spanish Ovid* which I have in hand. By the third I understand the antiquity of cards, which at least were used in the time of the

emperor Charlemagne, which may be gathered from the words which your worship says Durandarte uttered when, after the lapse of that great space of time which Montesinos took in speaking with him, he awoke, exclaiming, 'Patience and shuffle;' and that reason and way of speech he could not have learned while enchanted, but when he was in France, and in the time of the aforenamed Charlemagne: and this verification comes as the pudding to its skin for the other book which I am making, which is the *Supplement to Polydore Virgil on the Inventions of Antiquity*; for I believe that in his he has not recollected to put that of the cards, which I will now insert, and which will be of great importance, more especially as I shall quote an author so grave and authentic as sir Durandarte. The fourth is the knowing with certitude the rise of the river Guadiana, hitherto unknown of the people."

"Your worship is right," said Don Quixote, "but I would fain know, if by God's favour you obtain licence to print these books (which I doubt), to whom think you of dedicating them?"

"There are lords and grandees in Spain to whom I might dedicate them," said the cousin.

"Not many," answered Don Quixote; "not because they do not merit such dedications, but because they will not away with them, so as not to be obliged to satisfy what is manifestly due to the labour and courtesy of their authors. One prince I know who makes much amends for what is lacking of the rest, and that with such advantage that if I could make so bold as to reveal his deeds, perhaps they would

awaken envy in more than a few generous breasts. But leave we this now for a more convenient season, and let us go seek where we may lodge to-night."

"Not far from hence," said the cousin, "is a hermitage, where dwells a hermit, who they say has been a soldier, and has the repute of being a good Christian and a very discreet and charitable man. Hard by the hermitage he has a small house, which he built at his own charge; yet, though it be small, it is large enough to receive guests."

"Will this same hermit have any chickens, think you?" inquired Sancho.

"Few hermits are without them," answered Don Quixote; "for your hermits of to-day are not like those of the deserts of Egypt, who clothed themselves in palm leaves, and ate of the roots of the earth. Nor would I be understood that because I speak well of those I speak ill of these; but I do say that the penances of these times are not to be compared with the rigour and straitness of those. Yet this is no reason why they should not all be good—at least, so I hold them to be; and even supposing the worst, your hypocrite, which feigns himself good, works less evil than the open sinner."¹

They were thus discoursing, when they espied a man on foot coming rapidly towards them, and belabouring a mule laden with pikes and halberds. When he came up he saluted them, and went on at a good pace. Don Quixote called to him, "My good man, not so fast, for methinks you make more haste than your mule can bear."

“I cannot delay, sir,” said the man, “for these arms which you see I carry here, are for use to-morrow, and I must needs make haste, and so farewell. But if you would know why I carry them, I think to lodge to-night at the inn which is a little way beyond the hermitage, and if you go the same road you will find me there, when I will tell you wonders ; and once more farewell.”

And in such manner did he hurry on the mule, that Don Quixote had not opportunity to ask him what were the wonders which he thought to tell them ; and as he was somewhat curious, and always eager with desire to know some new thing, he gave order that they should set off at once, and pass the night at the inn, without calling at the hermitage where the cousin wished they might remain.

So they all three mounted, and made straight for the inn, where they arrived just before nightfall.

The cousin proposed to Don Quixote that they should look in at the hermitage and have a pull.

Scarcely had Sancho Panza heard that, than he hastened Dapple towards it, and the same did Don Quixote and the cousin. But it appears that the evil luck of Sancho ordained that the hermit should not be at home—at least, so said an under-hermit, whom they found at the hermitage.

They asked him for bumpers of the dearest. He answered that his master had none, but if they would like some cheap water, he would give them some with right good will.

“Had I wanted water,” said Sancho, “there are

wells on the road where I might have satisfied me. Ah! bridals of Camacho! and the plenty of Don Diego's home! how often shall I miss ye?"

With that they left the hermitage, and pricked on for the inn. In a little space they came up with a youth, who was walking before them at no great speed, and so overtook him. He carried a sword across his shoulder, and on it was hung a bundle, or wrapping, seemingly of his clothes—perhaps his hose or breeches, and cloak, and a shirt; for he wore a velvet jerkin of two sleeves, lined with satin, showing the shirt; the stockings were of silk, and the shoes were squared after the court fashion: in age he would be between eighteen and nineteen years, jovial of face, and seemingly active of limb. On he went, singing merry songs to beguile the toil of the way.

When they came up to him he had just finished singing one which the cousin recollected, and which, they say, ran as follows:—

*'Tis poverty, my greatest curse,
Which drives me to the war;
If I had money in my purse,
I would not go so far.*

The first who spoke to him was Don Quixote, who said, "Your worship travels very lightly dressed, sir gallant; and whither, a God's name? Let us know, if it please you to tell."

To which the youth answered, "I travel thus lightly because of heat and poverty, and the whither is to the war."

“Why because of poverty?” inquired Don Quixote; “because of the heat it well might be.”

“Sir,” replied the youth, “I carry in this bundle some velvet breeches, the companions of this jerkin: if I wore them out on the road, they would do me no credit in the city, and I have not wherewith to buy others; and so for this, as well as to keep me cool, I go after this manner until I overtake some companies of infantry, which are not a dozen leagues from hence, into one of which I shall enlist, and there will be no lack of carriage by which I can travel until we reach the port of embarkation, which, they say, is at Carthagená; and I care much more to have the king for master and lord, and serve in war, than serve some second son of a poor lord at court.”

“And has your worship a pension, haply?” inquired the cousin.

“Had I served some grandee of Spain, or some illustrious personage, most certainly I should have had one,” answered the youth; “for this comes of serving good masters: for from the servants’ hall it is common to rise to be an ensign or captain, or to get some good pension. But I, unlucky one, have always served some pickthank, or folk who live from hand to mouth, whose pittances were so slender that the starching of a ruff would run away with half a wage; and where it would be held for a miracle that a common page should come within reach of a reasonable allowance.”

“But, prithee, friend, tell me,” said Don Quixote, “is it possible that in the years which thou hast served thou hast not been able to get thee a livery?”

“ They once gave me two,” answered the page ; “ but as, when one would leave a monastery before he has taken the vows, they take from him his habit and return him his own clothes, so did my masters return me mine ; for the business being done which brought them to court, and they obliged to return home, they took back the liveries which they had given only for show.”

“ A pretty *spilorciera*, as they have it in Italian,” said Don Quixote ; “ but, withal, hold it as happy fortune that thou hast quitted the court with the good intent thou bearest : for there is not in all the earth a thing more honourable, nor of more profit, than first to serve God, and next thy king and natural lord, especially in the profession of arms, by the which, if not more riches, at least more honour is reaped than by letters, as I have said many times. For although letters have founded more families than arms, yet for all there is a something, I know not what, in arms which raises them above letters, and a certain something of splendour is found in them which is superior to aught else ; and this which I am about to say bear well in mind, for it will be of much profit to thee, and alleviate thy toils. It is this :

“ Chase from thy imagination the ills which may happen to thee ; for the worst of all is death, and if that be good, the best of all is to die. Julius Cæsar, that valorous Roman emperor, on being asked which was the best death, answered, ‘ The unexpected, the sudden, and the unforeseen ; ’ and although he answered like a Gentile, and as not having knowledge

of the true God, for all that he answered well, and from a purely human feeling. For let the case be that thou art slain in the first engagement or skirmish, or by the first shot from the artillery, or by the bursting of a mine, what doth it matter? All is but dying, and there an end; and, according to Terence,² 'Better seems the soldier dead in battle than sound and safe by flight,' and so much the greater fame is achieved by the good soldier by how much the more he obeys his captains and those who command him. And note well, lad, that it is better that the soldier smell of powder than of civet; and if old age shall overtake thee in this most honourable profession, albeit thou art full of wounds, maimed, and lamed, at least it shall not overtake thee without honour, and such honour as poverty shall not minish: how much more now that order hath been given to entertain and cherish the soldiers who are old and maimed?³ For it is not well that it be done with them as is done in emancipating and giving liberty to negroes, who when they become old and are unable to serve are cast out of home under the title of free, and made the slaves of hunger, from which nothing frees them but death. For the present I say no more to thee, except that thou mount the haunches of this my horse as far as the inn, where thou shalt sup with me; and on the morrow shalt thou continue thy way, which God prosper as thy desires shall deserve."

The page did not accept the invitation to the haunches, but he did to sup with him at the inn; and at this moment they say that Sancho said within himself—

“God shield thee, master ! and is it possible that a man which knows how to say so many and such good things as those he hath now spoken, can declare that he has seen such impossible fopperies as he tells of Montesino’s cave ? Well, we shall see what comes of it.”

They arrived at the inn at sunset, and not without delight to Sancho, who saw that his master took it for a real inn, and not for a castle, as had been his wont. They were no sooner entered than Don Quixote asked the innkeeper after the man with the pikes and halberds, who told him that he was in the stable, looking after his mule ; and the same did the cousin and Sancho for their beasts, giving to Rozinante the best manger and the best place of the stable.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXIV.

Note 1, page 155.

Your hypocrite, which feigns himself good, works less evil than the open sinner. This passage has given occasion to one of the Spanish commentators to observe, "In the time of Cervantes the profession of hermit was sufficiently common; they lived outside the towns on the charity which they begged from the faithful, their lives were disorderly, and no one took knowledge of their scandalous doings. Even Cervantes, who had no fear at the battle of Lepanto, was sufficiently afraid to speak of these hermits, and sought rather to screen himself by not doing so. In that time," adds this Spanish critic, "these holy men had not the credit of being able to infuse fear into any one." The marvellous impudence of these words is equalled only by their cowardice, their ignorance, and folly; and it would be equal folly to answer the foolishness of one who is incapable of distinguishing mockery from belief, and irony from truth. But it might be added that the difference between those times and the present is that then there was one who knew how to expose hypocrisy, and did it at the risk of his life, and that now it does not matter whether it be exposed or not.

Note 2, page 160.

According to Terence. Not Terence, but Suetonius, as Bowle points out, lib. i. 87.

Note 3, page 160.

Order hath been given, etc. No record of any such order can be found. The passage is obviously one of bitter irony. Nothing was done for the disabled soldier in Spain until the Baroness Doña Beatrice de Silvéira founded her hospital in Madrid in 1660.

CHAPTER XXV.

WHEREIN IS NOTED THE ADVENTURE OF THE BRAYING,
AND THE MERRY ONE OF THE PUPPET-PLAYER ; TO-
GETHER WITH THE MEMORABLE RIDDLES OF THE
DIVINING MONKEY.

DON QUIXOTE could not wait until his bread was baked,¹ as they say, so eager was he to hear and to know the promised wonders of the carrier of arms. He went in quest of him where the landlord told him he was, and found him, and said to him that by all means he must at once tell him all he had to say touching the things he had inquired about on the road. The man answered him—

“The story of my wonders must be taken more at leisure, and not thus standing on foot ; leave me, your worship and excellent sir, to make an end of providing my beast, and I will tell you things which shall amaze you.”

“Let not that be a hindrance, for I will help you in all ;” and so he did, sifting the barley and cleaning the manger—an humility which obliged the fellow to tell his story with all readiness. And so, seating him on

a stone bench, with Don Quixote at his side, and having for his senate and auditory the cousin, the page, Sancho Panza, and the landlord, he began to speak after this manner :—

“ Your worships must know that in a village some four leagues and a half from this inn, it happened that an alderman, through the craft and guile of a serving-maid of his—which is too long to tell—lost an ass ; and although the alderman used all possible diligence to find him, yet was it impossible. Fifteen days had passed, according to the public voice and rumour, since the ass was a-missing ; when, the loser alderman being in the market-place, another alderman of the same village saluted him with—‘ Give me largess, godsip ; your ass has turned up.’ ‘ That will I in plenty, godsip,’ answered the other ; ‘ but let us know where he has been seen ?’ ‘ In the mount,’ replied the finder. ‘ I saw him this morning, without pack-saddle, and without any sort of gear, and so lean that it was pity to see him. Fain would I have driven him before me, and brought him to you ; but he had become so good a mountaineer, and so wild, that when I got to him, away he fled, and got him into the very thick of the mount. If it please you that we two go in search of him, let me first put up this ass at home, and I will presently return.’ ‘ You will do me much pleasure,’ said he of the strayed ass, ‘ and I will not fail to pay you in the same coin.’ With all these circumstances, and in the same manner as I tell them, are they told of all who have full intelligence of the truth of this case.

“ In fine, the two aldermen, afoot and arm-in-arm, made for the hills, and when they came to the site and spot where they thought to find the ass, they did not find him ; nor could they get a glimpse of him in all those parts, though they searched for him never so much. Seeing that he was not to be found, said the alderman who had seen him to the other, ‘ Look ye, godsip, a plan has come into my mind by which we may, without any doubt, discover this animal, even though he be hidden in the bowels of the earth, much more of the mount ; and it is that I know how to bray excellently well : and if you can do so, be it never so little, hold that the thing is done.’ ‘ Never so little, say you, godsip ? ’Fore God, I will give place to no one, not even to asses themselves.’ ‘ That we shall now see,’ said magistrate the second ; ‘ for I have resolved that you betake you to one side of the mount, and I will take me to the other, so that we may traverse and compass the round of it, and now and again you shall bray, and I will bray ; and it may not be but an if the ass be in the mount, and he hears us, he shall not answer.’ To which the owner of the ass answered, ‘ I say, godsip, that the plan is excellent, and worthy of your great wit.’ And the two dividing, according to the agreement, it befel that almost in the same moment they did both bray, and each, cozened by the other’s braying, ran to seek the other, thinking full surely that the ass had appeared ; when, seeing his neighbour, the loser said, ‘ Is it possible, godsip, that my ass did not bray ? ’ ‘ No, it was I only,’ replied the other. ‘ Now, I declare,’

said the owner, 'that between an ass and you, godsip, there is no manner of difference in the matter of braying, for never in my life have I seen or heard a thing more natural. 'These praises and flatteries,' answered he of the plan, 'belong to and become you better than me, godsip, for, by the God which made me, you can give the odds of two brays to the best and most skilful brayer of the world; for your sound is lofty, your sustainment of the voice in time and compass admirable, your cadences numerous and quick; and, in brief, I hold me conquered, and yield you the palm and glory of this rare ability.' 'Well now,' said the owner, 'I shall like myself the better, and hold me in more esteem for the future, and shall reflect that I know something, since I have some quality; for though I ever thought that I brayed well, yet I never fancied that I reached the extreme excellence you say.' 'I also tell you now,' said the second, 'that there be rare abilities which are lost to the world, and are ill bestowed on those who know not how to turn them to profit. 'Ours,' answered the owner, 'excepting in cases similar to this which we have in hand, can bring us no good; in this, however, I pray God they prove of some use.'

"This said, they divided again, and returned to their braying; and at every step they cozened one another, and again met, until they agreed as a counter-sign, in order to know that it was themselves and not the ass, that they should give two brayings in succession. On that, doubling at each step their brayings, they compassed all the mount, without the

lost ass replying, not so much even as by a sign. But how could the poor, ill-starved beast reply, if they found it in the most hidden part of the mount, devoured of wolves? On seeing him his master said, 'I wondered much that he made no answer, for had he not been dead he would have brayed, had he heard us, or he were no ass. But as I have heard your delicate braying, godsip, I hold the pains I have had in seeking him well repaid, even though I find him dead.' 'It is in good hands, godsip,' replied the other; 'for if the abbot sing well, the chorister doth not lag behind.'

"Hereupon, comfortless and hoarse, they returned to their village, where they told to their friends, neighbours, and acquaintance all that had happened in the search for the ass, each extolling to the skies the cunning of the other in braying. All of which became known and spread about through the neighbouring towns; and the devil, who sleeps not, and delights to sow and scatter quarrels and discords wherever he will, raising brabbles in the air and great mysteries out of nothing, ordained and brought to pass that the folk of other places, on seeing any one of our village, would set up a bray, as if to throw the braying of our aldermen in his face. The boys fell to it, which was all one with its falling into the hands and mouths of all the demons of hell, and it was so that this braying propagated itself in every village, after such sort that the natives of the Braying Village are as well known as are known and distinguished black folks from white. And this unlucky

jest has been carried so far, that many times the mocked have gone out, armed, in a whole squadron, and fought against the mockers, without king or kaiser, or fear or shame, being able to stop them. I believe that to-morrow, or the next day, those of my place, which are those of the Village of Bray, will go out in array against another village which is two leagues off ours, and which is the one that persecutes us most; and that we might be well provided, I carry these pikes and halberds which I have brought, and which you have seen. These be the wonders which I said I would tell, and if they do not seem to be so to you, why, I do not know any others." And with that the good man made an end of his story.

Here there came by the door of the inn a man dressed all in wash-leather—stockings, breeches, and doublet; and he cried in a loud voice, "What ho, sir host! Is there any room? for here comes the divining ape, and the puppet-show of the Deliverance of Melisendra."

"God's bodikin!" exclaimed the landlord, "why, here comes sir Maese Pedro! A brave night shall we have of it."

I have forgotten to say how that the aforesaid Maese Pedro came with his left eye and nearly half his cheek covered with a patch of green taffeta—a token that the whole of that side of his face was ailing.

The landlord continued, saying, "You are welcome, sir Maese Pedro. Where be the monkey and the manikins, that I do not see them?"

“ They are all close by,” replied All-washleather. “ I only came on to find out if there was a lodging to be had.”

“ I would turn out the Duke of Alva himself,” said the landlord, “ to find room for Maese Pedro. Let the monkey and the manikins come, for there is company in the inn to-night who will be glad to pay to see the talents of the monkey.”

“ So be it,” answered he of the patch, “ and I will lower the price, and will hold me well paid if I only clear expenses. And now I will go back and hasten on the cart wherein come the monkey and the show ;” and straightway he left the inn.

Thereupon Don Quixote asked the landlord who was that Maese Pedro, and what show and what monkey he carried.

To which the innkeeper answered, “ This is a famous puppet-show man, who has been a long time going up and down this Mancha of Arragon with the show of the Deliverance of Melisendra by the famous Don Gayferos, which is one of the finest and best played histories that has been seen for many years in this part of the kingdom. Besides, he has with him a monkey of the rarest talent, exceeding that of all other monkeys, or which can be imagined amongst men ; for if they ask him anything, he listens with all attention, and then, springing on to his master’s shoulders and coming to his ear, he tells the reply to what they had asked him, which Maese Pedro gives out. And he will tell you much more of the things of the past than those which are to come ; and although he does not

always shoot the mark, yet for the most part he makes no mistake, and you can not help thinking but he carries the devil himself inside him. He gets two reals for each question, provided that the monkey answers, I mean if his master answers for him, after he has whispered in his ear ; and it is believed that this Maese Pedro is pretty rich, and he is a man *galantuomo*, as they say in Italian, and *buon compagno*, and lives the merriest life in the world ; he talks as much as six, and drinks more than a dozen, all at the cost of his tongue, of his ape, and his show."

Here Maese Pedro returned, and in a cart came the puppet-show and the monkey—large, and without a tail, with felt buttocks, but of no very ill face. Scarcely had Don Quixote spied him than he demanded—

"Tell me, your worship, master diviner, what fish do we catch, what will happen us, and here be my two reals ;" and he directed Sancho to give them to Maese Pedro, who answered for the monkey, and said—

"Sir, this animal answers not nor makes report of things of the future. Of the past he knows a little, and of the present something more."

"I swear by Rus,"² exclaimed Sancho, "I would not give a doit to be told what had happened to me, for who can know that better than myself? and for me to pay for their telling me what I know would be mighty dotage ; but if he knows things which are just going on, here are my two reals ; and tell me, your worship sir monkeyship, what is my wife Tereza

Panza doing just now, and what is she employed about ?”

Maese Pedro had no wish to take the money, saying, “I care not to receive payment beforehand and until service has been done.”

Then, giving two slaps on his left shoulder with his right hand, the monkey jumped up at one spring, and, putting his mouth to his master’s ear, began to chatter rapidly with his teeth ; and having done this feat for the space of a *credo*, he gave another leap and came to the ground. Thereupon, with uncommon swiftness, Maese Pedro threw himself on his knees before Don Quixote, and, embracing his legs, said—

“I embrace these legs, as I would embrace the two pillars of Hercules, O illustrious reviver of the already put in oblivion knight-errantry ! O never sufficiently extolled knight Don Quixote de la Mancha ! spirit of the faint-hearted, the crutch of those who are about to fall, the arm of the fallen, the crook and comfort of all the wretched !”

Don Quixote was amazed, Sancho bewildered, the cousin surprised, the page astonished, he of the Braying village stupefied, the landlord confused, and, finally, all those who heard the puppet-master’s words were appalled. He continued, saying—

“And thou, O good Sancho Panza, the best squire of the best knight of the world, be glad that thy good wife Teresa is well, and is at this same hour dressing a pound of flax ; and, by other tokens, she has at her left side a jug with a broken spout, which holds a good pull of wine, with which she consoles herself while at work.”

“That I can very easily believe ; for she is one of the blessed,” said Sancho, “and, but that she is jealous, I would not chaffer her for Andandona the giantess,³ who, according to my master, was everything heart could wish for, and very worthy ; and my Teresa is one of those who will enjoy herself, even if her heirs have to suffer.”

“Well, well,” exclaimed Don Quixote, “he who reads much and travels much, sees much and knows much. I say this because who could have persuaded me that there are monkeys in the world who can divine, as I have now seen with mine own eyes ? For am not I that same Don Quixote de la Mancha, as this good animal has said, albeit he hath been very liberal in his praises ? But let me be whom I may, I give thanks to Heaven that it hath endowed me with a tender and compassionate nature—always inclined to do good to all, and ill to no one.”

“If I had any money,” said the page, “I would ask his monkeyship what will befall me in the tramp on which I go.”

To which Maese Pedro made answer—he had now got up from kneeling before Don Quixote—“I have already said that this little beast foretells not things to come ; and if he could, the having no money is of no importance, for in the service of Don Quixote, who is now present, I would forego all profit in the world. And to show my duty to him, and to give him a pleasure, I will arrange my show and give some pastime to all as many as are of the inn, without any payment whatever.”

On hearing which the landlord was overjoyed beyond measure, pointing out the place where he might set up his show, which was speedily done.

Don Quixote was not quite pleased with the divinations of the monkey, it seeming to him not meet that an ape should divine either things to come or those which were past ; and so, while Maese Pedro arranged his show, Don Quixote retired with Sancho to a corner in the stable, where, without being overheard of any one, he said—

“ Look you, Sancho, I have well considered the strange talent of this monkey, and I find, according to my reckoning, that without doubt this Maese Pedro, his owner, will have made a pact, tacit or expressed, with Satan.”

“ If the pack is the devil’s pack, without doubt it will be a very dirty pack,” said Sancho. “ But what profit will it bring Maese Pedro in going with such packs as this ? ”

“ Thou hast not understood me, Sancho. I wish to say nothing more than that this man will have made some agreement with Satan that he should infuse this talent into the monkey, by which he might earn his bread ; and after he had got rich, he should give him his soul, which is the one aim of this universal enemy. And what makes me of this belief is to see that the monkey answers only to things of the past or present, and the knowledge of the Evil One extends no further. For the future he can know only by conjecture, and that not always ; for only to God is it reserved to know the times and the seasons,

and for him there is no past nor future, for all is present; and that being so, as it is, it is clear that this monkey speaks with the devil's style. I wonder that the Holy Office hath not accused and questioned him, and torn out of him the secret of his divination; for it is quite certain that this monkey is no astrologer, nor yet his master, nor knows he how to cast these figures which are called judiciary, and which even now are so much used in Spain, that there is scarcely any worthless hussy, page, or cobbler, but what presumes to raise a figure, as if they were picking up a knave of cards from the ground, destroying by their ignorance and lies the marvellous truth of the science.

"I knew a lady who inquired of one of these fortune-tellers whether a little lap-dog which she had might have whelps, and how many, and what their colours would be. To which the man of craft answered, after casting his figures, that the little bitch should have young, and bring forth three puppies—one green, one red, and the other mottled—on this condition, that the said bitch should be covered between the hours of eleven and one of the day or the night, and on a Monday or a Saturday. What happened was that two days afterwards the little lap-dog died of indigestion, and master wise-man became famous in the village for a perfect astrologer, as all these fellows do become."

"For all that," said Sancho, "I should like your worship to tell Maese Pedro to ask his monkey if it be all true which happened to your worship in the Cave of Montesinos, because, for my part, asking

pardon of your worship, I think it was all cogging and lies, or at least the stuff of dreams."

"It may be so," answered Don Quixote; "but I will take thy counsel, although I have I know not what sort of scruple concerning it."

While this was passing, Maese Pedro came in search of Don Quixote, and to tell him that the show was ready, and that his worship should come to see it, for it was worthy of him.

Don Quixote told him his thought, and besought him to inquire of his monkey if certain things which had befel him in the Cave of Montesinos were dreams or realities, because, to his seeming, they were something of both.

To which Maese Pedro, without answering a word, went to fetch the monkey, and, placing him in front of Don Quixote and Sancho, said, "Look ye, master monkey, this gentleman wishes to know whether certain things which happened to him in a cave, called the Cave of Montesinos, were false or real;" and, making the usual signal, the monkey leaped on to his left shoulder, and seeming to chatter in his ear, Maese Pedro said at once, "The monkey declares that part of the things which your worship saw, or which happened in the said cave, are false, and a part are likely; and that this is all which he knows, and nothing else, touching this question; and that if your worship wishes to know more, he will answer to everything you may ask him next Friday; that for the present his virtue has gone out of him, and will not come back till Friday, as I have said."

“ Did I not tell you,” said Sancho, “ that I could not stomach all which your worship, master mine, said about the things of the cave being true ; no, nor even the half of them ? ”

“ Events will show, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote. “ Time, the discoverer of all things, shall leave nothing which the light of the sun shall not make manifest, although it be hidden in the bosom of the earth. But now enough of this, and let us go see the show of honest Maese Pedro, which I have no doubt will provide us something new.”

“ How ‘ something ’ ? ” exclaimed Maese Pedro. “ Sixty thousand strange things are contained in this show of mine. I tell your worship, my dear Don Quixote, that it is one of the rarest things to be seen in the whole world ; but though ye believe not me, believe the works.⁴ So now let us begin, for it is growing late, and we have much to do, and to say, and to show.”

Don Quixote and Sancho obeyed, and came to where the show was set out and displayed, all full of little wax-lights, which made a sightly and splendid dazzlement.

On coming in, Maese Pedro placed himself inside—for he had to manage the figures of the play—and without stood a boy, Maese Pedro’s servant, who acted as interpreter and expositor of the mysteries of the disport. In his hand he carried a wand, with which to point out the figures as they appeared.

All the people of the inn being placed around, and

some standing in front of the stage, Don Quixote, Sancho, the page, and the cousin being seated in the best places, the dragoman began to rehearse what shall be heard and seen by all who shall read or will hear the following chapter.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXV.

Note 1, page 163.

Don Quixote could not wait until his bread was baked. The original is, *No se le cocia el pan*—a proverbial saying, which in Shakespeare's time took the form of "My cake is dough."—Gremio, *Taming of the Shrew*, act v. sc. 1.

Note 2, page 170.

I swear by Rus. Jarvis translates, "Odds bobs." Bowle had previously inquired the meaning of Sancho's exclamation, and no wonder, for it was printed in the early editions, "*Voto arrus*." Pellicer answered that there are three Russes in Spain, namely, an ancient castle in La Mancha, one Clemen Perez de Rus, a brook or stream called Rus, and a village called Rus; but which of the Russes Sancho swore by he does not know.

Note 3, page 172.

Andandona the giantess. The sister of Madarque, the giant and lord of the Insula Triste.—See *Amadis of Gaul*, cap. 68.

Note 4, page 176.

Though ye believe not me, believe the works. It must be remembered that Gines had passed much of his time in jail, and was perhaps often visited by good people, from whom he learned the Scriptures, but evidently not how to quote them with reverence. Still, the same words will be found engraved on one of the show swords in the Royal Armoury of Madrid, and was probably a saying very much in use among a people evidently unacquainted with its author.

CHAPTER XXVI.

WHEREIN IS PROSECUTED THE DELIGHTFUL ADVENTURE
OF THE PUPPET-MASTER ; WITH OTHER THINGS, IN
SOOTH, SUFFICIENTLY GOOD.

IN silence were all, Trojans and Tyrians¹—I mean to say that all the spectators of the show were hanging on the lips of the expositor of its marvels, when they heard from behind the scene the sound of many trumpets and drums, and a discharge of much artillery, which, however, soon passed away ; and then the boy lifted up his voice, and said—

“ The true history which is now to be played before your worships is taken, word for word, from the French chronicles and the Spanish ballads, which are in everybody’s mouth, as well as the boys’, who repeat them in the streets. It treats of the Deliverance by Don Gayferos² of his wife Melisendra, who was a captive in Spain in the hands of the Moors, in the city of Sansueña—for this was then the name of what they now call Saragossa ; and pray, your worships, see how Don Gayferos is playing at draughts, according to what they sing of him—

*Now Don Gayferos, who at draughts is playing,
Of Melisendra thinks no more.*

“That personage who is now coming, with the crown on his head and sceptre in his hand, is the emperor Charlemagne, the father, as is supposed, of that same Melisendra, who, grieved for the sloth and neglect shown by his son-in-law, comes to chide him ; and observe with what heat and vigour he scolds him—it seems as if he were about to give him half a dozen bruises with his sceptre, and there be authors who say that he did, and good ones, too ; and after he had told him many things concerning the danger to his reputation if he did not set about to deliver his wife, they say that he declared—

I've said enough, and see thou to it.

“Look now, your worships, also how the emperor turns his back, and leaves Don Gayferos in dudgeon, who, all-impatient with choler, flings from him the board and the pieces, and demands in haste his arms, and of Don Roldan, his cousin, he entreats the loan of his sword Durindana ; and how Don Roldan refuses to lend it, offering to bear him company in that difficult emprise. But the valiant, rageful one will not accept him ; rather he declares that he alone is sufficient to free his wife, although she were shut up in the deepest centre of the earth ; and on that he goes in to arm him, and to make ready to set forth directly.

“Now, your worships, turn your eyes to that tower which appears yonder, which you are to know is one of the towers of the castle in Saragossa, which is now called the Aljaferia ; and that lady which appears in the balcony, dressed like a Mooress, is the peerless

Melisendra, who many times looks towards the road which leads to France, and fixes her fancy on Paris and her husband, and with that consoles her captivity. Also look for a new thing which is now to happen, perhaps never before seen. Do you not observe that Moor who comes fair and softly, with his finger on his lips, at the back of Melisendra? Well, behold the kiss he gives her on her lips, and the haste with which she spits, and wipes her mouth with the white sleeve of her smock, and how bitterly she cries, and for grief tears out the locks of her beautiful hair, as if they were to blame for this wickedness. Now, observe that grave Moor who comes along those corridors. He is King Marsilio, of Sansueña,⁸ who having seen the insolence of the Moor, and in spite of his being a kinsman of his, and a great favourite, orders his arrest, and that they give him two hundred stripes, leading him through the streets, with criers of his crime before, and rods of justice behind. And now see where they come to carry out the sentence, almost before the crime has been done, because among the Moors there is no waiting for a copy of the writ to be served, nor proofs, nor delays, like as amongst ourselves."

"Boy, boy!" exclaimed Don Quixote, in a loud voice, "go on with thy story in a straight line, and concern thee not with curves and transversals, for to bring a truth to light many proofs and counter-proofs are needed."

Maese Pedro also called out from within, "Chap, do not go swimming out of your depth, but do as this gentleman tells you, which will be better for you ;

and sing your song straight, and do not meddle with comparisons: the thread sometimes breaks for being spun too fine."

"I will do as you bid me," said the boy, and continued, saying, "This figure which comes now on horseback, in a Gascony cloak, is Don Gayferos himself, to whom his wife, now avenged of the boldness of the enamoured Moor, with more calm and a peaceful mien, shows herself from the casements of the tower, and speaks with her husband, believing him to be some traveller, with whom she held all discourse and converse which will be found in that ballad which says—

*Sir knight, if you be bound for France,
Inquire for Don Gayferos,*

which I will not go on with now, because out of prolixity comes forth irksomeness. Suffice it that there you see Don Gayferos makes himself known, and by the signs of gladness which Melisendra shows, she gives us to know that she recognizes him; and the more now we see her letting herself down from the balcony, to put herself on the haunches of the horse of her good husband. But, alas! unhappy fortune! the lace of her petticoat has caught one of the spikes of the balcony, and she is hanging in the air, without hope to reach the ground. But see now, how pitiful Heaven comes to succour her in the greatest need; for Don Gayferos comes, and without minding whether the rich petticoat be torn or not, lays hold of her, whether she will or no, brings her to the ground, and then at one spring sets her upon the haunches of the horse, as rides

a man, and orders her to hold him tightly, and to throw her arms over his shoulders, so that she can cross them on his breast, that she may not fall, because the lady Melisendra was not used to that way of riding. See now how the neighings of the steed give token that he goes full happy with the brave and lovely burden which he bears in her and her husband. See how they turn their backs and flee the city, and merrily and glad to Paris wend their way. Peace be with ye, O peerless pair of faithful lovers ; come safely to your desired country, without fortune causing any obstacle to your happy journey ; may the eyes of your friends and kindred behold you enjoying in peaceful tranquillity the days—may they prove to be those of Nestor !—which remain to you of this life !”

Here again Maese Pedro raised his voice and said, “ Simplicity, boy ; keep on level ground, for all affectation is scurvy.”

The interpreter made no answer, but continued, saying, “ Idle eyes there were not lacking, which spy everything which goes, and they saw the falling and the rising of Melisendra the Fair, and they went to tell the king Marsilio, who ordered at once they should sound to arms ; and now see with what a running all the city together comes, at the ringing of the bells in all the towers of the mosques.”

“ No, no !” exclaimed Don Quixote. “ In that of the bells thou art much at fault, Maese Pedro ; for bells are not in use among the Moors, but kettle-drums only, and a kind of dulcimer, like our clarions ; and this of ringing the bells in Sansueña is, without any doubt, a great foppery.”

The which being heard by Maese Pedro, he stopped the ringing and said, "Do not stand upon trifles, sir Don Quixote, or such strict perfectness as may not be found. Do they not generally play now-a-days nearly a thousand comedies, full of a thousand improprieties and fopperies? and for all that they have a most happy run, and are listened to not only with applause, but with admiration and all. Go on, boy, and let them say what they will; for, so I fill my pouch, I will play as many improprieties as there are motes in the sun."

"There is some truth in that," said Don Quixote.

The boy continued, saying, "Look what a company of gallant knights sally from the city in pursuit of the two Catholic lovers; how many trumpets sound, dulcimers play, and drums beat, and rattle the kettle-drums. Much am I afraid that they will overtake them, and that they must return, tied to their horse's tail, which would be a horrid spectacle."

Seeing and hearing so much Moorism and so much clangour, Don Quixote bethought him that it might be well to give some help to the fugitives, and, putting himself on foot, in a loud voice he said, "I will not allow that, in my time and in my presence, so much cozenage be done to a knight so famous, and a lover so daring, as Don Gayferos. Halt, ill-born rabble! follow them not, nor persecute them, or it is with me you will have to do battle."

And in so saying and doing he drew his sword, and at a spring came to the front of the show, and with swift alacrity and never-before-seen fury began

to rain his strokes upon the Moorish manikins, upsetting some, decapitating others, maiming this, and cutting to pieces the other ; and among many he gave one such downright blow that, if Maese Pedro had not dipped and crouched and hid himself, his head had been snapped off as easily as if it had been made of sugar-paste.

Maese Pedro shouted and said, "Hold, your worship sir Don Quixote, and consider that these which you overthrow, maim, and kill, are not real Moors, but little paste figures. Look, wretch that I am ! you undo me, and rob me of my living."

But not for that did Don Quixote give over showering down his strokes, his double-handers, his choppings, and back-handers. Finally, in less than two *credos*, he tumbled the whole show to the ground, all broken to pieces, all the tackling and the figures being made into toothpicks. The king Marsilio was badly wounded ; the head and crown of the emperor Charlemagne cloven in two. The senate of spectators rose in revolt : the monkey fled to the tiles of the inn ; the cousin was much afraid, the page clean dastarded ; and even over Sancho Panza himself there came a terrible dread, for, as he afterwards swore, when the storm was over, never had he seen his master in such a wild rage.

The general massacre of the manikins being completed, Don Quixote rested a while, and then he said, "I would that I had before me at this moment all those who believe not, nor wish to believe, in the great good which knights-errant are to the world.

Look now and see, if I had not been here present, what would have happened to the good Don Gayferos and the fair Melisendra? I warrant ye that by this time they had been overtaken by those dogs, and subjected to some outrage. In brief, long live knight-errantry above all things which to-day live on the earth!"

"Let them live and welcome!" exclaimed Maese Pedro, in a feeble voice, "and let me die, seeing I live to be so unlucky that I may say, with the king Don Rodrigo—

*I yesterday was King of Spain,
And now to-day I've not a tower
That I can call my own.*

It is not half an hour—no, nor even half a minute, since I saw me master of kings and emperors, my stables and my coffers and bags full of an infinity of horses and innumerable gauds; and now am I desolate and abject, poor and a beggar, and, more than all, without my monkey, who, i'faith, will make my teeth sweat⁴ before I catch him again; and all for the inconsidered rage of this sir knight, of whom they say that he is the shield of youth, that he redresses wrongs, and does other charitable works. But to me alone it happens that his generous purpose fails, blessed and praised be the heavens, there where they hold their highest thrones. In fine, the Knight of the Rueful Visage it is who was destined to disfigure mine."

Sancho Panza was moved to great pity by the arguments of Maese Pedro, and he said to him, "Do


not cry, Maese Pedro, nor make laments ; for I would have you know that my master, Don Quixote, is such a catholic and scrupulous Christian, that if he be convinced that he hath wrought thee any wrong, he knows how to pay thee, and will make amends with much advantage."

"If sir Don Quixote pays me something for the deeds by which he has undone me, I should be content, and his worship's conscience would be discharged; for he which keeps that which belongs to another against his will, and makes not restitution, cannot be saved."

"That is true," said Don Quixote; "but so far I know not that I hold anything of yours, Maese Pedro."

"How so?" demanded Maese Pedro; "and these relics which lie on this hard and sterile earth, what scattered and annihilated them but the invincible force of that mighty arm? and whose are their bodies but mine? and with whom did I sustain my life, but with them?"

"Now do I verily believe," said Don Quixote at this point, "that which at many other times I have believed, that these enchanterers which persecute me do nothing but place shapes before mine eyes as they really are, and then all suddenly remove and change them as it pleaseth them. Really and truly, I tell you, sirs, who hear me, that all which passed here seemed to me to pass literally word for word; that Melisendra was Melisendra; Don Gayferos was Don Gayferos; Marsilio, Marsilio; and Charlemagne was Charlemagne: for this it was which stirred my choler; and



to accomplish my profession as knight-errant I willed to help and succour those who fled, and with this good purpose I achieved that which thou hast seen. If things have turned out contrariwise, the blame lies not with me, but with the evil ones who persecute me. Yet for all this my error, seeing I proceeded not with malice, I will condemn me in the costs. See now, Maese Pedro, what you ask for these spoiled figures, and I offer to pay for them at once in good and current Castilian coin."

Maese Pedro made a low bow, and said, "I expected no less from the extraordinary Christianity of the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha, true succourer and shield of all needy and distressed vagabonds; and, lo! sir innkeeper and the great Sancho shall be mediators and appraisers between your worship and me of the value, or what might be the value, of the demolished figures."

The innkeeper and Sancho said they would so act; whereupon Maese Pedro raised from the floor the king Marsilio of Saragossa, less his head, and said—

"You see how impossible it is for this king to resume his first estate, and to my seeming, saving a better judgment, you should give me for his death, end, and abolishment, four and a half reals."

"Pray, go on," said Don Quixote.

"Then for this opening from top to bottom," continued Maese Pedro, taking in his hands the cleft Emperor Charlemagne, "it will not be much if I ask you for five reals and a quarter."

“It is not little,” observed Sancho.

“Nor much,” replied the innkeeper. “Come, split the difference, and call it five reals.”

“Give him the whole five and a quarter,” said Don Quixote; “for in the value of so notable a misfortune as this, a doit more or less matters not. And break off quickly, Maese Pedro; for it grows towards supper time, and I feel certain sharp constraints of hunger.”

“For this character,” said Maese Pedro, “which is without a nose and lacks an eye, which is that of the lovely Melisendra, I want, and think it quite just, two reals and twelve maravedis.”

“Nay, the devil is in it,” said Don Quixote, “if Melisendra be not now, with her husband, at least on the French frontier, for the horse on which they went seemed to me to fly, rather than run; and so think not to sell me a cat for a hare,^b showing me here a disnosed Melisendra, when it is evident that the other is in France, taking her pleasure with her husband, full, free, and at ease. God help every one to his own, sir Maese Pedro, and let us keep on level ground, and with wholesome intent; and, pray, get thee along.”

Maese Pedro, who saw that Don Quixote was slanting towards his first vein, and did not wish that he should so escape, exclaimed, “This is not Melisendra, but one of her maidens who waited upon her, and so with seventy maravedis which you will give me for her, I shall rest satisfied and well remunerated.”

In this manner he went on fixing a price to other much-torn puppets, which the two judging arbitrators afterwards moderated to forty reals and three-

quarters, to the satisfaction of the parties ; but besides this, after Sancho had disbursed the sum, Maese Pedro demanded two reals for the trouble of catching the monkey.

“Give them to him, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “not for catching the monkey, but for taking the fox ;” and two hundred more will I now give as largess to him who shall tell me with all certitude that the lady Doña Melisendra and sir Don Gayferos are now in France, and among their own.”

“Nobody can better tell that than my monkey,” said Maese Pedro ; “but I will defy the devil himself to catch him just now, although I fancy that his love for me and his belly arguments will force him to come and search me out to-night ; and God giving us a good morrow, we shall meet again.”

In brief, the storm of the show came to an end, and all supped in peace and good fellowship at Don Quixote’s charge, who was liberal in the extreme.

Before daybreak, he who carried the pikes and halberds was on his way, and as morning dawned there came to bid farewell to Don Quixote the cousin and the page, the one to return home, the other to make his way ; and to help him on Don Quixote gave him some twelve reals. Maese Pedro had no mind to enter again in more chaffering with Don Quixote, whom he knew quite well, and so he rose before the sun, and gathering together the relics of his show, and his monkey, he also went his way in search of adventures. The innkeeper, who knew not Don Quixote, was as much amazed for his lunacies

as his liberality. Finally, Sancho paid him full well, by his master's order, and they took their leave of him. At about eight o'clock of the day they left the inn, and betook them to the road, where we will leave them, for it is fitting to seize this opportunity to rehearse other things which are pertinent to the promise of this famous history.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXVI.

Note 1, page 179.

In silence were all, Trojans and Tyrians.

Tyrii, Troesque

Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant.

Virgil, *Æn.* I. 747, II. 1.

Note 2, page 179.

Gayferos. The "Romance of Don Gayferos" which has come down to us is seemingly more artistic than that in common use among the peasantry of La Mancha. A translation of some of its more picturesque parts may not be unacceptable :—

*Within the royal palace-hall, Gayferos sat one day,
Sat playing at the checker-board, to while the time away ;
He held the dice within his hand, they were about to fall,
When the emperor Don Carlos came marching up the hall ;
He stood aghast to see him thus sit playing at the game,
And taking speech, he spake to him these bitter words of shame :*

*" Gayferos, had you been as quick to arm you for the fray,
As you have been to throw the dice, and at the tables play,
Then had you gone to seek your wife, enslaved by Moorish art,
She is the daughter of my house, it cuts me to the heart ;
By many she was courted, but no one would she take,
She banished all her lovers, resigned them for your sake,
She married you for love alone, 'tis love must set her free,
Oh, had she been another's wife, no captive wife were she !"*

Galled to the quick by such taunts, the impetuous Gayferos leaps from his chair, and rushes forth to seek his uncle Orlando. From him he borrows his famous charger and armour, and rides forth on his solitary journey to Sansueña in the very sulkiest of humours :—

*On to country of the Moors, Gayferos travelled fast,
In eight short days the journey made, that fifteen days should last ;*

*Amid Sansueña's mountains his temper knew no bounds,
 He told his sorrow to the winds that Heaven might hear the sounds ;
 He 'gan to curse the wine he drank, and eke the bread cursed he,
 The bread the Moors are wont to eat, not that of Christentie ;
 He cursed the noble lady who had borne an only son,
 For if his foes should cut him down, to avenge him there was none ;
 He cursed the cavalier who rode without a page in sight,
 For if his spur should tumble off, there was none to set it right ;
 He cursed the solitary tree, that grew upon the plain,
 Where not a leaf the birds had left to shade him in his pain !*

On reaching Sansueña, a Christian captive conducts him to the grand square of the city, where, at one of the casements of the royal palace, he sees Melisenda seated with her maidens, looking very sad and woe-begone. She does not recognize him, but seeing him to be a stranger knight, she beckons him to approach :—

*“For Heaven's sake, I beg, sir knight, that you will come this way,
 And be you Christian, be you Moor, deny me not, I pray ;
 I charge you with a message, you'll have a good reward,
 That if, sir knight, you go to France, you'll hasten to my lord,
 And tell Gayferos that his wife hath sent this word by thee,
 That if he fails to free me now, a Mooress I must be ;
 They'll have me wed the Moorish king, that rules across the main,
 And crown me queen of seven kings, o'er Moorish land to reign,
 They wish me now to change my faith, and so it may be yet,
 But the loves of Don Gayferos I never can forget.*

To which Gayferos gallantly replies :—

*“Come, dry your tears, my lady, you need not thus lament,
 The message you have given now you may yourself present ;
 Within the realm of mighty France, Gayferos is my name,
 I am a lord of Paris, that city of great fame,
 My uncle is Orlando, my cousin Olivier,
 And Melisenda's love alone has brought her true knight here !”*

On this Melisenda behaves in a much more orderly way than that represented by the showman :—

*When Melisenda heard him speak she knew at once the man,
 Withdrew her from the window, and down the staircase ran,*

*Threw open wide the portal, and rushed into the square,
Gayferos clasped her in his arms and kissed her then and there.*

But the course of true love does not run smooth ; for

*Uprose at once a Moorish dog, who was the Christian's guard,
And gave a cry so loud and shrill that Heaven might have heard ;
And as the Moorman shouted, they closed and barred the town,
Gayferos cursed it seven times, but outlet there was none ;
The king Almanzor sallied forth in haste from mosque and
prayer,
He bade the trumpets sound the alarm, give forth a general blare ;
He bade the knights around him arm, and to their horses flee,
So many Moors were clad in arms, it was a sight to see.*

In the midst of this turmoil Melisenda retains her presence of mind, and thus counsels the bewildered Gayferos :—

*“ O valiant Don Gayferos, let nothing you dismay,
For gallant knights were surely born to face the evil day ;
Would to the God of heaven, and the Virgin pure his mother,
That you had now Orlando's horse, or yours were such another ;
For when surrounded by the Moors, and barred was every way,
He tightened well his horse's girths, and gave the breast-bands play,
And without thought of mercy, struck the spurs into its flanks,
And then the horse, with giant strength, would bound and clear the
ranks.”*

Gayferos does as he is told, then leaps on his charger and places Melisenda behind :—

*He drew her arm around his waist, to serve in time of need,
And without thought of mercy, struck spurs into his steed ;
The Moors came on with serried ranks, from far and near around,
The mighty clamour of their tongues did cause his horse to bound ;
But when they wheeled in circles round, he gave the reins their swing,
His charger made a nimble leap, and o'er their heads did spring.*

In this way he clears not only the Moors, but seemingly also the battlements of the city ; for he finds himself in the

open country. The wily king, however, has sent seven battalions of his men to the rear to bar his escape to the mountains. But Gayferos is equal to the occasion, and bidding Melisenda alight, he proceeds to show them what horse and knight can do :—

*It was a sight to see the horse, it was a gallant show,
For when the Moors would press him back, he scarce a step would go ;
But when he turned to face them, with such fury did he break,
That the thunder of his charging did make the city quake ;
Where'er the foe was thickest, he rushed with giant force,
And if Gayferos bravely fought more bravely did his horse ;
So many Moors were slaughtered, to count them were in vain,
The blood that spouted from their wounds did redden all the plain.*

The result of this astonishing charge is equally astounding :—

*When King Almanzor saw it, a troubled man was he :
“ O Allah, thou protect me ! Who can this stranger be ?
It should be Don Orlando, the enchanted paladin,
Or Reinaldos de Montalvan, that knight of valour keen,
Or Urgel de la Marcha, of strength and courage rare,
No single man of all the Twelve such deeds as these could dare.”*

To which the victorious champion somewhat insolently replies—

*“ Peace, peace, O Moorish king, have done, you know not what you say,
Full many knights there be in France, as valiant quite as they,
For I myself am none of these, and if you ask my name,
I am a lord of Paris, that city of great fame,
I hail me from the land of France, my name is Don Gayferos,
My uncle is Orlando, and my cousin Oliveros !”
When King Almanzor heard him speak, with such an angry frown,
He gathered all the Moors he had, and marched into the town.*

On this Gayferos returns to the anxious Melisenda, mounts her on a separate horse, and they set out in a hurry

to cross the passes before the Moors should return. But nothing happens, and the tragedy ends in an idyll:—

*They started off; a sorrel steed fair Melisenda bore,
And as they rode discoursed of loves, of loves and nothing more;
They had no terror of the Moors, they saw them not again,
The joy of being side by side did lighten all their pain,
By night they travelled on the roads, and through the woods by day,
They ate the wild green herbs, and drank the water by the way;
And when they reached the fields of France, set foot on Christian
ground,
There were no happier hearts, I trow, in all the country round!*

* * * * *

*The emperor his daughter kissed, and shed full many a tear,
The tender words he said to her were passing sad to hear;
The Twelve received Gayferos with thunders of acclaim,
And held him as the bravest knight within the ranks of fame.*

The spelling of the fair Melisenda's name is that of the text from which this translation is made; what the authority is for the alteration, we do not know.

Note 3, page 181.

King Marsilio, of Sansueña. Viardot observes: "Le roi Marsilio, si célèbre dans la *chanson de Roland* sous le nom du roi Marsille, était Abd-al-Malek-ben-Omar, wali de Saragosse pour le khalife Abdérame I^{er}; il défendit cette ville contre l'attaque de Charlemagne. Dans les chroniques du temps, écrites en mauvais latin, on le nomma *Omaris filius*, d'où se forma, par corruption, le nom de Marfilus ou Marsilius."—*Histoire des Arabes et des Mores d'Espagne*, tome i. chap. iii.

Note 4, page 186.

Will make my teeth sweat. Clemencin says that the act of sweating does not pertain to the teeth, and that the text must have gone wrong somehow. This commentator would not be afraid to mend the Book of Job, and so rob us of the skin of our teeth.

Note 5, page 189.

Think not to sell me a cat for a hare (No hai para que venderme a mi el gato por liebre). An early custom, so Covarrubias says, of Spanish innkeepers imposing on passengers who were in a hurry, and sometimes they would serve up the flesh of an ass for veal.

Note 6, page 190.

For taking the fox. "If we do want as much bread as would dine a sparrow, or as much drink as would fox a fly."
—Old play, *A Match at Midnight*.

CHAPTER XXVII.

WHEREIN ACCOUNT IS GIVEN OF WHO WERE MAESE PEDRO AND HIS MONKEY, WITH THE ILL SUCCESS THAT DON QUIXOTE HAD IN THE BRAYING ADVENTURE, WHICH DID NOT END AS HE COULD HAVE WISHED AND HAD INTENDED.

CID Hamete, the chronicler of this famous history, enters upon this chapter in these words, "*I swear as a catholic Christian.*"

On which its translator observes, that for CID Hamete to swear as a catholic Christian, he being a Moor, as without doubt he was, meant nothing but that when the catholic Christian swears, he swears or ought to swear the truth, as he did, and nothing but the truth, as if he were a Christian catholic in what he would write of Don Quixote, especially in rehearsing who was Maese Pedro and who the divining monkey, that held all those villages in amaze with his enigmas. He says, then, that he who hath read the First Part of this history will well recollect him of that Gines de Passamonte to whom, among other galley-slaves, Don Quixote gave deliverance in

the Sierra Morena—a benefaction for which he was ill thanked and worse requited by that malignant and ingrate rabble.

This Gines de Passamonte, whom Don Quixote styled Gines de Parapilla, was he who stole Sancho Panza's Dapple; and as, through the fault of printers, neither the how nor the when are set forth in the First Part, many have attributed to the short memory of the author that which was due to the neglect of the press. But, in brief, Gines did steal him while yet the sleeping Sancho Panza was astride him, using the trick and device of Brunelo, who, while Sacrapante lay siege to Albraca, stole the horse from between his legs; and Sancho afterwards recovered him, as hath been already told.

This Gines, then, fearful of being found by the justicers, who sought for him to punish his infinite rogueries and crimes—which were so many and so foul that himself made a whole volume in recounting them—determined on passing into the kingdom of Arragon, and so, covering up his left eye, took upon him the profession of puppet-playing, at which and the art of juggling he was apt in the extreme. It so befel that, meeting with some freed Christians who came from Barbary, he bought from them the monkey, whom he instructed that, at the making of a certain signal, he should leap upon his shoulder and mutter, or appear to do so, in his ear. This taught, before entering any village where he was going with his show and his monkey, he would inform himself at the nearest village, or where best he could, of what private things had hap-

pened in such village, and to what persons ; and so, carrying them well in his memory, the first thing he would do would be to exhibit his show, which sometimes was of one history, and at other times another, but all merry, delightful, and well known. The play being ended, he would propose to show the talent of his monkey, making announcement to the people that he could divine the past and the present, but in that of the future he did not meddle. For an answer to each question he asked two reals, but for some he did it cheaper, according as he felt the pulse of his inquirers ; and when sometimes he would come upon houses where he knew of what had befallen those who lived in them, albeit they asked no question, because they had no mind to pay, he would make his signal to the monkey, and at once say that the beast had revealed to him such and such a thing, which fell in exactly with what had happened : by which he gained unspeakable credit, and all men flocked to him. At other times, as he was of much discretion, he, though ignorant, would reply on such wise that his answers suited well with the questions ; and as no one teased or pressed him to tell how his monkey divined, he made apes of them all, and filled his pouch. Thus, no sooner had he entered the inn than he knew Don Quixote and Sancho, by which cognizance it was easy to cog Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, and all those who were assembled there. But it had cost him dear if Don Quixote had swerved his hand but a little when he cut off the head of King Marsilio, and slew all his chivalry, as it is set forth in the fore-

going chapter. So much for Maese Pedro and his monkey.

Returning to Don Quixote de la Mancha, I say that after he had sallied forth of the inn, he determined to see first of all the banks of the river Ebro, and the region round about, before making for the city of Saragossa, for the much that lacked of time between this and the jousts gave him plenty for all. With that intent he pursued his way, on which he journeyed two days without a thing coming about which is worth setting down in writing, until the third, when, ascending a slope, he heard a great rumour of drums, trumpets, and hand-guns. At first he fancied that some regiment of soldiers was passing by, and to see them he pricked Rozinante, and mounted to the top of the slope; and from the summit, down at its foot, he saw, to his seeming, more than two hundred men, armed with different sorts of arms, such as rattles, pikelets, cross-bows, partisans, halberds and pikes, and some muskets, and many targets. Down the hillside he went, and drew so near to the squadron that he could distinctly perceive their banners. He judged of their colours and noted the mottoes which they bore, especially one which was upon a standard, or ensign, of white satin, on which was also painted, much to the life, an ass, even a stubborn ass,¹ with its head raised on high, the mouth wide open, and the tongue hanging out, in act and posture as of braying, and round about him, written in large letters, were these two lines—

*Here it was our neighbour bailiffs twain
Each to other brayed, nor brayed in vain.*

From these insignia Don Quixote inferred that these people belonged to the Village of Bray, and so he told Sancho, making him to know what was written on the standard. He told him also that he who had given them tidings of that affair had erred in saying that they were two aldermen which brayed, for, according to the verses on the standard, they were nothing but two bailiffs.

To which Sancho answered, "Sir, there is nothing to set to rights in that; for it might well be that the aldermen who did then bray might, in the course of time, come to be bailiffs of their village, and so they might be called by both titles. But it matters nothing to the truth of the story whether the brayers were aldermen or bailiffs, seeing that either one or the other did bray, and an alderman is just as ready to bray as a bedel."

At last they perceived and knew that it was the bemocked village sallying out to fight with another, which had too much abused them, and beyond what belonged to good neighbourhood. Don Quixote made towards them, to the no small grief of Sancho, who was not fond of finding him in such scenes. Those of the squadron received them in their midst, believing that he was one of their inclining. Don Quixote, raising his vizor with gracious mien and countenance, made for the standard of the ass, and thither there came round about him all the most principal chiefs of the army to behold him, being astonished with the same astonishment with which all were struck who saw him for the first time. Don

Quixote, who saw them steadfastly beholding him, without any one speaking or questioning him a word, availed him of that silence, and breaking his own, raised his voice and said—

“ Good sirs, most earnestly do I supplicate that you will not interrupt the discourse which I would make you, until you perceive whether it displease or weary you. With the least token from you, I will put a seal on my lips, and a gag upon my tongue.”

They all said that he might say what pleased him, and that they would listen in good will.

Don Quixote, with that licence, proceeded, saying, “ I, my good sirs, am a knight-errant, whose profession is that of arms, and whose ministry is to succour those which need succour, and to help the needy. Some days ago I heard of your trouble, and the cause which moved you to take up arms at any pass to avenge you of your enemies ; and having once and many times turned over your business in my mind, I find, according to the laws of Duelling, that you are deceived in holding yourselves aggrieved ; for no private person can give affront to a whole town, except it be by impeaching them of treason in council, for the particular person who committed the treason is not known, therefore cannot be challenged. Of this we have an example in Don Diego Ordoñez de Lara, who challenged the whole town of Zamora,² because he knew not that Vellido Dolfos alone had done the treason of slaying his king ; and so he challenged all, and they all took up the revenge and the challenge : albeit it is quite true that Don Diego

went too far, and even exceeded the limits of impeachment ; for he had no right to challenge the dead, nor the water, nor the bread, nor those which were about to be born, nor the other small matters which are therein mentioned. But go to ; for when choler comes forth of the womb, the tongue hath no father, governor, nor bridle to rein it.

“Seeing, then, that so it is, that one person only cannot affront a kingdom, province, city, republic, nor an entire town, it doth plainly appear that there is no reason for you to sally out to revenge such affront, for affront it cannot be. For a pretty jest would it be if those of Clockville, for instance, should at every step kill all who might demand of them what’s o’clock. Or the scavengers, the costards, the whaleboners, the soap-boilers, and many other names and trades which are hackneyed about in the mouths of boys and fellows of the baser sort—a very pretty jest it would be, certes, if all these notable peoples should take offence and raise revenges, and gad about continually, making their swords into sackbuts at every rout, however trifling it might be. No, no ; God nor wishes nor will permit it. Wise men and well-ordered republics have to take up arms and draw their swords, and to risk their persons, lives, and estates, for four things only : the first, to defend the Catholic faith ; the second, in defence of their lives, which is according to divine and natural law ; the third, in defence of their honour, their family, and estate ; fourth, in the service of the king, and in a righteous war ; and an ye would add a fifth (which may serve for the second), it is in defence of

their country. To these five capital causes may be gathered some others, which are just and reasonable, and which oblige us to take up arms. But to resort to them for childish things, and for things which rather provide pastime and provoke laughter than insult, it seems that those who so take to them are devoid of all rational discourse. Besides, to take an unjust vengeance—for no vengeance can be just—is to go directly against the holy law which we profess, which commands us to do good to our enemies, and to love those that hate us,—a command which, although it appears difficult to obey, yet is not, except to those who enjoy less of God than of the world, and more of the flesh than of the spirit; for Jesus Christ, God and very man, who never lied, nor could nor can lie, being our Lawgiver, has said that his yoke is easy and his burden is light, and therefore he has not commanded us anything which it would be impossible to do. So, that, my masters, your worships are bound to be peaceable by all human and divine laws.”

“The devil take me,” here exclaimed Sancho, “if this master of mine be not a theologian; and if he be not, he is as like one as one egg is like another.”

Don Quixote took breath awhile, and seeing that they still lent him silence, he had a mind to prosecute his discourse, and had certainly done so if Sancho’s acuteness had not intervened, who, seeing that his master came to a pause, took up the matter, saying—

“My master, Don Quixote de la Mancha, who at one time they called the Knight of the Rueful Visage, and who is now called the Knight of the Lions, is a

gentle all judicious, who knows Latin and grammar like any bachelor ; and on all he treats and counsels he goes like a man of arms, and has all the laws and statutes of what they call Duelling at his finger ends ; therefore there is nothing more to be done but to busy you by his direction, and I will be bound for what he says. Besides, as you be now told, it is great foolery to take offence only for one's braying ; for I remember me, when I was a lad, I brayed as much and as often as I listed, and with so much grace and propriety, that when I did bray there brayed all the asses of the village. But for that I did not cease to be the son of my parents, who were most rare honest ; and although for this talent I was envied by not a few fops of my own village, I did not care two dotkins : and because you shall see that I speak true, hold now and listen ; for this science is like that of swimming—once learned, it is never forgotten."

Then, straightway putting his hand to his nose, he began to bray so stoutly, that the neighbouring valleys took up the sound. But one of those who stood by him, believing that he had flouted them, lifted up the bat which he carried, and with it gave him such a thwack, that Sancho Panza came to the ground.

Don Quixote, who saw Sancho in such evil case, ran with his lance at him who had given the blow, but there came so many between them, that it was impossible to avenge him ; on the contrary, perceiving that a cloud of stones rained upon him, that he was threatened by a thousand bent bows, and no less number of muskets, he turned Rozinante's rein, and at his full

gallop got him from among them, commending himself with all his heart to God, that he would deliver him from that peril; and fearing that at every step some ball would pass through his back and out at his breast, he would take breath every second to see if he yet did lack any; but they of the squadron remained content with seeing him fly, without shooting at him.

Sancho—yet scarcely come to himself—they set upon his ass, and left him to follow after his master; not that he had strength to guide him, but that Dapple followed the frogs of Rozinante, without whom he was nobody.

Don Quixote, being now a long way off, turned his eyes and saw that Sancho was coming along, and as no one followed after, he waited for him. They of the squadron remained there until nightfall, and because their enemies came not out to battle with them, they returned to their village joyful and gay; and if they had known the ancient custom of the Greeks, they would have raised a trophy at that place and on that spot.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXVII.

Note 1, page 201.

Even a stubborn ass (Un pequeño Sardesco). Franciosini renders the phrase, *della grandezza di que' di Sardigna*. It is a colloquial term for asinine stubbornness.

Note 2, page 203.

Don Diego Ordoñez de Lara, who challenged the whole town of Zamora. From the Cancionero de Anvers, 1555, fol. 150, which is obviously taken from the Cronica del Cid.

*Don Diego Ordoñez rode away from the royal camp with speed,
Armed head and foot with double mail, and on a coal-black steed;
He rode to challenge Zamora's men, his breast with fury filled,
To avenge the king Don Sancho, whom the traitor Dolfos killed.*

*He reached in haste Zamora's gate, and loud his trumpet blew,
And from his mouth like sparks of fire his words in fury flew:
"Zamorans, I do challenge ye, ye traitors born and bred,
I challenge ye all, both great and small, the living and the dead;*

*"I challenge the men and women, the unborn and the born;
I challenge the wine and waters, the cattle and the corn;
Within your town that traitor lives our king who basely slew,
Who harbour traitors in their midst themselves are traitors too!"*

*Out spake Arias Gonzalo: "I had better never been born
Than brand myself as such a knave, and worthy of such scorn;
Your words are very bitter, count, and bitter is your tongue,
What harm have done the old men, what harm have done the young?"*

*"What curse rests on our women, or on the babes unborn?
Or why defy the very dead, the cattle, and the corn?
If you challenge all the council, you must fight with five or fall."
Ordoñez gruffly answered: "Ye are traitors, one and all!"*

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ON THINGS WHICH BENENGELI SAYS THEY SHALL KNOW
WHO READ, IF THEY BE READ WITH ALL HEED.

WHEN the man of courage flies, then cozenage has been discovered, and it is for prudent men to reserve themselves for better occasion. This truth was verified in Don Quixote, who, giving way before the fury of the people and the wicked intentions of that angry squadron, raised the dust behind him, and without recollecting Sancho and the peril in which he had left him, got away as far off as he thought sufficient for his safety.

Sancho followed athwart his ass, as hath been said. He arrived at last, having now come to himself, and on drawing nigh he fell from Dapple at the feet of Rozinante, all harried, all battered, and cudgelled all over. Don Quixote dismounted to search the gaping wounds; but on finding him whole from head to foot, with angry choler he said to him—

“In an evil hour didst thou learn to bray, Sancho; where didst thou learn that it was pleasant to mention a halter in the home of the hanged? To the tune of braying what harmony could follow but that of

basting? Give God thanks, Sancho, that they crossed thee with a stick, and did not christen thee with a cutlass."

"I am in no mind for replies," answered Sancho, "but methinks my back speaks for itself. Let us get up, and be gone from here; and I'll no more a-braying, but will never cease to tell that knights-errant fly, leaving their faithful squires to be brayed like beans or privet in the hands of their enemies."

"He doth not fly who makes retreat," answered Don Quixote. "For thou must know, Sancho, that valour which is not founded on the base of prudence is called temerity, and that the feats of the rash are laid more to good fortune than to courage. I confess me, therefore, to have retreated, but not fled; imitating in this many men of valour, who have kept themselves for better occasions. The histories are full of such examples, which, because they can be of no profit to thee, nor to me bring pleasure, I will not now relate."

Now was Sancho again in the saddle, by the help of Don Quixote, who mounted Rozinante, and by-and-by they reached a grove of aspens, some quarter of a league off, where they were to rest. Again and again did Sancho heave most profound sighs, and give forth dismal groans, till Don Quixote asked him the cause of that bitter complaining; to which Sancho answered that from the bottom of his spine to the nape of his neck, he felt so much pain that he thought he must faint.

"The cause of that pain is, without any doubt," said Don Quixote, "that the stick which they gave

thee, being long and slender, gathered all thy back, where come together all the parts which give thee pain, and hadst thou gathered more sticks thou wouldst have felt more pain."

"Now, by God's santy," said Sancho, "your worship has resolved me a great doubt, and in the prettiest terms. God's my life! was the cause of my pain such a secret, that it was needful to tell me that all of me was sore where the stick fell? Had my ankles ached, you might perhaps have riddled me the reason why; but it is mighty poor riddling to tell me that my pain comes from my bruises. By my fay, master mine, other men's ills hang lightly; and every day do I discover land, and see how little I am to expect from companying your worship; for if you left me to be beaten this time, why may there not come back upon us another, and a hundred more blanketings in the sky, and other horse-play, which if now they fall on my shoulders, they will next time fall on my eyes? It would be much better for me, only I am a clotpoll, and shall never do anything good in all my life—it would be much better, I say again, for me to go back home to my wife and my children, and look after them, and bring them up as God shall be pleased to help me, and not go trapesing after your worship by roads which go nowhere, and along paths and courses without end, drinking damnably, and eating worse. Then again, take the sleeping; count thee, brother squire, seven foot of earth, or, an it please thee more, scoop out another seven—the porringer is in thine own hand—and stretch thyself to thy heart's ease. I would like

to see the first that started knight-errantry burnt and turned to ashes, or at least the first as wanted to be squire to such fools as all your knights-errant of past times must have been. Of the present I say nothing ; your worship being one of them, I hold them in respect, and further because I know that you know a thing or two more than the devil himself in what you say and in what you think."

"I would make thee a good wager, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that now, while thou art talking, and no one hinders thee, thou feelest no pain in the whole of thy body. Speak out, my son, all which comes to thy mind and reaches thy lips ; for, so thou feelest no pain, I will hold for a pleasure the vexing which thine impertinences bring me ; and if thy desire be so great to get thee to thy home, and be with thy wife and children, God forbid that I should stand in thy way. Thou hast moneys of mine ; see how long it is that this third time we have now been from home, and how much thou mightest or oughtest to receive each month, and pay thyself."

"When I served Tomé Carrasco,¹ father of the bachelor Carrasco, whom," said Sancho, "your worship very well knows, I got two ducats a month, besides my victuals : with your worship I do not know how much I shall get ; all I know is, that it is greater toil to be squire to a knight-errant than to serve a farmer. For, at all events, we who serve farmers, however hard we work by day, and though the worst comes to the worst, at night we do have a pot for supper, and sleep in our beds ; and I have slept in no bed since I served your

worship, except for the little time that we were at Don Diego de Mirando's house, and had no cheer save the feast of fat things I got from the skimmings of Camacho's pots, and what I had when I ate and drank and slept in the house of Basilio : all the rest of the time I have slept on the hard earth, under the open sky, supporting me with scraps of cheese and crusts of bread, and drinking water, now out of the brooks, and then out of the springs which we come to in these out-o'-the-way places where we go."

"I confess," said Don Quixote, "that all thou sayest, Sancho, is true. How much, thinkest thou, ought I to give thee more than Master Tomé Carrasco gave thee?"

"To my thinking," said Sancho, "with two reals more, which your worship might add on every month, I should hold me well paid—that is, for the wage of my service ; but touching the satisfying of me for the word and promise which your worship gave me with respect to the government of an island, it would be right that you gave me besides six reals more, which would be thirty in all."

"It is well," replied Don Quixote, "and agreeable to the wage thou hast allotted to thyself, it being twenty-five days since we left our village ; reckon, Sancho, the rate per quantity, and see what I owe thee, and pay thyself, as I have told thee, with thine own fingers."

"By God's eyes, but your worship is very much out in such reckoning," said Sancho, "for as to the promise of the island you shall count from the day

when you first promised me until the present hour in which we now are."

"Why, how long ago is it, Sancho, that I promised thee?" said Don Quixote.

"If I do not ill remember me," said Sancho, "it will be more than twenty years, a few days more or less."

Don Quixote gave himself a great slap on the forehead, began to laugh heartily, and said, "Why, I wandered not in the Sierra Morena, nor in the whole discourse of our sallies, more than two little months: and dost say, Sancho, that it is twenty years ago that I promised thee the island? Now I perceive that thou wouldst fain consume all the moneys of mine which thou hast in paying thy wages; and if this be so, and that be thy pleasure, why, out upon thee, take it, and happy be thy dole. To see me rid of so base a squire, I shall rejoice to find me poor, and without a mite. But tell me, perverter of the squirely ordinances of chivalry, where hast thou seen or read of any squire of knight-errant having compounded with his master, and said, 'For so much you give me each month, so shall I serve you'? Embark! embark thee, padder, hilding, and satyr!—for thou art all of such seeming—embark thee, I say, on the *mare magnum* of their histories;² and if thou findest that any squire hath said or thought that which thou hast now said, I will that thou nail it to my forehead, and, in addition, bite thy thumb in my face. Turn rein, or pull the halter of Dapple, and hie thee home, for one single step thou goest no further with me from this

spot. O bread ill bestowed ! O promises ill placed ! O man more beast than human ! Now, when I thought to put thee in state, and such that, in spite of thy wife, they should call thee excellency, thou takest thy leave ! Now thou goest, when I had firm and valid purpose to make thee lord of the finest island of the world ! In brief, as thou hast often said, ‘ Honey is not,’ etc. An ass thou art, an ass thou hast to be, and an ass thou must remain until the course of thy life be ended ; for full sure am I that thy last hour shall come before there comes to thee the knowledge that thou art a beast ! ”

Sancho very earnestly regarded Don Quixote whilst he poured upon him these reproaches, and so compunctious was he that his eyes filled with tears, and, in a dolorous and pained voice, he said, “ My master, I confess that for being altogether an ass, I lack me nothing but the tail ; and if your worship has a mind to bestow one upon me, I will serve you as an ass all the rest of the days of my life. Beseech your worship, pardon me, and pity my greenness, and remember that I know little, and that if I talk much it comes more from infirmity than malice ; and that ‘ Those who sin and kiss the rod find favour in the sight of God.’ ”

“ I should have much marvelled, Sancho, hadst thou not mingled some saw with thy speech. Very well ; I pardon thee that thou mayest amend thee, and that forth onwards thou show not thyself so much a friend to thine own interest, but that thou endeavour to take heart of grace, and encourage thyself, and

make thee stout in hope of the fulfilment of my promises, which, though they be deferred, cannot fail."

Sancho said that he would do so, although it would be drawing strength out of weakness.

Hereupon they entered the holt, and Don Quixote accommodated himself at the foot of an elm, and Sancho at the foot of a beech; for these kind of trees, and many others like them, always have feet, but never hands.

Sancho passed a painful night, for the cold made him feel his bruises; Don Quixote passed it in his continuous fancies. But, for all, their eyes fell on sleep, and at the dawn of day they pursued their travel in search of the banks of the famous Ebro, where there happened them that which shall be rehearsed in the forthcoming chapter.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXVIII.

Note 1, page 212.

When I served Tomé Carrasco. In the second chapter of this Second Part he is called Bartholomew; Don Juan Antonio de Pellicer thinks that this is owing to Sancho's lack of memory, but Don Diego Clemencin says that he believes it was much more due to the lack of care in Cervantes.

Note 2, page 214.

The mare magnum of their histories. This is not the first time that Don Quixote has larded his speeches to Sancho with Latin; but the phrase is quite common in Spanish, and is used to denote the vastness of a thing, or its tumult and disorder: thus, the veck, or old woman, in the novel of *The Little Gipsy*, was the needle that guided all the other gipsies in the "*mare magnum* of their dances, their tricks, and pillages."

CHAPTER XXIX.

OF THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF THE ENCHANTED BARGE.

By counted steps, or such as might be counted, in two days after leaving the holt, Don Quixote and Sancho reached the river Ebro, the sight of which gave great delight to Don Quixote. He contemplated and admired the beauty of its banks, the limpid flood of its current, its fair and shaded course, and the abounding of its clear crystals, which delightful sight started in his memory a thousand amorous fancies. Especially there flitted across his mind that which he had seen in the Cave of Montesinos ; for although Maese Pedro's monkey had said that part of those things was true, and a part false, yet he leaned to the belief that they were more true than false ; while Sancho, on the contrary, held them all to be one measureless lie. Sauntering along after this manner, there offered to their view, by the river's brink, a small barge, without oars or any sort of tackle whatever, tied to the trunk of a tree which grew on the bank. Don Quixote glanced on all sides and

saw not a single person, and at once, without more ado, alighted from Rozinante, and ordered Sancho to do the like from Dapple, and to tie both beasts well together to the trunk of an elm or willow which stood there.

Sancho asked the reason of that sudden alighting and tying up.

Don Quixote answered : " Be it known unto thee, Sancho, that this bark which lies here is directly, and without its being possible that it can be otherwise, calling and inviting me to enter it, and to go in it and give succour to some knight, or to some other important personage, who is in the pinch of some sharp necessity. For this is the mode of the chivalrous histories, and of the enchanters who meet and hold converse therein, when some knight is taken in a coil from which he cannot be delivered but by the hand of another knight, and they be distant, the one from the other, two or three thousand leagues, or even more : either they carry him up in a cloud, or they offer him a boat in which to embark, and in less than the twinkling of an eye they carry him through the air or over the sea, wherever they wish, or where his help is needed. So that this bark is placed here, O Sancho, for that purpose ; and this is as true as that it is now day, which before it be spent, tie thou together the dapple and Rozinante, and may the hand of God guide us, for nothing shall hinder me from embarking, not even a host of barefooted friars going down on their knees."

" Since it is even so," answered Sancho, " and your

worship will at every pass be running into these—I know not if they be called fopperies, there is nothing for it but to obey and bow down, minding the proverb, ‘Do what thy master bids, and sit with him at table ;’ but, for all that, in the discharge of my conscience, I would inform your worship that, to my seeming, this bark does not belong to the enchanters, but to some fishers of this river—for here they catch the best shad in the world.”

All this Sancho spoke whilst he tied the beasts, leaving them to the protection and defence of enchanters, to the great trouble of his soul. Don Quixote exhorted him to have no grief for the abandoning of those animals, for that he who had willed to carry their owners by such *longincuos* roads and regions would provide for them.

“I do not understand this about *longimanous*,” said Sancho. “I have never heard such a word in all the days of my life.”

“*Longincuos*,” said Don Quixote, “signifies remote, and it is no marvel that thou dost not understand it, for thou art not obliged to know Latin, like some who presume that they know it and are ignorant of it.”

“They are tied up now,” said Sancho ; “what do we next ?”

“What ?” demanded Don Quixote. “Bless ourselves and weigh anchor—I mean, embark us and cut the moorings by which this bark is tied.”

Then, leaping into it, followed by Sancho, he cut the rope, and the barge fell softly and fair away from the bank. When Sancho found himself some two

yards in the stream, he began to tremble, fearing his perdition ; but nothing gave him greater pain than to hear Dapple bray, and to see Rozinante struggle to unloose himself, and he said to his master—

“ Dapple brays condoling our absence, and Rozinante is trying to get his liberty to come after us.— O most beloved friends, abide in peace, and may the madness which cuts us off from you, changed to undeceiving, bring us back to your presence !” And on that he began to cry so bitterly, that Don Quixote, moody and choleric, said to him—

“ What makes thee afraid, trembling coward ? Why weepest thou, heart of lard ? Who pursues thee, or who vexes thee, thou soul of a mouse ? Or what lackest thou, needy wretch, in the midst of the bowels of plenty ? Art thou, per hap, walking barefooted across the Riphean Hills, instead of seated at board like an archduke on the sloping current of this enchanting river, by which we shall quickly pass on to the open sea ? As it is, we must have come upon it, and sailed at least seven or eight hundred leagues ; and, if I had here an astrolabe¹ by which to take the altitude of the pole, I would tell thee how far we have run ; although or I know little, or we have already passed, or we shall pass quickly the equinoctial line which divides and cuts the two opposed poles in equal distance.”

“ And when we come to this line which your worship talks about,” inquired Sancho, “ how far shall we have come then ? ”

“ Very far,” replied Don Quixote ; “ because, of the

three hundred and sixty degrees which the earth contains of land and water, according to the computation of Ptolemy, who was the greatest cosmographer we yet know, we shall have gone the half when we reach the line of which I speak."

"'Fore God," exclaimed Sancho, "your worship has brought as witness for the truth of what you say a very genteel person—Tole and May, with his Cogger and Copulator titles, and I do not know what all."

Don Quixote smiled at the interpretation which Sancho had given to the name and the computation of the cosmographer Ptolemy, and he said, "Thou must know, Sancho, that when the Spaniards embark at Cadiz to go to the East Indies, one of the signs they have by which to know that they have passed the equinoctial line of which I have told thee, is that all the vermin of the men who go with the ship die upon them, without one remaining ; nor is there one to be found in the whole carvel, if thou gavest their weight in gold for it ; and so, Sancho, pass now a hand over a leg, and if thou lightest on anything alive we shall resolve this doubt, and if not we have passed the line."

"I believe nothing of this," said Sancho ; "but, withal, I will do what your worship bids me : although I do not know the good of making these proofs, for I can see with my own eyes that we have not gotten five yards from the bank, nor have we decanted two yards from where our steeds are, because yonder be Rozinante and Dapple, in their own places, where we left

them ; and, looking as I am looking now, I swear by the rood that we have not moved, nor gone at the pace of a pismire."

"Make, Sancho, the trial which I bid thee, and mind no other. Thou knowest nothing of what are colures, lines, parallels, zodiacs, ecliptics, poles, solstices, equinoxes, planets, signs, points—the measures of which the celestial and terrestrial hemisphere are composed ; for if thou knewest all these things, or a part of them, thou wouldst see clearly how many parallels we have cut, what of sines we have seen, and what of constellations we have left behind us, and are leaving now. And I again desire that thou feel and search thyself ; and full sure am I thou wilt find thee more clean than a sheet of paper, white and smooth."

Sancho began to feel, and bringing his hand softly and warily in the direction of the left ham, he raised his head and looked his master in the face, and said, "Or the proof is false, or we have not come to where your worship says ; no, nor by many leagues."

"Why what ?" demanded Don Quixote, "hast thou met with something ?"

"More than some," answered Sancho, washing his hands in the river, down which the barge glided, without being moved by secret spell or hidden enchanter, save the course of the stream itself, then smooth and gentle.

Here they discovered some great water-mills, which stood in the midst of the stream ; and scarcely had Don Quixote beheld them, than he called out in a loud voice, and said to Sancho, "See yonder, O

friend, appears the city, castle, or fortress where will be some oppressed knight, or some queen, infanta, or princess in evil case, for whose succour I am carried hither."

"What the devil, sir, does your worship mean by city, fortress, or castle?" said Sancho. "Can you not see that those are water-mills, built in the river, for grinding corn?"

"Break off, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "for although they seem water-mills, yet are they not so; already have I instructed thee that all things are transposed and changed from their natural form by enchantments. I do not mean that they in reality change them from one being into another, but that they seem to do so, as experience proved in the transformation of Dulcinea, sole refuge of my hopes."

Here the barge, having entered the middle of the course of the river, began to move not quite so slowly as before. The millers of the water-mills, who spied the barge coming down the stream, and that it was about to enter the indraught of the wheels, ran out, many of them with long poles, in all haste to stop it; and as they all came out bedusted, and their faces and clothes covered with flour, they made an evil show. They shouted, in loud voices—

"Ye devils of men, where go ye? Are ye mad? What! do you want to drown, and be cut in pieces by these wheels?"

"Did I not tell thee, Sancho," here exclaimed Don Quixote, "that we had come to where I must show how far extends the valour of mine arm?"

Behold the padders and villains that come to encounter me! See the number of wild beasts that rage against me! Behold the crowd of hideous heads that come to mock us! Well, rascals, now shall ye see!" And, standing up in the barge, he began in a loud voice to shout and threaten the millers, calling to them, "Accursed dogs, ill led and evil counselled, set free and at full liberty the person that ye hold oppressed in your fortress or prison, high or low, of what condition or quality soever; for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, called by another title the Knight of the Lions, to whom it is reserved by the high heavens to give a happy ending to this adventure."

And, so saying, he drew his sword, and with it began to fence in the air against the millers, who hearing but not understanding those frenzied sounds, made with their poles to arrest the barge, which was entering the sucking torrent of the wheels.

Sancho threw himself upon his knees, devoutly praying Heaven to deliver him from so manifest a peril; which deliverance was immediately wrought by the skill and quickness of the millers, who by their poles kept back the barge, which notwithstanding, through no fault of theirs, was turned over, Don Quixote and Sancho being tumbled into the water. It was well for Don Quixote that he could swim like a gander; but still the weight of his arms carried him twice to the bottom, and had it not been for the millers, who flung themselves into the stream and hoisted them up by main force, of them both it might then have been said, "Here Troy once stood."

When they had gotten on shore, more dead from wet than thirst, Sancho kneeled down, put his hands together, nailed his eyes to heaven,² and entreated God, in a long and devout prayer, to deliver him thenceforthward from the daring desires and assaults of his master.

Hereupon came up the fishermen, the owners of the barge, which had been dashed to pieces by the mill-wheels ; and, perceiving the wreck, they began to strip Sancho, and to beg that Don Quixote would pay for it.

He, with great calm, as if nothing had happened to him, told the millers and the fishermen that he would most willingly pay for the bark, on condition that they delivered up to him, free and without any craft, the person or persons whom they held bound in this their castle.

“What persons or what castles talk you of, senseless madman ?” demanded one of the millers. “Wouldst thou carry away, haply, those which come hither to grind their corn at these mills ?”

“Enough,” said Don Quixote within himself. “It will be crying in the wilderness to attempt to induce these dogs, even by prayers, to do a good work. It must be that in this adventure we have encountered two stout enchanters, the one intent on undoing what the other designed ; one provided me with a bark, and the other upset it with me. God mend all ! for all this world is a framework of schemes, contrary the one to the other. I can do no more.” And, raising his voice, he continued, saying, while looking towards the

mills, "Friends, whoever ye may be who remain shut up in this prison, pardon me that, for my misfortune and yours, I am not able to deliver you from this moil: this adventure must be reserved and kept for some other knight."

Having said this, he conversed with the fishermen, and paid for the barge fifty reals, which Sancho gave with very ill will, saying—

"Two passages such as this will sink our whole fortune."

The fishers and the millers were astonished, seeing those two shapes so different in seeming from other men; nor could they understand at what Don Quixote aimed his arguments and questions; and holding them both for madmen, they left them, the millers for their mills, and the fishermen for their hovels. Don Quixote and Sancho, like beasts, returned to their beasts, and so ended the adventure of the enchanted barge.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXIX.

Note 1, page 221.

If I had here an astrolabe.

*And to make certain whither we had steered
In these fair parts unknown to us before,
With astrolabe, a novel instrument,
Which one of skill and learning did invent.*

Camoen's *Lusiads*, v. 25.

This instrument was known as early as Alfonso the Wise. See, for much curious information on the subject, *A Treatise on the Astrolabe, addressed to his son Lowys by Gefforey Chaucer*, A.D. 1391, edited by the Rev. Walter Skeat; also, *Description of a Planispheric Astrolabe, constructed for Shah Sultan Husain Safawi, King of Persia, by W. H. Morley*—a book of great beauty and skill. Compare also Marco Polo, Book ii. c. 33, where he says that there were “5000 astrologers and soothsayers in the city of Cambaluc; . . . they have a kind of astrolabe, on which are inscribed the planetary signs, the hours, and critical points of the whole year.” See also Lane's *Arabian Nights' Entertainment*, 161st Night. According to Zedler (in his lexicon), Juan de Rojas constructed one of these instruments, A.D. 1550, in Spain, and Cervantes, who let nothing escape him, might have seen this, or, which is more likely, have made his acquaintance with this “star-picker” during his captivity.

Note 2, page 226.

Nailed his eyes to heaven. The Spanish commentators say this is an error of the printer, and that to nail the eyes to heaven is impossible.

CHAPTER XXX.

OF WHAT CAME OF THE CONJUNCTION OF DON QUIXOTE
WITH A BEAUTIFUL HUNTRESS.

VERY melancholy, and in evil plight, did knight and squire reach their animals; especially Sancho, whose soul was touched at the touching of their capital of money, for, to his seeming, all that was taken from that was taken from his eyeballs. At last they got to horse without speaking a word, and left the famous river, Don Quixote buried in the conceits of his loves, and Sancho in those of his increase, which at that moment seemed to him to be at a weary distance; for, maugre his simplicity, he was able to see that all his master's doings, or the greater part of them, were idle, and he resolved to wait occasion, without further reckoning or taking leave of his master, one day to tear himself away and hie him home. But fortune ordered things very different to his fears.

It so happened that on the next day, at sunset, as they came out of a thicket, Don Quixote, lifting up his eyes towards a green meadow, afar off saw people, and on coming nearer he knew them for falconers.¹ He came closer, and among them descried

a brave lady upon a palfrey or galloway nag, most white, adorned with green trappings, and a saddle-chair of silver. The lady also was clad in green, so gallant and rich that gallantry itself was transfigured in her. On her left hand she carried a goshawk, a sign which gave Don Quixote to understand that she was some great lady, and mistress of all the hunt; which was true: and so he said to Sancho—

“Run, Sancho, boy, and tell that lady of the palfrey and the goshawk, that I, the Knight of the Lions, kiss the hands of her great beauteousness, and that if her highness grant me leave, I will go kiss them and serve her with all my forces, and as her loftiness shall command; and mind thee, Sancho, how thou speakest, and take heed that thou mingle not thy ambassage with any of thy proverbs.”

“You have found your mingler,” answered Sancho: “why all this to me? This is not the first time that I have carried ambassages to high and mighty ladies in this life.”

“Except that which thou barest to the lady Dulcinea,” replied Don Quixote, “I know not of any others thou hast carried, at least whilst thou hast been with me.”

“That is true,” answered Sancho; “but to the good paymaster pawns bring no pain, and in a full house supper is soon cooked. I mean that there is no need to tell nor to advise me in nothing; I am up to all, and know a little of everything.”

“That I believe, Sancho,” quoth Don Quixote; “get thee gone in peace, and God guide thee.”

Sancho set off at a gallop, pricking Dapple out of his wonted pace ; and coming to the beautiful huntress, and alighting, he threw himself on his knees before her, and said, " Lovely lady, that knight which you see yonder, called the Knight of the Lions, is my master ; and I am a squire of his, whom at home they call Sancho Panza. This same Knight of the Lions, who not so long ago they called him of the Rueful Visage, sends by me to ask your greatness to be so kind as to give him leave that with your purpose, and permission, and consenting, he should come and fulfil his desire, which is no other, according to what he says and I think, than to serve your lofty hawking beautifulness ; and if your excellency gives it, you shall do a thing which shall redound to your own profit, and he shall receive a most remarkable mercy and happiness."

" Certes, good squire," answered the lady, " thou hast delivered thy ambassage with all the circumstance which such ambassage demands. Rise from the ground, for it is not meet that the squire of so great a knight as is he of the Rueful Visage, of whom we have received here many tidings, should be kneeling on his knees ; arise, friend, and go to thy lord, and bid him much welcome, and that he come and be served by me and the duke, my husband, in a pleasure-house which we have hard by."

Sancho arose, as much astonished at the beauty of the excellent lady, as at her high breeding and courtesy, and more at what she had said, that they had tidings of his master, the Knight of the Rueful

Visage; and if she did not call him Knight of the Lions, it must have been because it was so lately put upon him.

The duchess (whose title even is not known)² questioned him. "Tell me, brother squire," she said, "is this your master one of whom there goes a history printed, which is called *The Ingenious Knight Don Quixote de la Mancha*, the mistress of whose heart is one Dulcinea del Toboso?"

"His very self, lady," said Sancho; "and that squire of his, who goes or ought to go in that same history, whose name is Sancho Panza, am I, unless they changed me in the cradle—I should say changed me in the printing."

"Of all this I am very glad," said the duchess. "Go, brother Panza, and tell thy master that he is welcome, and that I give him welcome to my estates; and that nothing could have happened to me which could give me greater pleasure."

Sancho, with this most gracious answer, with unbounded delight, returned to his master, to whom he recounted all that the great lady had said to him, extolling to the heavens, in his rustical terms, her much beauty, her great gentleness, and courtesy.

Don Quixote pranked him in the saddle, put himself prettily in the stirrups, trimmed the visor, roused Rozinante, and with a gentle front went to kiss the hands of the duchess, who having sent to call the duke, her husband, told him, while Don Quixote was drawing nigh, of all his embassy; and the two, for having read the First Part of this history, and

understanding from it the fantastical humour of Don Quixote, with the greatest glee and desire to know him, awaited him with purpose to tickle his humour, and grant his will in all he might desire, treating him as a knight-errant all the days that he should remain with them, bating not one of the accustomed ceremonies of the books of chivalry which they had read, and for which they had a great fondness.

Here Don Quixote approached, with his visor up, and making as if he would alight, Sancho ran to him to hold his stirrup; but he was so unlucky that, on getting off Dapple, he caught his foot in a rope of the pannel, in such a way that it was not possible to disentangle it before he fell, hanging with his mouth and breast in the dust. Don Quixote, who was not accustomed to dismount without the stirrup being held, supposing that Sancho had taken hold, discharged upon it the full weight of his body, and carried with him the saddle of Rozinante, which must have been ill girthed, for the saddle and he came to the ground, not without shame, and many curses which he muttered between his teeth against the unhappy Sancho, whose foot was even still in the stocks.

The duke directed his huntsmen to go to the help of the knight and the squire, and they raised Don Quixote, who was in evil case from the fall; and he, limping, and as well as he was able, came and would have thrown him on his knees before the two nobles. But the duke would in no wise consent thereunto; rather he alighted from his horse, and went to embrace Don Quixote, saying—

“It grieveth me, sir Knight of the Rueful Visage, that the advent which your worship hath made to my territory hath been so ill-starred as has been seen, but the carelessness of squires is oftentimes cause of much worse haps.”

“Valorous prince,” answered Don Quixote, “in that I have seen you, it is impossible that my advent can be ill-starred ; for even though my fall had carried me to the bottom of lowest hell, yet from thence would the glory of seeing you have raised me up. My squire—whom God curse !—better knows how to let loose his tongue in naughtiness, than to buckle and girth a saddle that it may be firm ; but be I found as I may, fallen or raised up, on foot or a-horse, for ever am I at your service, and that of my lady the duchess, worshipful consort yours, and worthy queen of beauty, and universal princess of noble courtesy.”

“Softly, my dear sir Don Quixote de la Mancha,” said the duke ; “for where there reigns my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, it is not right that other beauties should be extolled.”

Now was Sancho free of the lasso, and being at hand there, before his master had time to answer, he said, “It cannot be denied, but must be affirmed, that very beautiful is my lady Dulcinea del Toboso ; but the hare jumps where you least expect it, and I have heard said that this which they call Nature is like a potter, which makes vases of clay, and he who makes one beautiful vase can make two as well, and three, and a hundred. This I say because my lady the duchess, by my fay, does not come behind my mistress the lady Dulcinea del Toboso.”

Don Quixote turned to the duchess and said : “Your greatness may well imagine that never did knight-errant in the world have for squire such a prattler, nor yet one with such merry conceits, as I have, and he shall prove my words true, if it be the pleasure of your great celestialness that I should serve you for some days.”

To which the duchess answered, “For that Sancho the good is of merry conceit, I hold him in much esteem, for it is a token that he is discreet ; for merry conceits and pleasant wit, sir Don Quixote, as your worship well knows, light not on dull spirits ; and therefore, if good Sancho be witty and of pleasant conceit, from henceforward I shall hold him for wise.”

“And a prattler,” added Don Quixote.

“So much the better,” said the duke, “for many conceits cannot be spoken in few words ; and that we waste not the time in any, a good welcome to the Knight of the Rueful Visage——”

“Of the Lions, an please your loftiness,” said Sancho. “There is no Rueful Visage now ; the Visage is that of Lions.”

The duke proceeded : “Welcome for the Knight of the Lions to a castle of mine, which is close hereby, where shall be prepared the entertainment which is so justly due to so high a personage, and that which I and the duchess are wont to make for all knights-errant when they visit us there.”

Sancho had now made ready and well girthed the saddle of Rozinante, and Don Quixote mounting, and the duke mounted on a goodly horse, having the

duchess between them, they journeyed to the castle. The duchess directed that Sancho should put himself at her side, for she had an infinite liking for his merry conceits. Sancho did not suffer long praying, and so, entwining himself among the three, he made a fourth in the discourse, to the great delight of the duchess and the duke, who held it as a great good fortune to give asylum in their castle to such a knight-errant and such an arrant squire.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXX.

Note 1, page 229.

He knew them for falconers. *Altaneria*, the art of hunting in the air by means of trained birds, in the same way as on land by means of greyhounds, pointers, spaniels, and fox-hounds, was cultivated with the greatest care and eagerness by the nobles of all grades in the Middle Ages, many of whom wrote elaborate treatises upon it; among them Don Juan Manuel, nephew of King San Ferdinand and author of the *Conde Lucanor*, Don Pedro Lopez de Ayala, and the famous Duke of Alburquerque, Don Beltran de la Cueva. There is a tradition that Fernan Gonzales sold the independence of Castile to the king, Don Sancho de Leon, for a goshawk and a horse.

Note 2, page 232.

The duchess (whose title even is not known). Therefore the Spanish commentators proceed to discover it, and Pellicer, followed by the rest, conjectures that the castle or villa where so many practical jests were played on Don Quixote, belonged to Don Carlos de Borja, who a short while before had married Doña Maria de Aragon, Duchess of Villahermosa, or the House Beautiful, as we should say. The reader perhaps remembers our quotation from Charles Lamb in the notes to chapter iii., Part I., on the painful tricks which are played on Cervantes's hero. It would be well to bear in mind that it was only on these terms that Don Quixote and Sancho could be admitted to the houses of the titled and the great, some of whom are always ready to pay a heavy price for being well amused.

CHAPTER XXXI.

WHICH TREATS OF MANY AND GREAT AFFAIRS.

GREAT was the joy which swelled the heart of Sancho to find him, as he fancied, in the protection of the duchess ; for he imagined within himself that he would find within her castle what he found in the house of Don Diego, and in that of Basilio. For he was always affected to good cheer ; therefore he took occasion by the forelock to regale himself ever and anon as opportunity offered.

The history then relates how that before they came to the pleasure-house or castle, the duke went on before, to instruct his retainers how they should receive Don Quixote ; and as the knight arrived with the duchess at the castle gate, on the instant there appeared two lacqueys, or grooms, dressed to the heels in what are called morning-gowns, of finest red-satin, who, taking Don Quixote in their arms almost before he was aware of them, said to him, “ Will not your greatness go and dismount the lady duchess ? ” Don Quixote did so, and a dispute of compliments passed between the two on the matter ; but, in the end, the will of the duchess conquered, and she would not descend or alight from

the palfrey, except in the arms of the duke, saying that she was not worthy to impose a burden so unworthy upon a knight so illustrious. At length the duke came to help her alight, and as they entered by a grand court, there came two most beautiful maidens, and threw over Don Quixote's shoulders a large mantle of the very finest scarlet, and in a moment all the ways of the court were thronged with men-servants and maid-servants of the house, who cried in loud voices, "Welcome to the flower and cream of knights-errant ;" and all, or most of them, poured flasks of perfumed waters upon Don Quixote, and upon the duke and duchess ; at which Don Quixote marvelled much : and that was the first day that, all in all, he knew and believed himself to be a true knight-errant, and not a fantastical, finding himself served in exactly the same manner as he had read that the knights were served in ages past.

Sancho, giving up the dapple, knit himself to the duchess and entered the castle ; but his conscience stinging him for having left the ass alone, he went to a reverend duenna, who, with others, came out to receive the duchess, and in a low voice he said to her, " Mistress Gonzalez, or whatever be your grace's name—— "

" Doña Rodriguez de Grijalba is my name," said the duenna. " What wouldst thou with me, man ? "

To which Sancho answered, " I would that your grace would do me the favour to go to the castle gate, where you shall find a dapple ass of mine. Have the goodness to order him to be put up, or do you put him up yourself in the stable, for the poor little fellow is

rather timorous, and cannot bear being left by himself in any way."

"If the master prove as discreet as the man," answered the duenna, "we are finely off. Get thee gone, fellow, with a murrain to thee and to them who brought thee hither, and look after thine own ass thyself: the duennas of this house are not accustomed to such offices."

"Why, truly," answered Sancho, "I have heard my master, who is a wizard of the histories, telling that of Lancelot, and how that, when from Britannia he came, high-born ladies served him, and duennas served his steed; and in the matter of my ass I would not change him for Lancelot's horse."

"Brother, if that thou art a jester," said the duenna, "keep thy wit for its proper place, and those who will pay thee for it; from me thou wilt get nothing but a fig."

"Well, well," said Sancho, "and it shall be full ripe; your grace shall not lose the rubber of your years for want of a trick."

"Whoreson dog," exclaimed the duenna, now in a fire of rage, "whether I am old or not, I shall give account to God, and not to thee, thou garlic-eating varlet!"

And she said this in so loud a voice, that it was heard by the duchess, who, turning and perceiving that the duenna was in such anger, and her eyes of bloody red, demanded what was the matter.

"It is this excellent man here," answered the duenna, "who, in the most endearing terms, begs that

I will go and put up in the stable an ass of his, which is without the castle gate, giving me as exemplar that the same was done, I know not where, by some dames who looked after one Lancelot, and some duennas after his horse ; and, besides all this, in mannerly terms, he calls me an old woman."

"I should take that," said the duchess, "as the greatest affront which could be offered me. Observe, friend Sancho, that Doña Rodriguez is quite young, and that the quoif she wears is more for authority and usance, than on account of her years."

"Evil be those which remain to me to live," exclaimed Sancho, "if I meant her any ill. I only begged the favour for the love which I bear to mine ass, and because I thought I could not commend me to a more compassionate person than the lady Doña Rodriguez."

Don Quixote, who heard all this, demanded, "Be these discourses, Sancho, fit for this place ?"

"Sir," answered Sancho, "let each one speak his wants wherever he may be. Here I recollected me of Dapple, and here I spoke of him ; and if I mind me of him in the stable, I will speak of him there."

On which the duke said, "Sancho is very much in the right, and is not to be blamed in anything. Dapple shall have all care bestowed upon him. Let not Sancho be anxious ; he shall be treated with as much regard as himself."

In these discourses—pleasing to all except Don Quixote—they mounted the staircase, and brought Don Quixote into a goodly hall, hung with most rich

cloth of gold and brocade. Six maidens unarmed him, and served as pages, all being trained and instructed by the duke and the duchess in what they had to do, and how they should treat Don Quixote, in order that he might believe and see that they entertained him as a knight-errant.

Don Quixote, after he was unarmed, remained in his tight-fitting breeches and his chamois jerkin, dry, tall, lanky, with his cheeks kissing one another within : a picture that if the maidens who waited upon him had not dissembled their mirth—which was one of the needful orders given them by their master and mistress—they had burst with laughter at. They entreated him to let them undress him, that they might put him on a shirt;¹ but he would by no means consent thereto, saying that modesty as well became knights-errant as courage. But, withal, he told them to deliver a shirt to Sancho, and then, locking himself with his squire in a chamber where was a fine bed, he stripped him, and put on the shirt ; and finding himself alone with Sancho, he said—

“ Tell me, thou modern mountebank and ancient fool, seemeth it well in thee to affront a duenna so venerable and worthy of respect as yon ? Was that a time in which to recollect thee of thy Dapple ? Or be these the kind of lords to allow their beasts to fare ill, who so elegantly treat their masters ? For God’s love, Sancho, refrain thyself, and discover not the thread on such wise that all must come to know that thou art a clown, and woven of a base web. Look ye, sinner that thou art, know that the master is so much the more esteemed as his servants are the more

honest and well bred ; and one of the great advantages which princes have over other men is, that they are served of servants as good as themselves. Dost not perceive, miserable thou, and unhappy me, that they, knowing thee for a gross villain and a saucy cuttle, will think that I am some impostor and cogging knight ? No, no, Sancho ; fly, fly thee these incongruities, for he that sets him up as a prater or jester will at the first kick become a luckless mountebank. Bridle thy tongue, consider and muse on thy words before they escape thy mouth, and bear in mind that we have come to a place where, by God's favour and the valour of my arm, we shall come off bettered by tierce and quint in fame and fortune."

Sancho promised, with many oaths, to sew up his mouth and gnaw his tongue, rather than speak a word which should not be to the purpose and well considered, as his master had commanded, and that he need have no fear that the great folk through him should discover who they were.

Don Quixote dressed himself, put on his scarf with his sword, threw the scarlet mantle over his shoulders, put on a bonnet of green samette, which the maidens had given him, and in this guise made for the great hall, where he found the damsels formed in two wings, as many on one side as the other, and all rushing to serve him with finger-water, which they administered to him with much reverence and ceremony. Soon after there came the chief butler, with a dozen pages, to bring him to dinner, where the nobles were awaiting him. They took him in their midst, and, full of pomp

and majesty, conducted him to another hall, where a sumptuous dinner was spread, with service for four only. The duchess and the duke came to the hall door to receive him, and with them came a weighty ecclesiastic—one of those who direct the houses of princes; one of those who, not being born princes, know not how to instruct those that are how to carry them; one of those who would have the grandeur of the great measured by the littleness of their own souls; and who, wishing to show to them whom they direct how to be frugal, would make them mean. One of these, I say, was this ponderous parson who came with the duke and duchess to receive Don Quixote. A thousand courtly compliments passed between them, and finally, taking Don Quixote in their midst, they went and seated themselves at table.

The duke invited Don Quixote to the head of the board, and although he would have refused it, yet so great were the importunities of the duke, that he was forced to take it. The ecclesiastical person sat in front, and the duke and the duchess on either side. Sancho was present at all this, in gaping astonishment to see the honour which those princes did his master. Noting the many ceremonies and entreaties which passed between him and the duke to make him sit at the head of the table, he said—

“If your graces will give me leave, I could tell a story which happened in my village about this matter of seats.”

Scarcely had Sancho said this, when Don Quixote trembled, believing without any doubt that he would blurt out some folly.

Sancho saw him, and perceiving, he said, "Have no fear, your worship master mine, that I shall go astray, or say anything that is not very much to the purpose; for I have not forgotten the counsels which but just now your worship gave me about speaking much or little, or well or ill."

"I mind me of no such counsels," said Don Quixote; "say what thou likest, only say it quickly."

"Well, what I would like to say," said Sancho, "is so true, that my master, sir Don Quixote, who is present, will not let me lie."

"For me," said Don Quixote, "lie as much as thou pleasest: I will not hinder thee; only take heed in what thou art going to say."

"I have so heeded and re-heeded, that I shall make my ninety before you make one, as the counting will show."

"May it please your greatness," said Don Quixote, "it would be well that you order this coxcomb out of the room, for he will utter a thousand bygone fooleries."

"By the life of the duke," said the duchess, "Sancho shall not stir from me. I like him much, because I am sure he is very discreet."

"Discreet be the days of your holiness," said Sancho, "for the good credit you hold of me, although I do not deserve it. The story which I wish to tell is this: A gentle of my village, very rich and of high family, invited, because he came of the Álamos de Medina del Campo, who married Doña Mencia de Quiñones, who was the daughter of Don Alonso de Marañon, Knight of the Order of St. James, who was

drowned off the Herradura, about whom there was that quarrel in our village—for, as I recollect, my master Don Quixote was found mixed up in it; and when little madcap Tommy was hurt, the son of Balbastro the smith—— Is not all this true, dearest master? Tell us on thy life, that these nobles take me not for some lying prater.”

“Thus far,” said the ecclesiastic, “I hold thee more for prater than liar; but from hence I know not for what I shall hold thee.”

“Thou bringest so many witnesses, Sancho, and so many tokens, that I cannot but say thou speakest true. Proceed, and shorten the story, for by the way thou takest it will not end for two days.”

“He shall not so shorten it,” said the duchess, “to do me pleasure. Let him tell it as he knows best, although he finish it not in six days; and should they prove so many, they shall be for me the best I have spent in my life.”

“I say, then, dear gentles,” continued Sancho, “that this said gentleman, whom I know as well as I know my own fingers—for his house is not a bow-shot off mine—invited a husbandman, who was poor but honest.”

“Go on, brother,” here exclaimed the parson, “for by the road thou takest thou wilt not come to a stand on this side the other world.”

“Before we get half-way there, I shall stop, if it please God,” said Sancho. “And so I go on to say that the said husbandman, on coming to the house of the said gentle who invited him—a good rest to his soul,

for he is now dead ; and, for further tokens, they say he died like an angel : although I was not there, for at that time I was harvesting at Tembleque——”

“ Prithee, lad, haste thee back from Tembleque, and stay not to bury the gentle, and if thou art not minded for more exequies, have an end with thy tale.”

“ Well, away,” answered Sancho. “ The case is that the two being ready to sit down at table—I think I see them now, more than ever—— ”

Great was the delight of the duke and duchess for the disgust shown by the good parson at the length and pauses of Sancho in telling his story, and Don Quixote was consumed with rage and choler.

“ I say then,” continued Sancho, “ that the two, as I have already said, being ready to sit down at table, the husbandman strove with the gentle that he should take the head of the table, and the gentle strove with the husbandman that he should take it, because it became him to command in his own home ; but the husbandman, presuming to be mannerly and well bred, would never consent, until the gentle, made tetchy withal, putting both hands on his shoulders, made him sit down by force, saying, ‘ Sit down with thee, stupid chopstick, for wheresoever I sit, that will be the top to thee.’ That is the story ; and, truly, methinks it fits in here pretty well to the point.”

Don Quixote was covered with a thousand treacherous hues, which jaspered the brown of his visage. The nobles, having perceived the sly trick of Sancho, dissembled their laughter, so that Don Quixote should not take offence ; and to change the discourse and

contrive that Sancho should not come forward with more cracks of wit, the duchess demanded of Don Quixote what news of the lady Dulcinea, and if he had of late sent her any further presents of giants and padders—for it could not be but that he had overthrown many.

To which Don Quixote answered, “Lady mine, my misfortunes, although they had beginning, never have an end. Giants I have conquered, and proud swelling knaves and padders have I sent to her; but where may they find her, who is enchanted and changed into the most abhorred field-wench which can be imagined?”

“I do not know,” said Sancho. “To me she appeared the most beautiful creature of the world, at least in lightness; and in leaping I am sure she would not yield a step to a tumbler. By my fay, my lady duchess, she springs from the ground on an ass like a cat.”

“Hast thou seen her, being enchanted, Sancho?” demanded the duke.

“Why, who the devil but I, seeing I was the first that found out the secret of her enchantment? She is as much enchanted as my father.”

The ecclesiastic, who heard them talk of giants, proud swelling knaves, and enchantments, fell into the conceit that this must be Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose history the duke commonly read, and he as many times had reprehended, saying that it was folly to read such follies; and being assured of the truth of that which he suspected, with much choler he said, addressing the duke—

“Your excellency, most dear lord, shall give account

to Our Lord for that which this poor man does. This Don Quixote, or Don Dolt, or whatsoever be his name, is not, as I imagine, so great an idiot as your excellency would have him to be, giving him occasions whereby he shall proceed in his fopperies and vacuities." And directing his discourse upon Don Quixote, he said, "And thou, Rattle-pate, who hath enseamed it in thy brain that thou art a knight-errant, and that thou conquerest giants and apprehendest padders, hie thee hence in a good hour, in the which let me tell thee this: return home, train up thy children, if thou hast any, and look after thine estate, and give up rambling as a vagabond in the earth, sucking the wind, and making thyself a laughing-stock, both to those who know and those who do not know. Where, in the devil's name, hast thou found that there were, or at this day are, knights-errant? Where are there giants in Spain, or padders in La Mancha, or enchanted Dulcineas, or any of all the swarm of silly things which are told of thee?"

Don Quixote was very attentive to the arguments of this venerable person, and perceiving that he had broken off, without any regard for the nobles, with disturbed mien and blenched visage, he rose to his feet and said—— But this reply is worthy of a chapter to itself,

CHAPTER XXXII.

OF THE REPLY WHICH DON QUIXOTE GAVE TO HIS
CENSURER, WITH OTHER GRAVE AND GRACIOUS HAPS.

DON QUIXOTE started to his feet, trembling from head to foot in restless ecstasy, and with daring and heavy-weighted tongue, he said, "The place where I am, the presence wherein I find me, and the respect which I have ever had and have for the calling which your reverence professes, hold and bind the hands of my just wrath ; so that for what I have said, as well as for knowing what is known to all, that the arms of gownsmen are the same as those of women, who have but their tongues, I with mine will enter into single battle with your reverence, from whom I should have looked for good counsel rather than for infamous revilings. Good and gracious reproofs court other circumstance and other consideration, but to find me rebuked in public in such harsh accents passes all bounds of comely reprehension ; for surely it were better to begin with sweetness than aspersion ; nor is it fitting that, without knowledge of the sin which you reprove, you straightway call the sinner rattle-pate and idiot. For, tell me,

I pray, your reverence, for which of the follies you have perceived in me do you condemn and revile me, and order that I hie me home and look after its rule, and after my wife and children, without knowing whether I have either one or the other? What! is there nothing for it but that, willy-nilly, entrance is to be forced into other men's houses, and rule had over their owners; and that a man, because he hath trained some in a straitened pupilage, without having seen more of the world than is contained within the limits of twenty or thirty leagues, shall come foot hot to give ordinances to chivalry, and pass judgment on knights-errant? Is it, haply, a vain thing, or is it time ill spent, to range the world, not in search of its gifts, but of its hardships, by which the good mount to the throne of immortality? If I had been accounted a fool by knights, by the magnificent, the generous, the high-born, I should have held it an irreparable affront; but to be esteemed foolish by students, who never ventured upon or trod the paths of chivalry, I care not a doit. I am a knight, and, if it please the Most High, a knight I will die. Some betake them to the wide field of proud ambition; others to the way of base and fawning flattery; others to that of false hypocrisy; and some to that of true religion: but I, following the lead of my star, betake me to the narrow way of knight-errantry, by which profession I can scorn wealth, but not honour. I have satisfied grievances, righted wrongs, chastised insolences, vanquished giants, and overthrown grisly monsters. I am in love, but only because it is necessary for knights-errant so to

be ; but, being so, I am not a lover of vice, but of chaste platonic loves. My intents ever make direct for good ends, which are to do good to all, and evil to no one. If he who thus reasons, if he who thus acts, if he who thus holds commerce with the world, merits to be called a dolt, let your grandeurs say, most excellent duke and duchess."

" Good, by God's lid," exclaimed Sancho. " Say no more, your worship, sir, and my good master, in your assurance ; for there is nothing more to say, nor more to think, nor more to preserve in the world ; and, besides, as for this gentleman denying, as he has denied, that there never has been, nor are now, any knights-errant in the world, only shows that he does not know what he has been talking about."

" Art thou, brother, per hap," inquired the ecclesiastic, " that Sancho Panza of whom they say that thy master hath promised thee an island ? "

" Marry, am I," answered Sancho, " and I am he who deserves it as well as anybody else, ' Company thou with the good, and thou shalt become one of them ; ' and I am one of them. ' Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou hast fed ; ' and I am one of them. ' He who leaneth him on a fine tree, well sheltered shall he be. ' I have leaned me to a good master, and these many months I have gone in his company, and I shall come to be like him. God willing, and he lives and I live, there shall be no lack of empires to command, nor islands to govern."

" No, for certain, Sancho, my friend," here exclaimed the duke ; " and I, in the name of sir Don Quixote,

will commission thee as governor of one which I have to spare, and which is of no slight quality."

"To thy knees, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and kiss his excellency's feet for the favour which he hath done thee."

Sancho did as he was bid ; which being observed by the ecclesiastic, he rose from the table, peevish for the most part, and said —

"By the habit I wear, I declare that your excellency is as foolish as these sinners. No wonder they are insane, when the wise consecrate their insanities. Your excellency may keep their company, but so long as they remain in this house I will keep me to mine own cell. I pray you, have me excused from reproving that which I cannot remedy."

And without saying a word more, or eating more, he went his way, the entreaties of the duke and duchess not being able to stay him ; and, indeed, the duke said not much, being filled with laughter for the parson's impertinent choler.

His laughter over, the duke said to Don Quixote, "Your worship, sir Knight of the Lions, hath answered so nobly for yourself, that there remains nothing to demand satisfaction for, and although it seem an affront, yet such it is not in any form ; for as women can give no affront, no more can parsons, as your worship better knows."

"That is so," said Don Quixote, "and the cause is that he who cannot suffer affront, neither can he give affront to any. Women, children, and churchmen, as they cannot defend themselves, although they

be offended, yet cannot they be affronted, because between the grievance and the affront there is this difference, as your excellency knows: the affront comes of him who is able for it, giveth, and sustains it; the grievance may come from anywhere, without affront. Take an example. One stands heedless in the street; there come upon him ten others, with arms in their hands, and they deal him blows: he draws his sword, and does his duty; but the multitude of his enemies oppose him, nor can he fulfil his intention, which is to avenge himself. This is a grievance, but not an affront. The same will be confirmed by another example. One stands with his back turned; another comes and strikes him a blow, and on giving it flies and waits not, and the other follows, but does not overtake him. He who received the blow received a grievance, but not an affront, because the affront must be sustained. If he who gave the blow, although he did it basely and unawares, draws his sword and stands his ground facing his enemy, the stricken one remains both aggrieved and affronted—aggrieved, because he was treacherously struck; affronted, because he who gave it sustained what he did, maintaining his ground and without turning his back. And thus, according to the laws of the accursed duel, I may be aggrieved, but not offended; for children have no apprehension, nor yet women; neither can they fly, nor ought they to await; and the same may be said of those in holy orders. For these three sorts of people lack offensive and defensive arms; and so, albeit they are naturally bound to defend themselves, it is not

for them to give offence to any one : and although, a little while ago, I said that I might be aggrieved, yet I now say in no wise ; for he who cannot receive an affront, much less can he give one. For which reasons I neither ought to resent, nor do I, those which that good man intended for me. Only, I could have wished that he had waited a little, that I might have convinced him of the error in which he stands, in thinking and saying that there hath not been, nor are there, any knights-errant in the world ; for if only Amadis had heard it, or one of his infinite lineage, I am sure it had not fared well with his reverence."

"That I will very well swear," said Sancho ; "they would have given him such a cut as should have slit him open from top to bottom, like a pomegranate, or like a full ripe melon. Very likely people they were to suffer such ticklings. By my benison, full sure am I that if Reynaldos de Montalban had heard such-like arguments from the dear man, he would have bunged up his mouth, so that he should not have spoken these three years. No, only let him try his luck, and see how he would come out of their hands."

The duchess had well-nigh perished of laughter on hearing Sancho talk, and in her opinion he was more comical and more mad than his master, and there were many at that time who were of this way of thinking.

Finally, Don Quixote was calmed, and the dinner ended. On removing the cloth, there came in four maidens—one with a silver dish, and another with

a jug, also of silver; another with two most white and most fine towels over her shoulder, and the fourth with arms naked to the elbow, and in her white hands—for of a truth they were white—she held a round ball of Naples soap.

She of the dish came and, with graceful mien and sauciness, fixed the dish under Don Quixote's beard, who, without speaking a word, remained much impressed by that ceremony, believing it to be the usance of that country, in the stead of hands, to wash beards; and so he spread out his, all as much as he could, and at the same moment it began to rain from the jug. Then the maiden of the soap rubbed his beard with much swiftness, raising flakes of snow—for the suds were not less white—not only over the beard, but over all the face and eyes of the docile knight, so much so that he was compelled perforce to shut them.

The duke and duchess, who were not privy to this, patiently waited to see how that extraordinary washing would conclude.

The shaver damsel, when she had raised a handful of suds, feigned that there was no more water, and commanded her of the jug to go for more, for which sir Don Quixote would no doubt wait. This she did, and Don Quixote remained the strangest laughter-making picture which could be imagined. All who were present—and they were many—much regarded him, and as they saw him with half a yard of neck more than moderately swarthy, the eyes shut, and the beard full of soap, it was a grand wonder that, with all their discretion, they could dissemble their

laughter. The maidens of the jest held down their eyes, without daring to look at their master and mistress, who, now moved to choler and now to laughter, knew not what to do, whether to chastise the boldness of the girls, or to reward them for the pleasure they had received on having seen Don Quixote after that fashion. At last the damsel of the water-jug arrived, and they made an end of washing Don Quixote, and speedily she who bore the towels cleaned and dried him very deliberately ; then the whole four, having made solemn and profound curtsies and obeisance, would have gone ; but the duke, in order that Don Quixote should not suspect the jest, called to the maiden of the dish, saying—

“Come hither and wash me, and see that the water does not run out.”

The girl, quick and diligent, came and placed the dish for the duke, as she had done for Don Quixote ; and, making haste, they washed and soaped him very well, cleaned and dried him, and making their obeisance, they went out.

It was afterwards known that the duke had sworn that if they had not come and washed him as they had done Don Quixote, he would have chastised their boldness, for which they discreetly made amends by having well soaped him.

Sancho observed all the ceremonies of that washing, and said within himself, “God love us ! suppose it should be the custom in this country to wash the squires’ beards as well as the knights ? ’Fore God and in my soul, there is much need ; and if they were to

give me a good scrape with a razor, I should hold it a still greater benefit."

"What art thou saying to thyself, Sancho?" demanded the duchess.

"I say, señora," answered he, "that in the courts of other princes I have always heard say that, on taking off the tablecloth, they bring water for fingers, but not lye for beards; and that it is needful to live much if you would see much: although they say that he who lives long passes through much care; though, for certain, to pass through a washing such as this is pleasure rather than pain."

"Do not grieve thee, friend Sancho," said the duchess; "I will take care that my maids wash thee, and even lay thee a-bucking, if need be."

"For my beard I will rest me content," answered Sancho, "for the present at least, and for the rest let time slide; God shall tell what is to be."

"See you, master butler," said the duchess, "whatever the good Sancho needs, supply him, and do his bidding in all things."

The chief butler answered that sir Sancho should be served in all things, and on that they went to dinner, taking Sancho with him; the duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote remaining at table, conversing on many and divers things, but all bearing upon the profession of arms and knightly chivalry.

The duchess entreated Don Quixote that he would paint and describe, for that he had so happy a memory, the beauty and features of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who, as fame proclaimed, she held for granted

must needs be the most beautiful creature of the world, and even of all La Mancha.

Don Quixote sighed on hearing what the duchess demanded, and he said, "If I could tear out my heart and plant it before the eyes of your greatness, here, upon this table, and on a platter, I might save the labour of my tongue in telling that which can scarcely be fancied, for then would your excellency behold all pourtrayed upon it; but why should I now endeavour to paint and describe, point for point and part by part, the beauty of the peerless Dulcinea?—it being a burden fitter for other shoulders than mine, an emprise which should occupy the pencils of Parrhasius, Timantes, and Apelles, and the tools of Lysippus, to paint and grave on panels, in marble, and in brass, and the Ciceronian and Demosthenian rhetoric to extol."

"What is the meaning of Demosthenian, sir Don Quixote?" inquired the duchess. "It is a word which I have never heard in all the days of my life."

"Demosthenian rhetoric," replied Don Quixote, "is the same as if one should say the rhetoric of Demosthenes, as Ciceronian of Cicero, who were the two greatest orators of the world."

"That is so," said the duke, "and you, duchess, have shone much in making such inquiry. But, for all, it will give us great pleasure if sir Don Quixote will paint her to us; for, without doubt, even though it be but in sketch and outline, she will come out so as to excite the envy of the most beautiful."

"Most certainly she would," answered Don Quixote, "had not the ill fortune which but lately befel

her blotted her form from my mind ; such an ill fortune, that more fit am I to lament than to describe her. For I would have your greatneses know that a few days ago, going to pay my worship and receive her blessing, her pleasure, and licence for this my third sally, I found other than I looked for : I found her enchanted, and converted from a princess into a village girl, from fair to foul, from an angel to a devil, from sweet-scented to a pestilence, from courteous to clownish, from stately to skittish, from light to darkness, and, finally, from Dulcinea del Toboso to a Sayago drab."

"God shield me !" here exclaimed the duke in a loud voice, "who is he who hath wrought such evil in the world ? Who hath deprived it of the beauty which gladdened it, of the grace which gave it delight, and the modesty which it did honour ?"

"Who ?" replied Don Quixote. "Who could it be, but some one malign enchanter of those many envious ones which persecute me—one of that accursed race, born into the world to darken and destroy the deeds of the good, and bring to light and exalt the feats of the evil ? Enchanters have persecuted me, me enchanters persecute, and me will enchanters persecute, till they shall plunge me and my sublime chivalries into the profound abyss of oblivion : and it is in that part they wound and do me damage where they perceive that I should feel it most ; for to deprive a knight-errant of his dame is to deprive him of the eyes with which he sees, and of the sun which illumines, and the sustenance which doth support him. Many times have I

said, and now will I repeat it, that a knight-errant without a mistress is as a tree without leaves, an edifice without mortar, and a shadow without the substance which is its cause."

"Then there is no more to be said," observed the duchess. "But if, for all this, we have to give credit to the history of Don Quixote, which now but a few days ago was given to the world with general applause of the people, we must collect from thence, if my memory fails me not, that your worship never saw the lady Dulcinea, and that this same lady is not of this world; but is a fantastical lady, whom your worship engendered and brought forth in your own mind, and attired only with all the graces and perfections of your own fancy."

"On this there is much to say," answered Don Quixote. "God knows if there be a Dulcinea in the world or not, or if she be fantastical, or if she be not fantastical: these belong not to the things whose proof can be made absolute. I neither engendered nor brought forth my mistress, albeit I contemplate her as is becoming a lady endowed with all those parts which make her famous among all those of the world, which are beauty without stain, gravity without haughtiness, lovingness with modesty, gratitude with courtesy, courtesy with good breeding, and finally of high birth; because beauty, when mingled with noble blood, shines and displays itself in greater degree of perfectness than the beauty which is of humble birth."

"That is so," said the duke; "but sir Don Quixote must give me leave to say what the history of his

exploits, which I have read, compels me to say : which is that, granted there be a Dulcinea in Toboso or out of it, and that she be beautiful in the high degree which your worship hath painted her to us, in the matter of high birth she does not run on a par with the Orianas, with the Alastrajareas, with the Madásimas,² nor with others of that caste, of which the histories are full, as your worship knows well."

"To this I am able to say," answered Don Quixote, "that Dulcinea is the daughter of her own deeds ; and that virtues perfume blood, and a humble, virtuous man hath to be held in more esteem than a vicious noble : how much more when Dulcinea has qualities which may raise her to be a crowned and sceptred queen ! for the worth of a woman virtuous and fair extends to the working of greater miracles ; and although not formally, yet virtually, she hath stored within her the greatest fortune."

"I observe, sir Don Quixote," said the duchess, "that, in all your worship says, you proceed with great caution, and, as the common saying is, with sounding line in hand : and I, for my part, will henceforward believe, and make all of my house believe, and even the duke my lord, if that were needful, that there is a Dulcinea in Toboso ; and that she is this day living, and is beautiful and of high birth, and deserves that a knight such as sir Don Quixote should serve her, which is the highest compliment that can be bestowed. But I hold one saucy doubt, and have I know not what sort of grudge against Sancho Panza. The doubt is that the aforesaid history relates that the said

Sancho Panza found the said lady Dulcinea, when on your worship's behalf he carried her a letter, winnowing a sack of wheat, and, by other tokens, that the wheat was red—a thing which makes me doubt the nobility of her birth."

To which Don Quixote answered, "Lady mine, your greatness shall know that all or the most part of things which befall me, are without the ordinary bounds of those which happen to other knights-errant, for now they be directed by the inscrutable will of the fates, and again they come charged with the malice of some envious enchanter; and it is now well proved of all or the most of the knights errant and famous, that one had the grace of being proof against enchantment, that another had such impenetrable flesh that he could receive no wound—as Roldan, one of the Twelve Peers of France, of whom it is rehearsed that he could not be wounded save in the sole of the left foot; and that this must be done by the point of a thick pin, and not by any other sort of arm whatever: so that when Bernardo del Carpio slew him at Roncesvalles, perceiving that he could not wound him with his sword, he took him from the ground in his arms and throttled him, recalling then the death which Hercules wrought on Antæus, that fierce giant who they say was a son of Earth. From what I have said, I would infer that it is possible that I might have had some of these privileges bestowed upon me—not that of being proof against wounding, because many times experience has shown me that I am of tender flesh, and in no way invulnerable; nor

yet of being proof against enchantment, for I have seen me put in a cage, where not all the might of the world could have shut me, but for the force of enchantments : and ever since I delivered me from thence, I would fain believe that it is not in the power of any other to hurt me ; and hence these enchanter, seeing that they cannot use their evil craft on my person, avenge themselves on the things which most I do love, and would take away my life by evil entreating that of Dulcinea, in whom I live. So that I believe when my squire carried my ambassage, they then converted her into a rustic, and one busied in so low an office as winnowing corn ; but, as I have said already, that corn was not red, nor of wheat, but grains of orient pearls. And in proof of this truth, I would tell your greatness how, coming but a little while ago by Toboso, never was I able to discover the palaces of Dulcinea ; and that, on another day, Sancho my squire having seen her in her own visage, which is the most beautiful in this rounded orb, to me she did but appear as a farming girl, coarse and foul, and in nothing good and reasonable, while she is the discretion of the world : and since I neither am nor can be enchanted, according to good discourse, she is the enchanted, the affronted, and the changed, permuted, and re-permuted, and in her have mine enemies avenged themselves on me ; and for her I shall live in perpetual tears, until I behold her in her pristine estate. All this have I said that no one may stand upon what Sancho hath told, of the sifting, nor of the winnowing of Dulcinea ; for, since she was permuted to me, no

wonder is it that she was changed to him. Dulcinea is noble and of high birth, and of the noble families which are in Toboso—which are many, ancient, and very excellent—I warrant no small part pertains to the peerless Dulcinea, for whom her town shall be famous and of renown in the ages yet to come, as hath been Troy for Helen, and Spain for Cava, albeit with better title and fairer fame.

“On the other hand, I would have your graces understand that Sancho Panza is one of the wittiest squires which ever served knight-errant. He has at times such an arch simpleness, that the thought of whether he be the more simple or acute causes much pleasure; he is sly enough to be condemned for a knave, and careless enough to be mistaken for a fool; he doubts of everything, and yet believes all things; when I think him about to fall headlong like a fool, he comes out with discretions which raise him to heaven; finally, I would not exchange him for another squire, although they might give me a city into the bargain. And thus am I a little doubtful if it will be well to send him to the government which your greatness hath conferred upon him; although I do see in him a certain aptitude for this post of governor, and with a very little trimming of his understanding, he shall be equal for what government soever, as much as the king is for his taxes: and, besides, we already know by much experience that there is no need for much ability nor much learning to be a governor. Why, there are ayont a hundred that can scarcely read, and yet they govern like so many gyrfalcons. The

point is that they have a good intent and desire to do right in all things, and there will never fail them those who will counsel and guide them in what they should do, like your military governors who are not learned, who give sentence by advice of assessors. My counsel to him will be that no bribe he take, nor right forsake, with some other trifles which I have on my stomach, but which, in due time, shall come forth for the use of Sancho, and the profit of the island which he is to govern."

Thus far in their discourse had come the duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote, when they heard many voices, and a great tumult of people in the palace, and at this moment Sancho entered the hall, in a fretful chafe, having on a strainer for a bib, and following him were many serving-men, or, to speak more correctly, rogues of the kitchen, and other small folk. One carried a small trough of water, which, by its colour and little cleanness, seemed to be dish-water. Sancho was followed and persecuted by him of the kneading-trough, who endeavoured with much anxiety to get it placed beneath his beard, which the other rascal seemed equally anxious to lather.

"What means this, brethren?" demanded the duchess. "What means this, I say? What would you with this good man? What, do ye not consider that he is a governor elect?"

To which the barber rascal answered, "This gentleman does not want to be washed as is the custom, as the duke my master, and as the lord his master, were washed."

“Yea, marry, do I,” retorted Sancho in much choler ; “but I will have it done with cleaner towels, with lye a little clearer, and with hands not so dirty. There is not that difference between me and my master, that him they should wash with angel’s water, and me with devil’s lye. The customs of countries, and in princes’ palaces, are good so far as they give no trouble ; but the custom of washing which they have here is worse than the basting of penitents. My beard is clean, and I stand in no need of such cold scrubbing ; and he who comes to wash me, or to touch a hair of my head—I mean of my beard, to speak with all respect—I will give him such a punch as will leave my fist buried in his skull, for such chirimonies and latherings as these seem to me more like mockeries of guests than entertainments.”

The duchess was dying of laughter at sight of Sancho’s rage and remonstrance ; but it gave no great pleasure to Don Quixote to see him so ill decked with that embrowned clout, and hemmed in with so many jokers of the kitchen ; and so, making a profound obeisance to their graces, as if begging leave to speak, in a calm voice he called to the dogs, and said—

“Holla ! my masters, let this youth alone, and return to where ye came from, or where it may please ye to go ; my squire is as clean as others, and as worthy to be washed in silver. These little troughs are to him more troublesome than long-necked water-bottles ; take my advice and leave him alone, for neither he nor I know aught of mocking.”

Sancho caught the word out of his master’s mouth,

and proceeded, saying, "No, no, let them come on with their stray mockeries, which I will suffer, as it is now night-time. Let them bring a comb, or what they will, and currycomb me this beard; and if they get anything out of it which is offensive to cleanliness, let them clip me like a thief."

Here the duchess, still laughing, said, "Sancho Panza is right in all that he hath said, and in all that he may say: he is clean, and, as he says, has no need of washing; and if our usage please him not, the result rests with him. And, besides, you ministers of cleanliness have been very remiss and careless, if not presumptuous, in bringing to such a personage and such a beard, in place of dishes and jugs of fine gold, and towels of cambric, troughs and kneading-troughs of wood, and clouts and rubbers; but, in short, ye are bad and low bred, thus to show the grudge ye bear towards the squires of knights-errant."

The knavish ministers, and even the chief butler, who came with them, believed that the duchess spoke in earnest, and so they took off the strainer from Sancho's breast, and, all-confused and abashed, they left him and slunk away.

Sancho, perceiving that he was delivered from that which to him seemed an imminent danger, went and threw himself on his knees before the duchess, and said, "From great ladies great favours are hoped for; that which your grace hath done me to-day cannot be paid for with less than the desire to see me dubbed a knight-errant, that I may employ me all the days of my life in serving so high a lady. I am a husbandman,

Sancho Panza is my name, I am married, children I have, and I serve as squire ; if I can serve your greatness with any one of these things, I will be quicker in obeying than your excellency shall be in commanding."

"It is well seen, Sancho," said the duchess, "that thou hast learned courtesy in the school of courtesy itself ; it is well seen, I repeat, that thou hast been nursed at the breast of Don Quixote, who is the cream of compliments and the flower of ceremony, or chirimony, as thou expressest it. Good luck to such a master and such a servant—the one as the pole of knightly chivalry, and the other as the star of squirely fidelity. Rise, friend Sancho ; I will gratify you for your courtesies by making the duke, my lord, with all possible haste perform the promised favour of the government."

On that the discourse came to an end, and Don Quixote went to take his after-dinner nap. But the duchess begged Sancho, if he were not much inclined for sleeping, that he would come and pass the afternoon with her and her maidens in a very cool bower. Sancho answered that although it was true that he had the custom of sleeping four or five hours during the summer heats, yet that, to serve so much goodness, he would try, with all his forces, not to sleep at all that day, and would be obedient to her command ; and he went out. The duke gave fresh orders how that they should treat Don Quixote as a knight-errant, without omitting one jot of the style in which, as it is written, they treated the knights of the days of old.

NOTES TO CHAPTERS XXXI. AND XXXII.

Note 1, page 242.

They entreated him to let them undress him, that they might put him on a shirt. In this Cervantes returns to his satire on the corrupt and corrupting novels of his own time. In the *Amadis de Grecia* (cap. 42) we find that six maidens waited upon the hero at supper, took off his armour, and put him to bed. In the *Sergas de Esplandian* (cap. 156) the emperor is served in like manner after certain terrific combats with the paynims at Constantinople: "The maidens then covered him with a rich mantle, and then seated themselves at his side on mats of gold tissue. Then they did bring in gold candlesticks with their candles alight, and the roses of the garden and other flowers mingled their odours with the sweet things of the maidens;" and in *Morgante* (lib. 2, cap. 72) Reinaldos was served by fair maidens—"one of whom dressed him in a rich shirt of the very whitest and finest cambric, another put on him a pair of black Milan hose, a third a pair of Flemish shoes of black velvet, and a fourth gave him a pair of most precious gloves, dressed with ambar." Don Quixote, accounting modesty as becoming a knight as much as courage, refused to be so waited upon and served.

Note 2, page 262.

The Orianas . . . the Alastrajareas . . . the Madásimas. Some account has already been given of Oriana and Madá-sima in previous notes. Alastrajerea was the wife of the Prince of Astra, who fought with and killed a giant. She was a dreamer of dreams, and once led in battle a reserve of six thousand horsemen.—*Vide La Cronica de Florisel de Niquea*, Part iii. cap. 53.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

OF THE SAVOURY DISCOURSE WHICH THE DUCHESS AND
HER MAIDENS HELD WITH SANCIO PANZA, WORTHY
TO BE READ AND MUCH MARKED.

THE history goes on to relate how that Sancho did not sleep that afternoon ; but, to keep his word, he came after dinner to see the duchess, who, for the pleasure of hearing him talk, made him sit near her on a low chair, although Sancho, from pure good breeding, did not wish to be seated. But the duchess said that he should seat himself as a governor, and talk as a squire, for, in truth, on account of both he merited the ivory settle of the Cid Rui Diaz Campeador himself.

Sancho shrugged his shoulders, obeyed, and sat him down, and the maidens and duennas of the duchess came about him, attending in very great silence, and listening to what he might say. But the duchess was the first to speak, and she said—

“ Now that we are alone, and no one to overhear us, I would that the lord governor resolved me certain doubts which I hold, and are born of the history of

the great Don Quixote, now in print. One of these doubts, then, is that good Sancho never saw Dulcinea—I mean the lady Dulcinea del Toboso—nor carried to her the letter of sir Don Quixote, for that it was left in the pocket-book in the Sierra Morena. How did he dare to feign the answer, and that he found her winnowing wheat, it being all a jest and a lie, and so much to the damage of the reputation of the peerless Dulcinea, and all so unbecoming the quality and fidelity of trusty squires?”

At these words, without making any answer, Sancho rose from the chair, and with stealthy steps, his body bent, and his finger pressed upon his lips, he went over all the room, lifting the draperies, which being done, he came and sat down again, and said—

“Now, my lady, as I have seen that no one is hiding on purpose to listen, besides those who are here present, without fear or fright I will answer what you have asked me, and all that you may put to me. And the first thing I have to tell you is that I hold my master Don Quixote for a downright madman, in spite of his sometimes giving off things which, to my thinking, and even of all who listen to them, are so wise, and run in such fine ruts, that Satan himself could not say better: but for all that, verily and truly, I take him to be a crack-brained. Well, as I have this fixed in my imagination, I dare be bound to make him believe what has neither head nor feet, like that of the answer to the letter, and that which happened only about six or eight days ago, which is not yet in history—I mean that of the enchantment of my lady

Doña Dulcinea ; for I made him believe that she is enchanted, which is no more true than the man in the moon.”¹

The duchess desired him to recount the whole enchantment or jest ; and Sancho told it all exactly as it passed, which caused no small merriment among the hearers.

The duchess, continuing her discourse, said, “ From what honest Sancho has said to me, there has quickened in my soul a scruple, and come a certain whisper to mine ear, which says, ‘ If Don Quixote de la Mancha be mad, silly, and crack-brained, and Sancho Panza his squire knows of it, and yet, for all that, serves him, follows him, and trusts in his vain promises ; then, without any doubt, he is more mad, and more a fool than his master : and if that be so, as it is, an ill reckoning shall be thine, lady duchess, if on such Sancho Panza thou shalt devolve the government of an island ; for he that knows not how to govern himself, how shall he govern others ? ’ ”

“ As God is my judge, lady, that scruple was born head foremost, and please, your ladyship, tell it, to whisper clear, and as it lists ; for I know it speaks truth, and that if I had been wise I should have left my master days ago ; but such was my luck and such my ill fate. I cannot help myself ; I must follow him. We are of the same village ; I have eaten his bread ; I love him much ; he is grateful ; he gave me his colts ; and, over and above all, I am faithful : and so it is impossible any hap can part us but the pickaxe and spade.”² And if so be that your loftiness has no mind

to let them give me the promised government, why, God made me with less, and it may well be that not giving it me shall be the better for my conscience ; for, maugre my being a fool, I know the meaning of the proverb, ‘ To its own hurt did the ant get wings ; ’ and it even might be easier for Sancho the squire to enter heaven than Sancho the governor : they bake as good bread here as they do in France ; and at night all cats are grey ; and sure, the man his lot may rue who hath not broke his fast by two ; and there is no stomach which is a hand bigger than another, which can be filled, as the saying is, either with hay or with straw ; and the little birds of the field have God to feed and take care of them ; and four yards of Cuenca baize give more warmth than any four of Segovia cloth ; and as for leaving this world and getting us under the turf, the way is as narrow for the prince as it is for the peasant ; and the pope’s body does not take up more room in the earth than the grave-digger’s : although one was higher than the other, yet when they both come into the pit they must lie close, and make it fit ; for fit and close they have got to sleep, and that in spite of both their teeth. And so good-night.”

He turned to say, “ If your excellency has no mind to give me the island for being a fool, I will not vex myself with trying to be wise : and I have heard it said that behind the cross lurks the devil ; and that it is not all gold which glisters ; and that from among the oxen, and ploughs, and yokes, they took the husbandman Wamba³ to be king over Spain, and from between his painted cloths, pastimes, and riches, they took

Rodrigo to be eaten up by snakes—that is, if the rhymes of the old tales tell no lies.”

“Why, and how should they lie?” exclaimed Doña Rodriguez, the duenna, who was one of the listeners, “when there is a ballad which says that they shut up Rodrigo the king in a tomb full of toads, and snakes, and lizards, and two days afterwards, out of the middle of the tomb, the king cried, in a low and lamentable voice—

*Now they gnaw me, now they gnaw me,
In the part which sinned the most.*

And, accordingly, this gentleman is right in saying that he would rather be a ploughman than a king, if he is to be eaten up with grubs and things.”

The duchess could not hold her laughter on hearing the simplicity of her duenna, nor withhold her admiration on hearing the arguments and proverbs of Sancho, to whom she said, “The good Sancho knows full well that when a knight hath once made promise, he strives to fulfil it, though it cost him his life. The duke, my lord and husband, although he belongs not to the errants, is yet a knight, and as such will keep his word in the matter of the promised island, in spite of the envy and malice of the world. Let Sancho be of good cheer; when he least expects it, he shall find him seated in his insular chair, and in that of state, and when he begins his government, he shall not give it up for one of a brocade three piles high.⁴ What I charge upon him is that he take heed how he governs his vassals, recollecting that they are all loyal and well bred.”

“As to this of charging me to govern them well, there is no need,” answered Sancho; “for I am naturally charitable, and have compassion on the poor; and from him who can knead and bake, it is not easy to steal the cake. And, by my benison, they shall not cog me with false dice. I am an old dog, and understand all about ‘Come, come;’ and I know when to keep my eyes open, and will not have cobwebs hanging across my lids, for I know where the shoe pinches. I say this, because good fellows will always get help and favour from me, and the bad neither footing nor fellowship; and, to my thinking, in the matter of governments everything lies in making beginning, and it might be that fifteen days of governorship will make me lick my fingers for love of the post, and that I shall know more about it than about field work, to which I was bred.”

“Thou art right, Sancho,” said the duchess; “for no one is born learned, and even bishops are made of men, and not cut out of marble. But to return to the discourse we had concerning the enchantment of the lady Dulcinea. I hold it for certain, and more than proved, that this fancy which Sancho had of mocking his master, and making him believe that the country girl was Dulcinea, and that if his master did not know her, it was because she was enchanted—all was the invention of some of the magicians who persecute sir Don Quixote; because, really and truly, I know from good authority that the peasant maid which sprang on to the colt, was and is Dulcinea del Toboso, and that good Sancho,

thinking to be the deceiver, was himself deceived. And there is no more reason to doubt about the truth of this, than there is of many other things which we never saw. And let me tell you, sir Sancho Panza, that we have our enchanters here, who regard us much, and who tell us what is passing in the world, purely and simply, without twistings or ravellings ; and believe me, Sancho, that the nimble rustic was and is Dulcinea del Toboso—that she is as much enchanted as the mother who bore her ; and when we least think it, we shall see her in her own person, and then will Sancho be delivered from the deception in which he lives.”

“ All that might well be,” said Sancho Panza ; “ and I am inclined to believe now what my master told us he saw in the Cave of Montesinos, where he says he saw the lady Dulcinea del Toboso in the same clothes and dress which I said I had seen her in, when I enchanted her for my own fun only. But now it is all arsy-varsy, as your grace my lady says ; because out of my poor wits it is not possible, nor could I presume to make up, all on the spur of the moment, such a gladsome lie. Nor do I believe that my master is so mad that, by such a poor and weak persuasion as mine, he could be made to believe in a thing so out of all bounds. But lady, not for this should your goodness hold me for a cozener ; for a dolt like me is not obligated to see through the schemes and crafts of infernal enchanters. I feigned all that to escape my master’s threats, and not to insult him ; and if it has come out just the other way, God is in heaven who judges the heart.”

“That is the truth,” said the duchess. “But tell me now, Sancho, what is this which thou tellest of the Cave of Montesinos? I should like to know it.”

Then Sancho Panza related, point upon point, all that has been told in regard of that adventure; which the duchess hearing, she said—

“From this event it might, then, be inferred that since the great Don Quixote says that he saw there the same country maiden which Sancho saw on their coming out of Toboso, without doubt it is Dulcinea, and these enchanters are very clever and altogether unscrupulous.”

“That is what I say,” said Sancho Panza; “and if my lady Dulcinea del Toboso be enchanted, that is her look out: it is not for me to fight my master’s enemies, which, no doubt, are many and full of the devil. True it is that what I saw was a country wench, and I held her for a country wench, and a country wench I still judge her to be; and if she was Dulcinea, that must not fall on my shoulders, or be placed to my account—may I be damned if it should! No, no! And why am I to be called to book at every step, with ‘Sancho said this; Sancho did that; here Sancho turned, and there Sancho turned back,’ as if Sancho were anybody’s money, and not the same Sancho Panza who is now in books all over this world, as Sampson Carrasco tells me, who at least is a bachelor person of Salamanca; and it is not for such to tell lies except when they like, and when it serves them. So there is no reason why anybody should call me to account; and I have a good character, and, according as I have heard my master

say, a good name is better than great riches. Just you fit me into this government, and they shall see wonders ; for he who hath been a good squire will make a good governor."

"All which good Sancho hath now said," replied the duchess, "are Catonian sentences, or at least drawn from the very essence of Michael Verini⁶ himself, *florentibus occidit annis*. In fine, to speak after thine own manner, 'Beneath a poor cloak there often lies a good toper.'"

"In sooth, lady," answered Sancho, "never in my life have I drunk perversely ; being thirsty I might, for I own to nothing of the hypocrite. I drink when I have a mind ; and when I do not want, if they offer it me, I drink not to seem dainty, and for good fellowship ; for he must have a strong heart who will not drink to his friend's pledge. And though I wear breeches, I make no wrong use of them. Consider, too, that the squires of knights-errant seldom drink anything but water ; for they always travel by forests, and woods and holts, mountains and rocks, without finding as much wine as you get in charity, if you would give an eye for it."

"I believe that," said the duchess. "And now, Sancho, hie thee to thy repose, and afterwards we will speak more at length, and will give orders how thou shalt get fitted, as thou sayest, into that government."

Again did Sancho kiss the hands of the duchess, and entreated her that she would have the goodness to see that Dapple was well looked to, for that he was the light of his eyes.

“What Dapple is this ?” demanded the duchess.

“My ass,” replied Sancho, “who, not to give him that name, we usually call Dapple; and this lady duenna I begged when I came into this castle that she would look after him, and she flashed up just as if I had called her old and ugly, though it is more becoming and seemly for duennas to take care of donkeys than to rule it in halls. O God’s love, how did a gentle of my village use to hate these ladies !”

“He must have been some villain,” exclaimed Doña Rodriguez, the duenna; “for, had he been a gentleman and well bred, he would have exalted them above the horns of the moon.”

“Well, well,” said the duchess, “enough ! Break off, Doña Rodriguez, and, Master Panza, be at peace ; this jewel of a Dapple remains in my charge, for, being precious to Sancho, I will hold him in the apples of mine eyes.”

“In the stable will be enough,” answered Sancho. “On the apples of your greatness’s eyes he is not worthy to rest for one moment, nor me neither ; nor will I agree to it, if they should stab me : for although my master says that, in the matter of the courtesies, it is better to lose the game by one card too many than one too little, yet, in these asinine and donkey manners, we should walk compass in hand, and keep in the middle of the way.”

“Carry him with thee, Sancho,” said the duchess, “to thy government ; there mayest thou regale him at thy pleasure, and even release him from labour.”

“Let not your grace, my lady duchess, think that

you have made a jest," said Sancho, "for I have seen more than two asses go to governments ; and if I take mine, it will be nothing new." 6

The arguments of Sancho renewed the laughter and the gladness of the duchess, and dismissing him to his repose, she went to tell the duke all that had passed ; and they two together contrived a plan, and gave orders to prepare it, for a famous jest upon Don Quixote in the style of the chivalries—a style in which they played upon him many others, so jocund and yet so discreet, that they form the best of the adventures which are contained in this great history.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXXIII.

Note 1, page 273.

The man in the moon. The text is, *no siendo mas verdad que por los cerros de Ubeda*—a proverbial expression, the origin and meaning of which are not now known.

Note 2, page 273.

The pickaxe and spade. The tools of the gravedigger and emblems of death. There is a proverb still current in Castile : "If a scorpion bite thee take a pickaxe and spade."

Note 3, page 274.

The husbandman Wamba. "Aliqui memoriæ proditum reliquerunt, *Bambam agricolam* fuisse, atque divino indico *ab aratro ad regni sceptrâ* pertractum verius quam ductum. Sed ego fabulam speciose confictam arbitror."—*Vasæus* ad an. 672.

Note 4, page 275.

Three piles high. What kind of a government this may be it is not easy to determine ; probably one more noted for purple and fine linen, and its neglect of the poor, than anything else.

Note 5, page 279.

Michael Verini, Pellicer says (tom. iv. p. 405), was a native of Minorca, but lived much in Spain, and died at Salamanca in the early part of the sixteenth century. He composed the well-known *De Puerorum Moribus Disticha*, which was printed in Zaragoza, 1525. The Duchess de Villahermosa knew Latin, as did also the Countess de Eril and de Guimerá, who formed the statutes of the *Academia domestica de Buenas Letras*."—*Vide* P. ii. t. i. cxxxi. p. 356.

Note 6, page 281.

Nothing new. There are critics who say that this is *una agudeza maliciosa de Sancho*, which contains an allusion to the evils of his own time, when asses were sent to govern men ; and they add sententiously, "This is an evil of our day, as great as it was then."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

WHICH MAKES REPORT OF WHAT THEY DID TO DISENCHANT THE PEERLESS DULCINEA DEL TOBOSO, WHICH IS ONE OF THE ADVENTURES MOST FAMOUS IN THIS BOOK.

GREAT was the pleasure which the duke and duchess received from the discourse of Don Quixote, and from that of Sancho Panza ; and being fortified in the resolve they had of playing on them some jests which should carry the show and semblance of adventures, they took a hint from what Don Quixote had already related to them of the Cave of Montesinos, to make one which should be very merry. But that which most provoked the marvel of the duchess, was the simplicity of Sancho, which was such that he came to hold it as an infallible truth that Dulcinea del Toboso was enchanted, though he had been the enchanter and cozener in that business. So, having instructed their servants in what they should do, some six days afterwards they took Don Quixote a-hunting, with as great a train of spearmen and hunters as would have served a crowned king. They provided him with a hunting suit, and gave one to Sancho of the finest green cloth ;

but Don Quixote had no mind to use his, saying that to-morrow he must take up the wrathful exercise of arms, and that it was not for him to carry about wardrobes nor pantries. But Sancho took the one they gave him, with the intention of selling it on the first occasion which offered.

The wished-for day being come, Don Quixote armed himself, and Sancho put on his new dress, and, mounted on his Dapple—which he would not leave behind, even though they gave him a horse—he mingled in the troop of the spearmen. The duchess was bravely attired, and Don Quixote, of pure courtesy and manners, took the reins of her palfrey, although the duke protested.

At length they came to a wood which stood between two very high mountains. Here they began to dress their posts, to set the secret ambush and the toils ; and having placed the people in their different stands, they began the hunt with a great noise, hooting and hallooing in such sort that one could not hear the other, as much for the bay of hounds as the sounding of horns. The duchess alighted, and, holding a sharp javelin in her hands, took up her post where she knew that wild boars were accustomed to pass. The duke also alighted, and Don Quixote, and they placed themselves on each side of her grace. Sancho put himself behind them all, without alighting from Dapple, whom he dared not forsake, lest some evil should befall him.

Scarcely had they set foot on ground and got in line, with many others of their attendants, when they

saw making towards them, pressed by the hounds and followed by the huntsmen, an enormous boar, gnashing his teeth and tusks, and foaming at the mouth. On seeing him, Don Quixote slipped his shield, drew his sword, and went out to receive him ; the same did the duke ; and the duchess would have been foremost of all, if the duke had not hindered. Only Sancho, at sight of the angry animal, fled from Dapple, and began to run as fast as he could, and strove to climb into a lofty oak, but could not ; but rather, whilst yet in the middle, holding on to a bough, striving to reach the top, such was his ill luck and little fortune, that the branch broke, and tumbling down, he was caught in the air by a snag of the oak, and so hung, without being able to reach the ground ; which perceiving, and that the green jerkin was torn, and fancying that that fierce animal, if he came that way, would be able to reach him, he began to cry out so lustily, and to roar for help so woefully, that all who heard but did not see him believed that he was in the jaws of some wild beast. Finally, the tusky boar was laid at length, spitted by many javelins ; and Don Quixote, turning his head at the cries of Sancho, by which he recognized him, beheld him hanging from the oak head downwards, and Dapple, who would not forsake him in his calamity, close beside him : and Cid Hamete says that very seldom did he see Sancho Panza without seeing Dapple, or the dapple without seeing Sancho, such was the friendship and good faith which the two kept with each other. Don Quixote went and unhooked Sancho, who, finding himself delivered and on the ground, fell

staring at the torn hunting-coat, and it grieved him in his soul, for he thought that he held a fortune in that suit.

Then they laid the mighty boar athwart a sumpter-mule, and covering him with sprigs of rosemary and boughs of myrtle, they bore him as the spoil of victory to some large field-tents which they had set up in the midst of the wood, where they found the tables spread, and dinner dressed so grand and sumptuously, that the greatness and magnificence of those who gave it might well be seen.

Sancho, showing the wounds of his torn dress to the duchess, said, "Had this been a hunt of hares and little birds, full sure am I that my jerkin had not come to such a pass as this. For my part, I cannot see the pleasure some have in waiting for an animal which, if he catches you with a tusk, might let out your lives. I remember to have heard them sing an old ballad which goes in this way—

*And may the bears upon thy body feed,
As on the regent Favila¹ they did."*

"That was a king of the Goths," said Don Quixote, "who on going to the chase was devoured by the bear."

"That is what I say," cried Sancho. "I do not like princes and kings to put themselves in such dangers just for mere pleasure, which, to my thinking, it ought not to be, seeing it consists only in killing an animal which has done no harm."

"Thou art rather mistaken, Sancho," answered the duke, "for the exercise of the wild chase is more

meet and necessary for kings and princes than any other. The chase is a show of war, in which are stratagems, trammels, and guiles by which, without risk, to conquer the enemy. In it are to be endured cold the very greatest, and intolerable heat; sloth and sleep must be despised; by it the powers of a man are strengthened, and the members which are brought into play made agile. In brief, it is an exercise which may be taken without harm to any, and with much pleasure to most; and the best of it is that it is not common, as are other kinds of sport, excepting falconry, which is also peculiar to kings and great lords: so that, O Sancho, change thy opinion, and when thou art governor, follow the chase, and thou shalt find thee as fine and fresh as a daisy."

"Not so," quoth Sancho; "the good governor and the broken leg must stay at home. Very pretty it would be for the merchants, who, after a weary journey, come to find him, and he taking his pastime in the woods, at which rate the government would soon go to the deuce. By my fay, sir, hunting and pleasure-going are for your idlers, and not for governors. What I think to amuse me with will be a game of brag at Easter, and skittles on Sundays and feast-days; for these huntings and buntings agree not with my condition, nor sort with my conscience."

"Pray God, Sancho, it so prove; but there is a wide way between saying and doing."

"Let it be as wide as it will," answered Sancho. "To the good paymaster pawns bring no pains; and better is he whom God helps, than he who gets up

early ; it is the belly which carries the feet, and not the feet the belly. I mean that if God helps me, and I do what I ought with good meaning, no doubt I shall govern better than a gyrfalcon. Oh, but just let them put their finger in my mouth, they shall see if I can bite or not."

"Damned be thou of God and all his saints, accursed Sancho !" exclaimed Don Quixote ; "when will the day come, as I have often said, when I shall hear thee speak, without a string of proverbs, a seasonable and demented speech ? I pray your greatneses, let this fool begone, or he will grind our souls, not between two, but two thousand proverbs, lugged in so out of time and season, that God bless him or me, if I like to listen to them."

"The proverbs of Sancho," said the duchess, "although more than those of the Greek commentator, are not the less to be esteemed for the brevity of their sayings. For my part, I declare that they delight me more than others which are better called, and more to the purpose."

In this and other enchanting discourse they left the tent for the wood, and passed the day in visiting some of the posts and ambuscades ; and presently night came on, and not so clear nor so quiet as the season demanded, which was high summer tide, but a certain clear dark it brought with it, which much helped the intention of the duke and duchess ; and then, at cockshut time, a little on into the gloaming, suddenly it seemed as if all the wood on its four sides were on fire, and straightway was heard, now here, now there, hither, yonder,

everywhere, an infinity of bugle horns and other instruments of war, as if many troops of horse were passing by the wood. The light of the fire and the clang of the warlike instruments almost blinded and stunned the eyes and ears of the company, and of all those who were in the wood. Then they heard an infinity of *lelilies*, the battle-cry of the Moors in giving battle; the horns and trumpets sounded their alarums, the drums brayed, and the fifes shrieked, all as it were in an instant, and so continuous and fast, that he could have had no sense who did not lose it in that confused and awful concert.

The duke was rapt, the duchess astonished, Don Quixote wonder-struck; Sancho Panza trembled, and even the masters themselves of that occasion were affrighted. The general fear brought forth silence, and a vaunt-courier, dressed like the devil, who passed before them, blowing, instead of a trumpet, a huge and hollow bull's horn, which gave out a snoring and a frightful noise.

"Holla! brother post," cried the duke, "who art thou? whither goest? and what warlike folk be they who appear to be marching through the wood?"

To which the post answered, in a most horrible and void-filling voice, "I am the devil; I am looking for Don Quixote de la Mancha; the folk who come marching here are six troops of enchanters, who are bringing on a triumphal chariot the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso: she comes enchanted, with the gallant Frenchman Montesinos, to give orders to Don Quixote how the said lady may be disenchanted."

“If thou wert the devil, as thou sayest and as thy visage declares, already hadst thou known that thou hast before thee the said knight Don Quixote de la Mancha.”

“In God and my conscience,” replied the devil, “I thought not on it, for my mind is so diverted with many things, that I had forgotten the chief one for which I came.”

“Without doubt,” said Sancho, “this demon must be a man of honour and a good Christian, because if he were not, he would not swear by ‘God and in my conscience.’ Now do I believe that even in hell itself some good folk shall be found.”²

Straight the devil, without dismounting, directing his sight upon Don Quixote, said, “To thee, the Knight of the Lions, whom methinks I see from between their claws, I am sent of the unfortunate but valiant knight Montesinos, who has commanded me, on his part, to tell thee to await him in that same place wherever I might meet thee, for the reason that he brings with him her whose name is Dulcinea del Toboso, in order to give thee what is needful to disenchant her. And as for this end my coming was, so my going shall be for no more; and all devils like me remain with thee, and all good angels with these gentles.” And so saying, he blew the void-filling horn, and turned his back, and was away without awaiting any reply.

Wonder again seized them all, but especially on Sancho and Don Quixote: on Sancho, because, despite the truth, they would have it that Dulcinea was

enchanted ; on Don Quixote, because he could not be quite sure if that which had passed in Montesinos's cave were true or not. And being carried away of these thoughts, the duke said to him—

“ Is it the intention of your worship, sir Don Quixote, to await them ? ”

“ Why should I not await them ? ” answered he. “ Here, intrepid and mighty, will I wait the assault of all hell itself.”

“ Well, if I see another devil, and hear another horn like the last, I will just wait for them under somebody's skirts,” said Sancho.

Now it grew darker, and there began to flit many lights through the wood, very like those which wander in the sky—the dry heats of the earth, which to our vision seem wandering stars. There was heard at the same time a hideous noise, like unto that which is made by the massy wheels of waggons commonly drawn by oxen, whose constant and harsh creaking when they pass makes fly the wolves and bears. To all this hurricane they added another that increased the whole : namely, it was made in all reality to appear that fierce engagements, or as many battles, were raging at each of the four corners of the wood. Here sounded the heavy thunder of the frightful artillery ; there they discharged an infinity of shot guns ; almost close at hand sounded the voice of the combatants ; in the distance rose the Algerian battle-shout. Finally, the trumpets, the bull's horns, the huntsman's horns, the clarionets, bugles, kettle-drums, the artillery, the firelocks and, above all, the thundering

ever of the waggons, formed together a sound of such horrible confusion, that it was necessary for Don Quixote to pluck up all his heart in order to suffer it; but that of Sancho was poured out upon the ground, and he fell fainting under the skirts of the duchess, who received him there, and ordered that they should make great haste and throw water in his face. This they did, and he came to himself just at the moment when one of the waggons with the infernal creaking wheels drew nigh to their post.

It was drawn by four patient oxen, all covered with black palls. On each horn they carried tied a great and flaming torch of wax, and at the top of the waggon was a high seat, on which there sat a venerable old man, with a beard as white as snow itself, and so long that it reached below the waist. His dress was long, of black and glazed buckram; for as the waggon came full lighted with innumerable lights, it was mighty easy to divine and see all which came in it. It was driven by two foul devils dressed also in the same buckram, but with such hateful faces, that Sancho, having seen them once, shut his eyes that he might not see them again. The carriage having come close to the post, the venerable old man rose to his feet, shouting in a loud voice, "I am the sage Lirgandeo;" and the waggon passed on without his speaking another word.

After this came another waggon of the same sort, with another aged man seated aloft on his throne, who contriving the stoppage of the waggon, in a voice no less grave than the other, said, "I am the sage

Alquife, the great friend of Urganda the Unknown ;” and so passed on.

Soon, with the same contents, followed another waggon ; but he which sat upon the throne was not an old man like the others, but a great and lusty fellow, and of a very evil aspect, who, on coming up, rose to his feet like the others, and called out in a voice more grunting and more devilish, “ I am Arcalaus the enchanter, the mortal enemy of Amadis of Gaul, and all his kinsmen ;” and so passed on.

These three waggons drew thence a little aside, and came to a stand, and then ceased the rumbling roar of their wheels ; and presently no other noise was heard save the sound of sweet concerted music, by which Sancho was gladdened, and held it as a good sign, and told the duchess so, from whom not an inch or a step had he stirred—

“ Lady, where there is sweet music there cannot be any harm.”

“ Nor where there be light and clearness,” answered the duchess.

To which Sancho replied, “ Fire gives light, and bonfires clearness, as we see from those which are close by us ; and these could easily burn us : but music is always a token of jollities and feasts.”

“ Time will show,” said Don Quixote, who had listened to all ; and he said well, as will be seen in the chapter which follows.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXXIV.

Note 1, page 286.

The regent Favila. The son and successor of Pelayo. On the spot where Favila was killed, a monastery called San Pedro de Vellanueva was built by Alfonso I. On the door of the church belonging to this monastery is a rude representation of the last scenes of Favila's life. In one part there is a horseman in mail, with a helmet on his head and a hunting spear in his hand, and a lady endeavouring to detain him. In another part, finding that he was not to be detained, she is kissing him, as if bidding him adieu. In a third there is the horseman with his sword run through the body of a boar, and at the same time the animal is grasping the shield with his fore paws, and with open mouth girding at him. As the monastery and church were erected by the immediate successor of Favila, at the entreaty of the princess Hermesinda, daughter of Pelayo and wife of Alfonso I., it may be admitted as conveying a correct account of that prince's untimely end.—Dunham, *Hist. Spain*, ii. 124.

Note 2, page 290.

Now do I believe that even in hell itself some good folk shall be found. Sancho's belief is expressed by Burns ;

*O wad ye tak a thought an' men' !
 Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
 Still hae a stake—
 I'm wae to think upo' yon den,
 Ev'n for your sake.*

Address to the Deil.

No doubt the pious oath in the mouth of the devil glances at the use of such calling upon God by hypocrites and thieves like Calixto and Melibea in the *Celestina*, and others in common life.

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHEREIN IS PROSECUTED THE REPORT MADE TO DON
QUIXOTE ON THE DISENCHANTMENT OF DULCINEA,
WITH OTHER ADMIRABLE SUCCESSES.

MOVING to the time of the delightful music, they saw coming towards them a waggon, one of those which they call triumphant, drawn by six grey mules, covered, but with white linen ; and on each one there rode a penitent of light,¹ also clothed in white, with a great wax torch burning in his hand. The waggon was twice, nay, even thrice as big as those which had passed, and the sides and top were occupied by twelve other penitents, very white, even as snow,² all with their torches burning—a sight which caused equal terror and surprise. Seated on a lofty throne came a nymph decked out in a thousand veils of silver tissue, an infinity of gilded silver scales flashing on them, which made it, if not rich, yet at least a dress extremely gaudy ; her face was covered with a transparent and airy taffeta, of such sort that its threaded texture did not hide the most beautiful features of the maiden, while the many lights made it easy to distinguish her

beauty and her age, which seemingly did not exceed twenty years, nor could be less than seventeen. Seated next to her was a figure clothed in a robe of that kind called a train, which reached to the feet; the head covered with a black veil; and as the cart came up in front of the duke and duchess and Don Quixote, the music of the clarions ceased, and, soon after, that also of the harps and lauds which played in the waggon, and the figure wearing the robe, rising to its feet, throwing it open on both sides, and taking the veil from off its face, discovered itself plainly to be the figure of Death itself, raw-boned and foul; at which Don Quixote was troubled, Sancho became fearful, and the duke and duchess showed some feeling of terror.

This life-mocked Death, rising to its feet, in a drowsy voice and a tongue not very wakeful, began to speak after this manner:—

*“ I Merlin am, of whom the legends old
Affirm I had the devil for my sire—
A lie which passed for truth in olden times—
Prince of the magic art, monarch, and sole
Embodiment of Zoroastrian lore,
Determined foeman of the times and ages
That fain with envious fingers would efface
The grand achievements of the brave knights-errant,
For whom I had and have a vast affection.
'Tis true the enchanters, wizards, and magicians
Are most of aspect rough, uncouth, and fearsome,
But I am tender, bland, and loving kind,
And full of great good will to all mankind.*

*“ Within the murky caves of gloomy Dis,
Where I was seated with my soul absorbed
In tracing mystic signs and lines rhomboidal,
There pierced the doleful accents of the fair*

*And peerless Dulcinea del Toboso.
 I knew of her enchantment and ill luck,
 Her transformation from a gentle dame
 To a coarse country wench. With pity moved,
 I shut my spirit up within the womb
 Of this most grim and fierce anatomy,
 And, having thumbed a hundred thousand tomes
 Of this my science weird and diabolic,
 I come to give the remedy you require
 For grief so great, calamity so dire.*

*“ O thou, the pride and pink of such as wear
 Their martial coats of steel and diamond,
 Light, lanthorn, sign-post, Polar star, and guide
 Of such as, shunning sloth and downy beds,
 Do train themselves by wear and tear stupendous
 To use and exercise of bloody arms—
 To thee I say, O man beyond all praise,
 To thee, most valiant and most wise Don Quixote,
 Crown of La Mancha, and the star of Spain,
 That to recover to her first estate
 The matchless Dulcinea del Toboso,
 It is imperative that Sancho there,
 Thy squire, should on his brawny buttocks twain,
 Bared to the heavens, give with his own hand
 Three thousand lashes, and three hundred more,
 With force to sting, smart, and exasperate ;
 So have decreed the authors of her plight,
 For this, my masters, have I come to-night.”*

“ God’s my life !” here exclaimed Sancho, “ I say not three thousand stripes, but will just as soon give me three as three stabs. To the devil with this sort of disenchanting ! I know not what my seat has to do with enchantments. God ’a mercy on her soul ! but if Master Merlin cannot find some other way to disenchant the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, she can go enchanted to her grave.”

“ I will take thee,” exclaimed Don Quixote, “ thou Don garlic-eating rascal, and tie thee to a tree, naked as thy mother bore thee, and I say not three thousand and three hundred, but six thousand and six hundred stripes will I give thee, so well stuck on that they shall not fall from off thee with three thousand three hundred tugs ; and answer me never a word, or I will tear out thy soul ! ”

Which when Merlin heard, he said, “ Thus it must not be, because the lashes which honest Sancho has to receive must be of his own good will, and not of force, and at what time he pleases, for no time is fixed for him ; but it shall be lawful, if he wishes to redeem him of vexation, to remit the half of his whipping by suffering the other half to be laid on with another hand, although it be somewhat weighty.”

“ Nor another’s, nor my own, nor weighed nor weighty hand whatever,” answered Sancho, “ shall touch me. Did I per hap bring forth the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, that my seat should pay for the lust of her eyes ? My master, yes—who is a part of her—who calls her, at every step, ‘ my life, my soul,’ his sustenance and prop—he can and ought to whip himself for her, and do all the needful offices which are required for her disenchantment ; but to whip myself ? I denounce them all.”

Scarcely had Sancho pronounced these words, when the plated nymph which sat by the spirit of Merlin rose to her feet, removing the subtle veil that disclosed a face which, to every one’s seeming, appeared more than exceeding fair, and with a masterful grace, and in

a voice not very ladylike, said, speaking directly to Sancho Panza—

“O ill-fated squire, as poor of soul as mean of heart, and merciless in mind, and cruel, had they bidden thee, thief and shamefaced, to hurl thee from some lofty tower to the ground; had they asked of thee, thou enemy of human kind, to eat a dozen of toads, two of lizards, and three of snakes; and thee had they persuaded to kill thy wife with some trenchant and pointed scimitar—it had been no marvel to find thee nice and coy; but to make ado for three thousand and three hundred stripes? Why, there is no charity boy of any Christian school, however poor, who does not get as many once a month. It amazes, benumbs, and affrights the compassionate bowels of all who have heard it, and even of all those who shall come to hear of it in the discourse of time. Put, O mean and hardened brute! put, I say, these thy mulish shying eyes upon the pupils of mine, comparable to the flashy stars, and behold and see them fill and let fall their tears, making deep and salty furrows in the fair fields of these my cheeks. Be moved, thou sly and evil-minded monster, by my flowery age, which is still in its tens of years (for though I be full nineteen, I am not twenty yet), spent and withering beneath the rind of a rustic wench; and if I do not seem so now, it is for the special favour which Master Merlin hath wrought me, and who is now present, and because my beauty might soften thee; for the tears of the afflicted fair turn rocks into cotton balls, and tigers into ewes. To it, then; give it thee on that sleeky

hide, O beast untamed ! pluck thy courage from the sloth which inclines thee only to eat, and still to eat, and give liberty to the softness of my flesh, the gentleness of my temper, and the fairness of my face ; and if, for my sake, thou wilt not move thee, nor be mollified to some reasonable terms, be it then for the sake of this poor knight whom thou hast beside thee—for thy master, I say, whose soul I see traversed athwart his throat, not ten inches from the lips, awaiting only thy harsh or tender answer, either to start from his mouth or return to his stomach.”

Don Quixote, on hearing this, felt his throat, and turning him to the duke, he exclaimed, “By God’s love, Dulcinea hath spoken true ; I have here my soul stuck in my throat like the nut of a cross-bow.”

“What sayest thou to this, Sancho ?” inquired the duchess.

“I say, señora,” returned Sancho, “what I have said already, that I denounce all lashes.”

“Renounce, thou shouldst say, Sancho, and not ‘denounce,’ as thou hast it,” said the duke.

“Leave me alone, an’t please your greatness, for I have now no mind for riddles, nor for one letter more or less ; and these stripes which they want to give me, or I am to give myself, hold me so confused that I know not what I do, nor what I say. But I should like to know from my lady, the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, where she picked up that way of praying which she has. She comes to ask me to cut my flesh open with lashes, and calls me ‘poor of soul,’ and a ‘beast untamed,’ with a long string of nicknames, which

the devil may bear if he likes. Do you suppose my flesh is made of brass? or shall I get anything by her being disenchanted? What basket of white clothes, of shirts, of handkerchiefs, or socks—although I do not wear them—does she offer to smooth me down? None; but only one railing on another, when she might have known the proverb which goes yonder, that an ass laden with gold mounts lightly the hill; and gifts break stone walls; and to God, while we pray, let us hammer away; and one take thou is better than two I promise. And my master, too, who ought to give me a lift up the slope, and to coax me to make me into wool and carded cotton, says that he will take and tie me naked to a tree, and double the stake of the stripes. And these tender-hearted gentles should consider that they not only expect a squire to whip himself, but a governor. No doubt, after fruit a drink of water, as they say. Let them learn better, and be hanged, how to pray and ask favours, and show some breeding. All times are not the same, nor are men always in a good humour. Here am I, bursting with grief to see my green jerkin torn, and they come and ask me to whip myself of my own will, I being about as near doing it as turning cacique.”

“But, in truth, friend Sancho,” said the duke, “if thou dost not soften thee more than a ripe fig, thou wilt enter upon no government. Mighty well would it be for me to send my insulars a cruel governor, with no bowels of compassion, and who will not bend to the tears of distressed maidens, nor to the entreaties of discreet, imperious, and ancient enchanters and sages.

In short, Sancho, either thou must be scourged or thou scourge thyself, or thou canst be no governor."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "will they not give me two days' time for me to think what is best for me to do?"

"No, in no wise," said Merlin; "here, on this instant and on this spot, must this business be settled, or Dulcinea returns to the Cave of Montesinos and her pristine condition of the country girl, or as she is shall she be carried to the Elysian fields, there to await the accomplishment of the whippings."

"Come, then, good Sancho," said the duchess, "cheer thee, and show thy gratitude for the bread which thou hast eaten of Don Quixote, whom we are all bound to serve and love for his good nature and his high chivalries. Give the aye, lad, to this whipping bout, and to the devil with the devil, and all fear to pale livers; for a stout heart makes ill fortune quail, as well thou knowest."

To such arguments Sancho answered with these fond speeches addressed to Merlin: "Tell me, your worship, master: when the devil postman came hither, he gave a message to my master from Montesinos, bidding him, on his part, to wait for him here, because he was coming to give orders for the lady Dulcinea del Toboso to get disenchanted; and so far we have not seen Montesinos, nor anybody like him."

To which Merlin answered, "The devil, friend Sancho, is an ignoramus and a very great knave. I sent him in search of thy master; not with a message from Montesinos, but from me; because Montesinos

is in his cave, conceiving, or, to speak better, hoping for his disenchantment—for there remains the tail to skin yet—and if he owes thee anything, or thou hast any business to do with him, I will bring him and put him where it shall most please thee. And now make up thy mind to say yea to this discipline ; and believe me that it shall do thee much good, as much for the soul as the body : for the soul, because of charity ; for the body, because I know that thou art of full habit, and letting out a little blood will do thee no harm.”

“There are many doctors in the world—even the enchanters are doctors,” said Sancho ; “but since everybody tells me, although I do not see the reason, I say that I am ready to give me the three thousand and three hundred lashes, on condition that I give me them when and how I please, without fixing any rate for the days or the time ; and I can get out of debt as quick as possible, that the world may enjoy the beauty of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso ; for, as it seems—the reverse of what I had thought—she is, in short, beautiful. There is also to be a condition, that I am not to draw blood with the whip ; and if any lash misses, it shall go to the account. Item : that if I make a mistake in the number, Master Merlin, who knows everything, shall take care of the count, and advise me of how many I lack, and what are over.”

“Of those which are over there is no need to advise thee,” replied Merlin ; “for, on coming to the exact number, at once and right away the lady Dulcinea becomes disenchanted, and she will come grateful in search of the good Sancho, and to give him thanks

and even rewards for the good work. So that there is no need for scruple about those which are over, nor for those which lack ; nor will Heaven allow me to cheat any one, even though it be of a hair of the head."

"Come on, then, and God be with us," said Sancho. "I consent to my evil fortune ; I say that I accept the penance on the conditions laid down."

Scarcely had Sancho uttered these last words, when the music of the clarions began again, and the firing off of the many hand-guns. Don Quixote hung about Sancho's neck, giving him a thousand kisses on the cheek and forehead. The duchess, and the duke, and all the bystanders gave tokens of having received the very greatest happiness. The waggon began to travel, and, on passing by, the beauteous Dulcinea bowed her head to their graces, and made a great reverence to Sancho.

And now did the jocund and smiling morn come on apace ; the little flowers of the field stood erect in pomp ; and the liquid crystals of the brooks, making music with the enamelled stones, rose to pay their tribute to the rivers which awaited them : the earth was glad, the welkin clear, sweet the air, and wondrous fair the light ; and each of itself, or all combined, gave signal tokens that the day which came treading on Aurora's skirts would be calm and bright.

The duke and duchess, content with the hunt, and that they had carried out their intent so discreetly and well, returned to their castle with purpose of repeating their jest, which to them brought more delight than any goodly thing done in earnest.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XXXV.

Note 1, page 295.

A penitent of light. This is a gipsy phrase for one who is condemned to wear a sheet at the church door and bear a great candle unlighted.

Note 2, page 295.

Very white, even as snow. This passage is in obvious imitation of the style of *La historia del Caballero del Febo*. The following extract will suffice to show this:—"The triumphal car was one hundred feet in length by fifty in breadth, and was drawn by twelve unicorns, very white, even as snow, on each of which a dwarf was mounted, having in his hand a whip wherewith to guide them. Going before the car was a troop of damsels most richly dight, on horseback, seated on pads of unicorn, and after them came another troop, even of giants. The car had two seats, ornamented to a marvel: in one sat the Princess Lindabrides, clothed in a robe of gold tissue. At her side, on the other seat, sat a knight armed in miraculous armour: this was Prince Meridian; and at his feet and the feet of the lady Claridiana there sat six maidens, all dressed in silver and wrought gold, having *laudes* in their hands, and discoursing sweet and accordant music."—Part I. lib. 2, cap. 21.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

WHEREIN IS REHEARSED THE STRANGE AND NEVER-BEFORE-IMAGINED ADVENTURE OF THE HEART-SICK DUENNA, OTHERWISE THE COUNTESS TRIFALDI; TOGETHER WITH A LETTER WHICH SANCHE PANZA WROTE TO HIS WIFE TERESA.

THE duke had a steward of very comic and easy wit, who took the part of Merlin, and contrived all the furniture of the late adventure, made the verses, and taught a page to represent Dulcinea. Finally, by his lord's leave, he prepared another of the most pleasant and delightful artifices which could be imagined.

On the morrow the duchess demanded of Sancho if he had begun the task of the penance which he had to do to disenchant Dulcinea. He said that he had, and that on that night he had given himself five stripes. The duchess demanded with what he had given them. He replied with his hand.

"That," said the duchess, "is more like slapping than whipping. I am quite sure that the sage Merlin will not rest content with so much delicacy. It will be needful that honest Sancho make him

some lash of nails and wire, or knotted whipcord, that the scourgings may be felt ; for it is the rod which carries home the lesson, and the deliverance of so great a lady as Dulcinea is not to be got at so cheap a rate ; for know, Sancho, that works of charity done lukewarmly and slackly have neither merit nor value."

To which Sancho answered, "Your excellency shall bind me up some likely rod, or a bit of a flail, so that I can whip myself and not smart too much ; for I would have your grace to know that, although I am rustical, my flesh has more of cotton than hemp, and there is no sense in threshing myself for another's profit.

"All in good time," replied the duchess ; "and to-morrow I will give thee a scourge which shall fit thee to a hair, and serve thy skin as if it were its own sister's."

On which Sancho answered, "Your highness and my most dear lady must know that I have written a letter to my wife, Teresa Panza, telling her everything which has happened me since I parted from her. I have it here in my breast, and there is nothing wanting but the direction to be put on. I should like for your discreteness to read it, because I am thinking that it is liable and congruent for your governor—I mean the way in which governors ought to write."

"And who dictated it ?" inquired the duchess.

"Who should dictate it but me, sinner as I am ?" answered Sancho.

"Didst thou write it, too ?" asked the duchess.

"Not if I know it," said Sancho, "because I

neither know how to read nor write ; but I know how to sign."

"Let us see it," said the duchess, "for I dare be sworn that therein thou showest the quality and fitness of thy parts."

Sancho drew an open letter from his bosom, and the duchess, taking it, saw that it read after this manner :—

A Letter from Sancho Panza to Teresa Panza, his Wife.

"If I was well flogged, I was prettily mounted ; if I hold a good government, it cost me fine stripes. This thou shalt not now understand, my dear Teresa, but thou shalt know hereafter. Know then, Teresa, that I am determined that thou shalt go in thy coach, which is all to the purpose ; for all other kind of going is going on all fours. Thou art now a governor's wife, and we will see if anybody dare backbite thee. With this I send thee a green suit, for a huntsman, which my lady the duchess gave me ; get it altered so as it will do for a body and skirts for our daughter. Don Quixote, my master, according to what I hear them say in these parts, is a wise idiot and a witty fool, and that I do not come far behind him. We have been to the Cave of Montesinos, and Merlin the sage has laid hold of me for the disenchantment of Dulcinea del Toboso, who out there goes by the name of Aldonza Lorenzo. With three thousand three hundred stripes, less five, which I have to lay on myself, she is to come out disenchanted like the mother which bore her. Do not tell this to anybody ; for if thou ask

advice on thine own things, one will cry white and another black. In a few days I am off to the government, whither I go with eager longing to make money, for they tell me that all new governors go with this same notion. I will feel its pulse, and advise thee whether thou shouldst come to be with me or not.

“Dapple is well, and sends thee his hearty service ; nor will I give him up though they make me the Grand Turk. The duchess my lady kisses thy hands a thousand times : send it back with two thousand ; for there is nothing which costs less, or is so cheap, according to what my master says, as good manners. It has not pleased God that I should come on another valise with another hundred crowns like the last ; but let not that hurt thee, Teresa mine, for he is safe who rings the alarm bell, and all will come out in wringing the government. But what they tell me gives me great pain—that if I do try it once, I shall have to bite my fingers after it ; and if so, it would not cost me so very cheap, although the maimed and the halt do get their canonry by the alms they beg, so that by one way or another thou shalt come to be rich and happy.

“God grant it as he can, and keep me to serve thee.

“Thy husband,

“GOVERNOR SANCHO PANZA.

“This from the Castle, on June 20, 1614.”

The duchess, when she had read the letter, said to Sancho, “In two things the good governor goes a little astray ; one in saying, or in giving to understand, that they have given him this government for

the stripes he has to give himself, he knowing—which cannot be denied—that when the duke my lord promised it to him, there was not even the sound of stripes in the world. The other is, that he shows himself in it very covetous, and it is not my wish that he be one thing while I desire another; for covetousness bursts the bag, and the covetous governor's justice upsets all government."

"I did not mean all that," said Sancho; "and if your grace thinks that that letter is not as it should be, there is nothing for it but to tear it up and make a new one; and yet it might be worse, if it be left to my witting."

"No, no," said the duchess, "this will serve, and I will have the duke see it."

So they passed into a garden where they were to dine that day. The duchess showed Sancho's letter to the duke, which caused him great merriment.

They dined, and after the cloth was taken away, and they had entertained themselves a good space with the savoury discourse of Sancho, suddenly they heard the most doleful sound of a fife, and the same of a lumbering unstrung drum. They all showed much disturbance at the confused, warlike, and most sad harmony, especially Don Quixote, who could not keep his seat for pure restlessness. As for Sancho, there is nothing more to say but that fear carried him to his accustomed refuge, which was the side or the skirts of the duchess; for, really and of a truth, the sound which pierced their ears was most sad and melancholy. And as all stood thus rapt, they saw coming towards them, through the

garden, two men dressed in mourning suits, so long and trailing that they dragged along the ground. These came beating the drums, which were also covered with black. At their side came the fifer, black and stately like the rest. There followed the three a personage gigantesque, mantled, but not clad, in the blackest cassock, of monstrous length, long drawn out ; over the cassock was bound and crossed a wide scarf, also black, from which there hung a monstrous scimitar with black guards and scabbard ; his face was covered with a black transparent veil, through which could be seen a mighty long beard, as white as snow. He came on to the sound of the drums, with much repose and gravity. In brief, his bulk, his martial stalk, the blackness of his darkness, and his surroundings might well amaze all those who, without knowing, beheld him. On he came with the slowly winding pause of pageantry already mentioned, and fell on his knees before the duke, who, with the others, was standing up, taking much heed. But the duke would in no wise suffer him to speak until he arose.

The portentous prodigy did as he was bid : and now, standing upright, he raised the veil from before his face, and revealed the most horrid, the longest, the whitest, and the thickest beard which, up till then, human eyes had ever beheld ; and anon he let loose and discharged from out his wide and ample chest a grave, sonorous voice, and fixing his eyes on the duke, he said, " High and mighty lord, they call me Trifaldin of the White Beard, and I am squire to the Countess de Trifaldi, known by another name as the

Duenna Dolorous, from whom I come, bearing an ambassage to your grandeur ; which is that you of your magnificence shall be pleased to give faculty and licence to her to enter here to tell her trouble, which is the newest and most admirable that ever troubled thought could think in all the world ; and first she wishes to know if there be at your castle the valorous and never-conquered Don Quixote de la Mancha, in whose search she has come on foot and fasting from the kingdom of Candaya to this your estate—a thing which is and ought to be held for a miracle or the work of enchantment. She stays at the gates of this fortress or country house, and only waits your grace's good will to enter."

He finished, Then he coughed, and stroked his beard from top to bottom with both hands, and with great calmness he awaited the duke's answer, which was as follows :—

"It is now, noble squire Trifaldin of the White Beard, many days that we have had news of the mishap of my lady the Countess de Trifaldi, whom the enchanters insist on calling the Duenna Dolorous : freely, stupendous squire, tell her to come in, and that the valiant Don Quixote de la Mancha is here, from whose generous nature thou mayest with all certainty be sure of all help and succour ; and at the same time freely add from me that if my help be needed, it shall not be lacking ; for I am so held by my knighthood to give it, the which binds me to succour all sorts and conditions of women, in particular widowed duennas who are in sorrow and dolour, to which denomination her ladyship belongs."

On hearing which, Trifaldin bent a knee to the ground, and making a sign to the fifer and the drummers to play to the same sound and pace by which he entered, he passed out of the garden, leaving all astonished for his presence and composition. And the duke, turning to Don Quixote, said—

“In short, famous knight, neither the clouds of malice nor ignorance can conceal or obscure the light of valour or virtue. This I say because it is scarcely six days since your goodness has lodged in this castle, and already there come in search of you from the far and distant parts of the earth, and that not in coaches or on dromedaries, but on foot and fasting, the sorrowful and afflicted, being well sure that in this most brave arm they shall find the remedy for their cares and trials : thanks to your great deeds, which run the round of all the discovered world.”

“I only wish, sir duke,” replied Don Quixote, “that that blessed parson were now here present, who at table the other day displayed such ill will, and held so great a grudge against knights-errant, in order that he might see with his own eyes whether knights-errant are needful to the world ; to touch, at least, with his finger the truth that the very extraordinarily sorrowful and afflicted ones, in great cases and enormous miseries, go not to seek their remedies at the homes of the learned, nor of parish clerks, nor of knights who never dared to journey beyond the limits of their own village ; nor of the ease-loving knight of the court, who rather listens for news to tell and rehearse again, than strives how to do works and deeds that others may recount or write of him. The remedy of troubles,

the succour of all the needy, the shield of maidens, the consolation of widows in no sort of persons is better found than among knights-errant; and that I am of them, I give infinite thanks to Heaven, and I hold as well employed whatever disaster or moil may come upon me in this so honourable profession. Let this duenna come and demand what she may, I will despatch her remedy by the force of my arm, and the intrepid resolve of my most courageous spirit."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

WHEREIN IS CONTINUED THE FAMOUS ADVENTURE OF THE
DUENNA DOLOROUS.

THE duke and duchess were in extreme delight to see how corresponsive Don Quixote was to their intent ; and at that moment Sancho said—

“ I wish that this lady duenna may not make any breach in the promise of my government, because I have heard a 'pothecary of Toledo say—and he talked like a linnet—that wherever these duennas interpose themselves, nothing good can come. Godsoons ! what a spite that 'pothecary did have for them ! From which I learn that all duennas are janglers and busy-bodies, whatever their quality and condition may be. What, then, will be your dolorous sort, of which they say this Countess Three Skirts is one ? Or is it Three Tails ? In my country skirts and tails, tails and skirts, are all one.”

“ Hold thy peace, friend Sancho,” said Don Quixote ; “ for this lady duenna, who comes from such far-off countries in search of me, will not be of those whom the apothecary had on his list : how much more when

she is a countess ! and when countesses serve as duennas, it is in the service of queens and empresses, and they govern in their own houses, and are served of other duennas."

To this Doña Rodriguez, who happened to be present, replied, " Her grace my lady the duchess has duennas in her service who might, if fortune willed, be countesses ; but the laws go as kings make them. Let no one speak ill of duennas, and especially of the aged maiden ones ; and although I am not one, yet I can perceive—indeed, it is transparent to me—the advantage which a maiden duenna has over a widow duenna, and they who shear us always take care to carry off the scissors."

" For all that," answered Sancho, " there is plenty to shear in your duennas ; although, according to my barber, it is better not to stir the rice, even if it sticks."

" Always these squires," replied Doña Rodriguez, " are enemies of us ; for as they haunt the ante-chamber, and spy us at every turn, the hours they are not at prayers—which are many—they spend in back-biting us, digging up our bones, and burying our reputations. But I tell these living logs that, in spite of their teeth, we shall continue to live in the world, and in noble families, although they wall us in with hunger, and cover our delicate or not delicate skins with nuns' black weeds, as they cover or dress a dung-heap with flowers on procession days. By my fay, if I were allowed, and the hour suited, I would make understand, not only those who are present, but all the world, how that there is no virtue which is not enclosed in a duenna."

“ I believe,” said the duchess, “ there is reason, and very great reason, in what my good Doña Rodriguez says ; but it were better to wait for a more convenient season for her to answer for herself and the other duennas, in order to confound the ill opinion of that wicked apothecary, and to root out that which the great Sancho hath in his breast.”

To which Sancho answered, “ Ever since the smell of governor got into my head, I have lost the giddiness of squire, and I do not care a straw for all the duennas there are.”

They would have carried on this duennesque dialogue, if they had not heard the fife and the drums strike up again, by which they knew that the Duenna Dolorous had arrived.

The duchess asked of the duke if it would not be right to go and receive her, seeing that she was a countess and a person of nobility.

“ For that she is a countess,” exclaimed Sancho, before the duke could answer, “ I think your greatnesses should go out and receive her ; but for her being a duenna, I am of opinion that you should not stir a step.”

“ Who asked thee to meddle in this, Sancho ? ” demanded Don Quixote.

“ Who, sir ? ” retorted Sancho. “ I asked myself, as I may meddle like a squire that has learned the laws of courtesy in your worship’s school, who is the most courteous and best-bred knight in all courtesanity ; and in these things, according as I have heard your worship say, you lose as much by a card too many, as by a

card too little : and to one of good understanding, few words."

"It is even as Sancho says," observed the duke. "Let us see the figure of the countess, and by that we will measure the courtesy which is due to her."

Here entered the drums and fife as at the first. And here the author ended this brief chapter and began the other, going on with the same adventure, which is one of the most notable of the history.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WHEREIN REHEARSAL IS MADE BY THE DUENNA
DOLOROUS OF HER EVIL FORTUNE.

BEHIND the tristful musicians there began to enter by the garden a quantity of some dozen duennas, divided in two wings, all dressed in a certain nun's dress, very wide, and seemingly of ribbed serge, with tires of fine white muslin, so long that only the hem of the dress could be seen. After these came the Countess Trifaldi, whom the squire Trifaldin of the White Beard led by the hand. She was dressed in the very finest black unfrizzed baize; for, i'faith, had it been frizzed, every grain of it would have shown as big as the best beans in Martos. The tail or skirt, or whatever they call it, had three points, which were borne in the hands of three pages, dressed also in mourning, making a charming and mathematical figure of three acute angles, formed of the three points; from which all who beheld the pointed skirt fell into the belief that for that reason she was called the Countess Trifaldi, as if we should say the Countess of Three Skirts. And such, says Benengeli, is the truth, and that her real surname was the Countess de Wolffe, for that they bred many

wolves in her country ; and so, if they had been foxes instead of wolves, she would have been called the Countess de Foxe, it being the custom in those parts for lords to take the denomination of their titles from the thing or things in which their estate most abounded. However, this countess, to protect the novelty of her skirt, dropped the surname de Wolffe, and took that of de Trifaldi.

The twelve duennas and the lady came on at procession pace, their faces covered with black veils, not transparent like that of Trifaldin, but dense, through which no translucent thing could shine. When the duennesque squadron had finished coming in, the duke and the duchess and Don Quixote rose up, as did all those who beheld that very slow procession.

The duennas halted, and made a lane, down which Dolorous came on without letting go Trifaldin's hand ; which the duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote perceiving, they advanced a work of twelve paces to receive her. She, kneeling on her knees on the ground, in a voice rather ponderous and rough than subtile and delicate, said—

“May it please your greatnesses to spare your courtesies to this your varlet—I mean your handmaid ; for, as my being is full of dolour, I shall not be able to concert as I ought an account of the strange and never-before-seen misfortune which has carried off my mind, I know not where ; and it must be very far, because the more I search for it the less can I find it.”

“He would lack a mind, lady countess,” answered the duke, “who could not by your person discover your worth, which, without beholding more, merits all the cream of courtesy and all the flower of well-bred ceremony ;” and, taking her by the hand, he led her to a chair by the side of the duchess, who also received her with much kindness.

Don Quixote was silent, and Sancho was nearly dead with desire to see the face of the Trifaldi, or of one of the many duennas ; but it was not possible until they of their will and pleasure should uncover them. All were calm and stood in silence, waiting to see which should break it, and it was so when the duenna Dolorous began in these words :—

“I am confident, lord most mighty, lady most beauteous, and you my most discreet auditors, that my most unequalled misery shall find acceptance in your most valiant breasts, no less placid than generous and pitiful ; for it is such that it is sufficient to soften marble, melt the diamond, and mollify the steel of the hardest hearts of the world : but before it stalks in the market-place of your lugs, not to say ears, it would like me much to know if there be here in this fraternity, choir, and company the purifiedissimo knight Don Quixote de la Manchissima, and his squirrissimo Panza.”

“The Panza,” said Sancho, before another could answer, “is here, and Don Quixotissimo himselfissimo is here ; therefore, Doloroisissima duennissima, speak your mindissima, for we are all ready to be your servantissimos.”

On which Don Quixote arose, and addressing his discourse to the duenna Dolorous, said, "If your sorrows, heartbroken lady, can promise themselves any remedy from any valour or powers of any knight-errant, here be mine, which, although weak and scant, may all be employed in your service. I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose business it is to rush at all hazards to those who are in distress; and that being so, as it is, you have no need, lady, to go captivating benevolences, nor searching for preambles, but straightway, and without windings, to declare your ills, for they shall be heard of the ears of those who will know how, if not to remedy, at least to condole them."

On hearing which, the duenna Dolorous made a motion as if she would throw herself at the feet of Don Quixote, and did even throw herself, striving to embrace them, and said, "Before these feet and legs I throw me, O unconquerable knight, as before the bases and columns of knight-errantry. These feet I could kiss, from whose steps depend and hang the remedy of my misfortune. O valorous errant, whose real exploits leave far behind and eclipse the fables of the Amadis, the Esplandians, and the Belianises——" Then, leaving Don Quixote, she turned to Sancho, and seizing him by both hands, said, "O thou, the most loyal squire that ever served knight-errant in present or in past ages, in length of goodness longer than the beard of Trifaldin, my attendant, who is here present, well mayest thou plume thyself that, in serving the great Don Quixote, thou servest in brief the whole tribe of knights which have held commerce with arms in the

wide world. I conjure thee, by what thou owest to thine own fine fidelity, that thou be my mediator with thy master, for that he might forthwith protect this, the very most humble and most wretched of countesses."

To which Sancho replied, "That my goodness, lady mine, should be as long and as large as your squire's beard, is very little to the purpose; so my soul be bearded and mustachioed when it leaves this life, is what more concerns me. But, without these cunning prayings and beseechings, I will pray my master—whom I do know loves me well, and more now that he has need of me for a certain business—to favour and help your worship in all that he is able. Let your grace unbuckle your grief, and let us hear it; and leave the rest to us, for here we all understand one another."

The duke and duchess were bursting with laughter at all this, well knowing the drift of the play, and between themselves they praised the wit and dissembling of the Trifaldi, who, on taking her seat, said—

"Of the famous kingdom of Candaya, which lies between the great Trapobana and the Southern Sea, two leagues before Cape Comorin, the lady Doña Maguncia was queen, widow of the king Archipiela, her lord and husband, by which procreant matrimony they had the Infanta Antonomasia, heiress of the kingdom; the which aforesaid Infanta Antonomasia was bred and taught under my tutelage and doctrine, for that I was the most ancient and the most noble duenna of her mother. It happened, then, as the days

went and the days came, that the child Antonomasia reached the age of fourteen years, of such great perfection of beauty, that nature could not increase it one point higher. Then let us say here that discretion was somewhat snivelly ; for she was as discreet as she was fair, and she was the fairest in the world, and still is, if the envious fates and unshunnable destinies have not cut her thread of life. But they could not ; Heaven would not allow that so much evil should be done the world, as that of cutting in its greenness a cluster from the most beautiful vineyard of the earth. Of this beauty—not as it is appraised by my dull tongue—there fell in love an infinite number of princes, natives as well as strangers ; among whom, a private gentleman of the court, confiding in his youth and gallantry, and in his many abilities, and graces, and freedom, and the happiness of his genius, had the effrontery to raise his thoughts to the heaven of so much beauty. For I must tell your greatneses, if it be not taken amiss, that he touched a guitar so as to make it speak, and, more, that he was a poet and a great dancer ; and he knew how to make a cage of birds, that only by making them he could gain a living if he should come into extreme necessity : and all these parts and graces are sufficient to overturn not only a delicate maiden, but a mountain. But all his gentility and pretty ways, and all his gifts and graces, would have been of little or no worth in taking my child's fortress, if the scratched-face thief had not used the remedy of first reducing me. First, the padder and profligate vagabond coaxed my will, and

jockeyed my liking, so that I, like a traitor governor, delivered up the keys of the fort which it was mine to ward. In fine, he flattered my fancy, and I gave consent, by means of I know not what trinkets and hairpins which he gave me. But that which chiefly prostrated me and brought me to the floor, were certain verses which I heard him sing one night from a window grating that looked into a passage where he had put himself, and which, if I mind me aright, ran in this way—

*From my sweet enemy doth come
A wound which through my soul doth thrill ;
She bids me bear it but be dumb,
And this is keener torment still.*

The carol seemed to me to be made of pearls, and his voice of syrup ; and hereafter—I mean ever since then—seeing the mishap into which I fell by these and similar verses, I have considered that poets should be banished from all wise and well-regulated republics, as Plato counselled,—at least, the lascivious ones, for that they write verses not like those of the Marquis de Mantua, which entertain children and women, and make them cry, but such pointed things, which, like sweet thorns, prick the soul, and scorch it like lightnings, while they leave the clothes unhurt. And at another time he sang—

*Death, when thou com'st, such means employ
That I thy coming may not know,
Lest dying give me so much joy
That ebbing life again shall flow.*

And of this sort were other couplets and conceits,

which, when sung, enchant, and strike with wonder when written. What, then, when they stoop to compose a kind of verse which in Candaya they then used, called roundelays? Then was there frisking of souls, the tickling of laughter, palpitation of the body, and, finally, a tremour of all the senses. And so I say, gentles all, that such *trouvères* by just right should be banished to the Lizard Islands; but, in sooth, it is not they who are to blame, but the simple who praise, and the boobies who believe them. Had I been the good duenna which I was bound to be I had not been moved by their midnight conceptions, nor made to believe such stuff to be truth, as ‘In death I live;’ ‘In frost I glow;’ ‘In fire I shiver;’ ‘In despair I hope;’ ‘I go, and yet I stay;’ with other coxcomberies of like trash, of which their writings are full. What, then, when they promise us the phoenix of Arabia, the crown of Ariadne, the coursers of the sun, the pearls of the south, the gold of Tiber, and the balm of Panchaius? Herein it is they give their quills their flights, as it costs them little to promise what they never think of fulfilling or are able to fulfil.

“But whither have I strayed, alas for my unhappiness? What madness or what wildness is it which leads me to rehearse the faults of others, having so many to confess of my own? Woe is me again, unhappy one! Not his rhymings vanquished me, but mine own simplicity. His music did not soften me; but my own levity, my much ignorance, and my little heed opened a road, and made smooth the path, for the

passage of Don Clavijo (such is the name of the gentleman); and so I was the way by which he, once and many times, was found in the chamber of the (by me, and not by him) deceived Antonomasia, under the title of lawful spouse—for, although I am a sinner, never would I have consented that he, without being her husband, should touch the bottom of her slippers. No, no; never! No; marriage must lead the way in whatever business of this kind I take in hand. There was only one harm in this affair, which was the inequality of Don Clavijo, being a private gentleman, and the princess Antonomasia, heiress, as I have said, of the kingdom.

“For some time this tanglement lay concealed and ambushed by the circumvention of my sagacity, until, to my seeming, there came on Antonomasia, with still increasing force, I know not what kind of inflammation of the stomach, the dread of which made us three enter into council; and we agreed, before the harm should come to light, that Don Clavijo should demand Antonomasia to wife, on the faith of a parchment which the princess had given him, promising to be his wife, written out with such force by my wit, that the forces of Samson could not tear it asunder. All these offices were achieved; the vicar saw the parchment, the vicar took the lady’s confession, it was made known, and they placed her in the house of a very honest bailiff of the court——”

“What!” exclaimed Sancho, “have they also in

Candaya court bailiffs, poets, and roundels? I swear I think we may imagine that the world is all one. But will your worship, lady Trifaldi, be pleased to hurry on ; it is getting late, and I am dying to know the end of this rather long story."

" I will do so," replied the countess.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN WHICH THE TRIFALDI CONTINUES HER WONDROUS AND
MEMORABLE HISTORY.

EVERY word that Sancho spoke so much pleased the duchess, that Don Quixote became desperate, and commanding him to break off, Dolorous went on, saying—

“In short, at the end of many demands and replies, as the princess still persisted, without moving even by a shadow of turning from her first declaration, the vicar pronounced sentence in favour of Don Clavijo, and delivered her to him to wife; from which the queen, Doña Maguncia, the mother of the princess Antonomasia, became so full of wrath, that we buried her in three days.”

“She must have died, no doubt,” exclaimed Sancho.

“That is quite clear,” replied Trifaldin; “for in Candaya they do not bury live people, but only dead ones.”

“Well, I have seen, master custrel,” answered Sancho, “a person in a faint taken for dead, and so

buried : and, to my thinking, Queen Maguncia ought to have fainted rather than died ; for while there is life many things can be remedied. Nor was the folly of the princess so great that she should have felt it so much. If she had married with a page, or some other servant of her house, as I have heard many others have done, the harm had been past remedy ; but to have married her with a knight, so gentlemanlike and so intelligent as has been described to us here, verily, verily, although it was folly, it was not so great as may be thought for ; for, according to the ordinances of my master—who is present and will not let me lie—as bishops are made out of learned men, they can make out of knights, and especially if they are errants, kings and emperors.”

“Thou art right, Sancho,” said Don Quixote ; “for a knight-errant, if he has two fingers’ breadth of luck, stands next to being the greatest lord of the land. But let the lady Dolorous proceed ; for it occurs to me that the bitter of this to me sweet history remains to tell.”

“The bitter, say you ?” continued the countess ; “yea, and so bitter that, compared with it, hops and wormwood are sweet. The queen dead, and not entranced, we buried her ; and scarcely had the earth covered her, and scarcely had we bidden her the last ‘God be wi’ you,’ when—

. . . . *Quis talia fando,
Temperet a lacrymis ?—*

all suddenly, mounted on a wooden horse, there ap-

peared on the top of the queen's tomb the giant Malambruno, first cousin to Maguncia, who, besides being cruel, was an enchanter, and with his arts, in order to avenge the death of his cousin, and to chastise the daring of Don Clavijo, and to spite the boldness of Antonomasia, fixed them both enchanted on the top of the same tomb—she changed into a brass monkey, and he converted into a hateful crocodile, of some unknown metal. Between the two is a column of the same metal, and written upon it is a sentence in Syriac letters, which, having been done into Candayesque, and now into Castilian, runs in this sense—

**These two froward lovers shall never
recover their first estate until the
valorous Manchegan shall come and
engage me in single combat ; for the fates
keep this never-before-seen adventure
solely for his great courage to achieve.**

This done, he drew from its scabbard a broad and fearsome scimitar, and seizing me by the hair of my head, made as if he would slit my gorget, and almost cut off my head. I was alarmed, my voice stuck in my throat, I was vexed in the extreme ; but, with as much strength as I was able, and with a trembling and painful voice, I said to him so many and such things as made him suspend the execution of so dreadful a chastisement. Finally, he ordered before him all the duennas of the palace, who were those now present ; and afterwards that he had

exaggerated our faults and debased the characters of duennas, their evil cunning and worse schemings, and charging upon all the fault which only belonged to me, said that he would not chastise us with capital punishment, but with another, long prolonged, which should be unto us a civil death and a continuous. In that same moment and instant in which he ceased to speak did we all begin to feel the pores of our faces open, and through them all began to feel a pricking like that of the points of needles. At once we put our hands to our faces, and found what you shall now see."

Then Dolorous and the rest of the duennas raised their veils, with which they came covered, and discovered their faces all covered with beards, some fair, some black, some white, and some speckled; at which sight the duke and duchess appeared wonder-struck, Don Quixote and Sancho stunned, and all the rest astonished.

The Trifaldi proceeded: "After this sort have we been punished by that villainous, evil-minded Malambruno, covering our soft and tinted faces with the roughness of these bristles. Would that Heaven had granted that with his fearful scimitar he had struck off our heads, rather than that the light should have seen our faces covered as they now are with this horsehair; for we consider, kind people all—and this which I am now about to say makes me wish that mine eyes were fountains, but the contemplation of our misfortune, and the seas of tears it hath cost us, which, up till now, have not ceased to rain, have left

our eyes so without humours that they are as dry as bearded corn ; therefore I will speak without tears,—I ask then, where shall a duenna with a beard go to ? What father or what mother will condole with her ? Who will give her help ? Why, if even when her skin was smooth, and her complexion shining, and the features all set off with a thousand sorts of decocts and broths, she could scarcely find any one to notice her, what will she do now when they see her face changed into a bosky dingle ? O duennas, and my companions dear ! in an unhappy moment were we born, in an evil hour did our fathers beget us !”

And in saying that she made as if she would faint away.

CHAPTER XL.

OF THINGS WHICH APPERTAIN AND ARE RELATIVE TO THIS ADVENTURE, AS WELL AS TO THIS MEMORABLE HISTORY.

VERILY, and of a truth, all who take delight in stories like unto this should be grateful to Cid Hamete, its original author, for the pains which he takes in singing its crotchets, without leaving one, how small soever it may be, that is not brought out in all clearness. He paints the thoughts, discovers the imaginations, matches the inferences, clears the doubts, resolves the arguments, and finally brings to light the motes of the most inquisitive desire. O author most celebrated ! O happy Don Quixote ! O famous Dulcinea ! O pleasant Sancho ! all together, and each by himself, may you live for infinite ages, for the pleasure and general pastime of all living souls !

The history then rehearses that, as Sancho beheld Dolorous faint away, he exclaimed, "On the faith of an honest man, I swear, and by the eternal bliss of all my ancestors, the Panzas, never have I heard or seen, or my master told, nor did there ever start in his mind, such an adventure as this. A thousand devils bless thee (I would not curse thee) for an enchanter and a

giant, Malambruno! couldst thou find no other way to punish these sinners but by giving them beards? What! would it not have been better—at least, it had been more to the purpose—to cut away half their noses from the middle to the top, though they should have to talk through them, than to oblige them with beards? I will wager they have not the means to pay him who shall shave them.”

“That is true, sir,” answered one of the twelve; “we have not the means to clean ourselves, and therefore, for husbandry, some of us use sticking-plasters or pitch-plasters, and putting them on the face, and then snatching them off, we get as clean and smooth as the bottom of a stone mortar. For, although there are women in Candaya who go about from house to house, to take off the fine hair from the body, and trim the eyebrows, and do other patching touching women, yet we, the duennas of my lady, would never admit them, because much rather is their perfume of the third person, they having ceased to be first; and so, if sir Don Quixote comes not to our relief, they will carry us with our beards to the grave.”

“They shall pluck out mine,” said Don Quixote, “in the land of the Moorman, if I do not ease you of yours.”

At this moment Trifaldi came to herself again, and said, “The jingle of that promise, valiant knight, came into my ears in the midst of my fainting, and has helped me to recover me of all my senses; and therefore again I entreat you, illustrious errant and indomitable lord, that you convert your gracious promises into deeds.”

“There will be no delay through me,” replied Don Quixote. “What, then, is it, lady, which I have to do?—for my soul is waiting to serve you.”

“The case, then, is,” answered Dolorous, “that from hence the kingdom of Candaya is distant five thousand leagues, two more or less, if you go by land; but if you go in a straight line through the air, it is three thousand two hundred and twenty-seven. You must also know that Malambruno told me that when fortune should favour me with the knight our liberator, he would send a horse much better, and with fewer vices than your hirelings; for it must be that same mahogany horse on which the valorous Pierre carried off Magalona the Fair, which horse is managed by a pin which it has in the forehead, and serves it for a rein; and it flies through the air with such swiftness, that it seems as if it were carried by devils. This same horse, according to ancient tradition, was made by that sage Merlin, who lent it to Pierre—who was a friend of his, on which he made great journeys, and carried off, as has been said, Magalona the Fair, seating her on the haunches as they passed through the air, making fools of as many as stood gazing at them from the earth: and he lent him to no one except those whom he liked, or who paid him best; and ever since the grand Pierre, even till now, it has never been known that any one has mounted that horse. By dint of his arts, Malambruno has him now, and keeps him in his power, and uses him in his travels, which he makes every moment to different parts of the world. To-day he is here, and to-morrow in France, and the next day in Potosi;

and the best of it is that this horse nor eats nor sleeps, nor costs anything in shoes, and has a gait so quick, yet without wings, that he whom he carries might hold in his hand a cup of water filled to the brim, without spilling a drop, so smooth and easy does he go; on which account the fair Magalona liked so much to ride him."

To this Sancho answered, "As for smooth and easy going, there is my Dapple; although he does not go through the air, but on good ground, I will back him against any gait there is in the world."

They all laughed, and Dolorous continued, saying, "And this horse, if it be that Malambruno desires that our misfortune shall come to an end, before half an hour after nightfall will be in our presence; for he signified to me that my having come on the knight for whom I am in search, would be the sign for his sending me the horse, which he would do with all conveniency and speed."

"And how many can go on this horse?" inquired Sancho.

Dolorous answered, "Two persons—one in the saddle, the other on the haunches; and most often these two persons are knight and squire, when there lacketh a stolen maiden."

"I should like to know, lady Dolorous," said Sancho, "what is the name of this horse."

"The name," said Dolorous, "is not the same as the horse of Bellerophon, which was Pegasus; nor like that of Alexander the Great, which was Bucephalus; nor like that of Orlando Furioso, which was Brilladore;

and less was it Bayarte, which belonged to Reynaldos de Montalban ; nor Frontino, which was Rugero's ; nor Boötes nor Peritoa, which they say were the names of the coursers of the sun ; nor is its name Orelia, the horse on which the ill-fated Roderigo, the last king of the Goths, entered the battle where he lost his life and the kingdom."

" I will wager," said Sancho, " that as they have not given any of the names of those well-known horses, neither will they have given him that of my master's Rozinante, which outstrips all those which have been named."

" That is so," answered the bearded countess ; " and yet it much becomes him, for he is called Clavileño the Swift, which name suits him exactly, for being of wood, for the pin which he carries on his forehead, and for the fleetness with which he travels : and in regard of his name, he might well compete with the famous Rozinante."

" The name mislikes me not," replied Sancho ; " but with what sort of rein or halter do you manage him ?"

" I have already told you," said Trifaldi, " with the pin, by which the rider who mounts him, turning it to this side or the other, makes him go wherever he likes, either now through the air, or now trailing and almost sweeping the earth, or up in the middle, which is generally taken, and should always be taken in all good actions."

" Now I have a great mind to see him," said Sancho ; " but to think that I will mount him, either in the saddle or on his haunches, is to look for pears

on an elm. A pretty jest, when I can scarcely hold me on my Dapple, and on a pack-saddle softer than silk itself, that I will bestride wooden haunches without any cushion or pillow. By the rood, I think not to skin myself to take away anybody's beard. Let everybody shave as he likes best; but I do not go with my master on so long a journey. Besides, I am not so concerned in the shaving of these beards, as I am in the disenchantment of Dulcinea."

"Yea, art thou my friend," answered Trifaldi; "and so much so, that without thy presence, let me tell thee, we can do nothing."

"In the king's name," said Sancho, "what have squires to do with their master's adventures? Must they carry off the fame of those which they win, and have we to do all the work? Body o' me! even if the chroniclers did but say such a knight finished such an' such an adventure with the help of Richard Doe, his squire, without which it would have been impossible to finish it; but coldly to write Don Paralipomenon of the Three Stars achieved the adventure with the six dragons, without mentioning the person of his squire, who was present all through, as if he never existed in the world! I like it not, my masters, and I say again that my master can go by himself, and much good may it do him; but I will stop here, in company of the duchess my lady: and it might be, when he comes back, he shall find the cause of the lady Dulcinea all the better by a tierce and quint; for I am thinking of giving me, in my idle hours and leisure whiles, a scourging bout, which will leave me in a poor mood enough."

“For all that, good Sancho, thou must bear him company, if it be needful, and because good people entreat thee ; and not for thy groundless fears must the faces of these ladies remain so thickly covered, which certainly would be a shame.”

“Once more, in the king’s name,” quoth Sancho, “if this charity were done for some secluded maidens, or for some orphan children, a man might give himself some work ; but a murrain upon suffering on purpose to rid duennas of beards ! I would rather see them all bearded, from the highest to the least, and from the most dainty to the most nice.”

“Thou art rather hard towards duennas, friend Sancho,” said the duchess, “and art much in the vein of the apothecary of Toledo. But, in sooth, thou art in the wrong, for I have duennas in my own house fit to be examples of duennas ; and here is my own Doña Rodriguez, a proof of what I say.”

“Your excellency will say what pleases you,” said Rodriguez ; “God knows the truth of all. Good or bad, bearded or shorn, although duennas, our mothers bore us like other women ; and as God threw us on the world, he knows what for, and I put my trust in his mercy, and not in the beard of any one.”

“Enough, lady Rodriguez,” said Don Quixote, “and lady Trifaldi and company ; I trust in Heaven, which regards our afflictions with pitiful eyes, that Sancho will do what I command him. Let Clavileño come, and bring me with Malambruno ; full well am I sure that there is no razor that will shave your worship so quickly, as my sword shall shave from off his shoulders

the head of Malambruno. God bears with the wicked, but not for ever."

"Well an' away," exclaimed Dolorous, "may all the stars of the celestial region behold your grandeur with benignant eyes, and infuse into your soul all prosperity and valour, to become the shield and buckler of the vilified and debased duennesque race, hated of apothecaries, back-bitten of squires, and cheated of pages! Ill betide the wretch who, in the prime of her life, would not rather be a nun than a duenna. Unhappy duennas we! albeit we come in the direct male line from Hector the Trojan himself, our mistresses will never leave off thousing us, even if they should be made queens for it. O giant Malambruno, who, although thou art an enchanter, art a Christian in thy promises, send to us now the peerless Clavileño, that our mishap may have an end; for if the heat should come, and our beards continue, a hot woe will be ours!"

The Trifaldi said this with so much feeling, that it drew tears from the eyes of all the bystanders, and even filled those of Sancho; and he purposed in his heart to go with his master, even to the ends of the earth, if by his doing so the removal of the wool from those venerable faces could be assured.

CHAPTER XLI.

OF THE ADVENT OF CLAVILEÑO, WITH THE END OF THIS
LONG-WINDED ADVENTURE.

Now did the night come on, and with it the hour fixed for the coming of the famous horse Clavileño, whose delay much vexed Don Quixote; for he thought that now, perhaps, Malambruno deferred sending him, or that he was not the knight for whom that adventure had been kept, or that Malambruno dared not to come and give him equal battle. But, lo! there now entered by the garden four savages, all clad in green ivy, who bore upon their shoulders a great wooden horse. They set him upon his legs on the ground, and one of the savages cried—

“Let the knight who has courage to do so mount this machine.”

“Then,” quoth Sancho, “I do not mount; for neither have I courage, nor am I a knight.”

The savage continued, “And let the squire, if he hath one, mount the haunches, and let him trust the valorous Malambruno; for if it come not from his sword, from no other and from no other’s rancour shall any offence come. There is nothing more to do

than to turn this pin, which is placed above the horse's neck, who shall carry them through the air to where Malambruno awaits them ; but lest the lofty pitch of the road should make them giddy, let their eyes be covered until the horse neighs, which shall be a sign that they have finished their journey."

This said, leaving Clavileño, with a graceful mien they returned by the way they had come.

Dolorous, on seeing the horse, said to Don Quixote, almost with tears, " Valiant knight, the promises of Malambruno stand sure ; the horse has come, our beards wax fuller, and each one of us, by each particular hair of them, entreat thee to shave and shear us, seeing there is no more to be done but to mount with thy squire, and make a happy start on this thy new travel."

" That will I, lady countess Trifaldi, with all my heart, and more good will, without delaying to furnish me with a cushion, or mounting my spurs, so great is my longing to see you, lady, and all these duennas, smooth and clean."

" That will not I," said Sancho, " neither with heart nor good will in any manner ; and if it be that this shaving cannot be done without my getting up behind, my master may seek some other squire to attend him, and these gentlewomen some other way to polish their faces, for I am no witch with a liking to fly through the air. Besides, what will my insulars say when they know that their governor is taking his walks on the wind ? And there is another thing : it being three thousand and some odd leagues from here to Candaya,

what if the horse breaks down, or the giant gets tetchy ? It would take us half a dozen years to get back again, and then there would be no island nor insulars in the world who would know me. And it is commonly said that there is danger in delays, and that when they give thee a calf, stick fast to the halter. Pardon me, ye beards of these gentlewomen, but St. Peter is well off at Rome ; I mean to say that I am quite at home in this house, where they are so good to me, and from the master of which I hope for a greater good still, which is to find me a governor."

To which the duke made answer, "Sancho, friend, the island which I have promised thee is no master-leaver, nor fugitive ; it hath roots so deeply struck in the abysses of the earth, that it will take more than a few pulls to move or tear them up. And well thou knowest that I know how that there is no kind of place, of those in the higher ranks, which is gained without some sort of bribe, great or small ;¹ and that which I will take for this governorship is that thou goest with thy master, Don Quixote, to give top and finish to this memorable adventure : and be it that thou returnest on Clavileño with his promised swiftness, or a contrary fortune betide thee, and thou comest back on foot, turned into a palmer, from hostry to hostry, and from inn to inn—whenever thou shalt return, thou shalt find thine island where thou didst leave it, and thy insulars with the same desire to receive thee as their governor as they have ever had, and my good will thou wilt find unchanged. And have thou no doubt of this truth, sir Sancho, for it

would be doing a grievous wrong to the desire which I have to serve thee."

"Enough, sir; I am a poor squire, and cannot carry so many compliments on my shoulders. Let my master mount, cover me up these eyes, and commend me to God; and tell me now, when we reach yon eagle heights, may I commend me to our Lord, or invoke the angels that they favour me?"

To which Trifaldi answered, "Sancho, well mightest thou commend thee to God, or to whomsoever thou pleasest; for although Malambruno is an enchanter, he is a Christian, and works his enchantments with much sagacity and great care, and picks no quarrel with anybody."

"Come on, then," said Sancho, "and God and the most holy Trinity of Gaeta be my help."

"Never, since the memorable adventure of the fulling-mills," said Don Quixote, "have I seen Sancho possessed of so much fear as now; and if I were as great a diviner as some others, his cowardice would give my soul some fears. Come hither, Sancho; with the licence of these gentles, I would speak two words with thee aside."

Taking Sancho apart among the trees of the garden, and seizing both his hands, he said, "Now thou seest, brother Sancho, the long journey which lies before us, and God knows when we shall return from it, or the leisure and breathing space which affairs will allow us; therefore I would that thou now enter into thy closet, as if in search for some necessary thing for the way, and in a brace of straws give

thyself a good round quantity of the three thousand three hundred lashes to which thou art obliged. Let us say five hundred, and they shall stand good in account, for well begun is half ended."

"By God's ass!" exclaimed Sancho, "but your worship must be mad. This is like that saying, 'Ye see me pregnant, and demand my maidenhood.' Now that I have to ride on a bare board, your worship expects me to gall my buttocks! Verily, verily, your worship is in the wrong. But let us now go and shave these duennas, and on our return I promise your worship, on the faith of whom I am, to make haste and quit me of my obligation, that your worship may rest content. I can say no more than that."

And Don Quixote answered, "Well, with this promise, good Sancho, I am comforted, and believe thou wilt keep it; for, indeed, albeit thou art a shallow fellow, yet art thou an honest."

"I am not sallow, but brown," said Sancho; "and even though I were a mixture of both, I shall keep my word."

On that they turned to mount upon Clavileño; and on getting up, Don Quixote said—

"Bind thine eyes and mount, Sancho; for be he who he may who sends for us from such far-off countries, it cannot be to deceive us, seeing how poor the glory would be in deceiving those who trust in him; and, supposing that all happens contrariwise to what I imagine, no malice can obscure the fame which will come from having begun this exploit."

"Let us get on, master," said Sancho, "for the

beards and the tears of these gentlewomen are stuck in my heart, and I shall not eat a mouthful which will do me any good until I see them in their very first smoothness. Get up, your worship, and blindfold you first; for, if I have to mount the crupper, it is clear that he who goes in the saddle must be the first to mount."

"That is true," said Don Quixote, and, taking a handkerchief from his pocket, he prayed Dolorous to cover well his eyes; and they being now covered, he uncovered them, and said, "If I mind me well, I have read in Virgil² all that of the Trojan Palladium, which was a wooden horse, of which the Greeks made a present to the goddess Pallas, which went pregnant with armed knights, who afterwards wrought the total ruin of Troy; and so it will be well that we first know what it is which Clavileño carries in his stomach."

"There is no cause," said Dolorous; "I will guarantee him, for I know that Malambruno is not malicious, nor anything of a traitor. Let your worship, sir Don Quixote, mount without any fear; on me let it fall, if any harm happens."

It seeming to Don Quixote that whatever they said of his safety being assured was a slight upon his courage, without more ado he mounted upon Clavileño, and made trial of the pin, which easily moved; and as he had no stirrups, and his legs hung down, he seemed like nothing so much as a figure, painted or woven in Flemish tapestry, of some Roman triumph.

In ill plight, and very slowly, Sancho proceeded

to mount, and settling himself as well as he could on the haunches, he found them somewhat hard and nothing soft ; and he intreated the duke that, if it were possible, they should accommodate him with some cushion or some pillow, even though it were of the mat of the lady duchess, or from the bed of some page, for the haunches of that horse seemed to him to be more of marble than of wood.

To this Trifaldi said that Clavileño would not suffer anything of that sort, nor of any kind of ornament, to be put upon him ; what he might do would be to sit woman-wise, and thus he would not feel the hardness so much.

Sancho did so, and said, " Farewell," and then they bound his eyes ; and then he unbound them, and, looking upon all those who were in the garden with yearning and tearful eyes, prayed that they would each help him in that peril with two *Pater-nosters* and two *Ave Marias*, for that God might be pleased to provide somebody to say the same for them, whenever they should find themselves in like peril.

On which Don Quixote said, " Thief, art thou, haply, on the gallows, or in the last moments of thy life, that thou usest such-like petitions ? Art thou not, abject and coward creature, in the same place which was occupied of Magalona the Fair, from which she descended, not into the grave, but to be Queen of France, if the histories do not lie ? And I, who go at thy side—may I not compare me with the valiant Pierre, who pressed this same place which I now press ? Cover thee, cover thee, disheartened animal, and let not

the fear which holds thee escape from thy lips, at least in my presence."

"Let them bind me," cried Sancho, "and if they do not want me to commend me to God, nor for me to ask them to commend me, what wonder if I go fearing that some region of devils go about here, who will do with us as they do at Peralvillo?"³

Now were their eyes bound, and Don Quixote feeling that he was seated as he ought to be, tried the pin; and scarcely had he touched it with his fingers, when all the duennas, and as many as were present, lifted up their voices and said—

"God guide thee, valiant knight!—God be with thee, intrepid squire!—Now, even now, ye mount the air, piercing it with more swiftness than an arrow; already ye begin to astonish and hold in wonder all who are now regarding you from the earth.—Hold fast, valiant Sancho, for thou swayest; have a care that thou fall not, for thy fall would be worse than that of the daring youth who wished to guide the chariot of his father sun."

Sancho heard the voices, and binding him closer to his master, he girt him round with his arms, and said, "Master, how can they say we have got so high, if their voices reach us, and seem like nothing else but that they are here, talking with us?"

"Stand not on that, Sancho; for, as these things and these flights are out of the ordinary course, thou canst hear and see all that thou desirest a thousand leagues off; and prithee hold me not so tightly, or thou wilt throw me down. And, in truth, I know not

what confounds or frightens thee ; for I dare be sworn that never, in all the days of my life, have I mounted a beast with so soft a pace : it seems nothing more than that we move not from any spot. Banish fear, friend ; for, in effect, the affair goes as it ought, and we have a stern wind."

"That is true," answered Sancho ; "for I am getting a wind on this side so strong, that it feels like a thousand bellows blowing on me."

And such was the case, for there were there some great blow-bellows making wind. So well contrived was the adventure of the duke, the duchess, and their chief butler, that not a thing was wanting to make it perfect.

Don Quixote then feeling it blow, said, "Without any doubt, Sancho, we have arrived at the second region of the air, where they beget the hail and the snow : the thunder, lightning, and thunder-bolts they engender in the third region ; and if we go mounting in this fashion, we shall soon reach the region of fire ; nor do I know how to temper this pin, so that we soar not there, where we shall assuredly be burnt."

Hereupon, with some flax, easy to light and to put out from a distance, hanging from a cane, they made hot their faces. Sancho, who felt the heat, exclaimed—

"May I be damned if we have not reached the region of fire, or we are close at it ; for a great part of my beard has got singed, and I, sir, am now for uncovering and seeing where we have come to."

"Do not so," answered Don Quixote ; "but

recollect thee of the true story of the Reverend Dr. Torralva,⁴ whom the devils bore flying through the air, mounted on a cane, with his eyes shut; and in twelve hours he got to Rome, and alighted on the tower of Nona, which is in a street of the city, and saw the fall, and the assault, and the death of the Bourbon; and by morning he was already back and in Madrid, where he gave account of all that he had seen: who himself says that when he was passing through the air, the devil ordered him to open his eyes, and he opened them, and found himself so close to the body of the moon, to his seeming, that he could well-nigh touch it with his hand; and he did not dare to look down upon the earth, lest he should turn dizzy. So that, Sancho, there is no need to unbind us, for he who holds us in his charge will give account of us. Perhaps we are now taking a sight, and soaring aloft so that we may fall straight down upon the kingdom of Candaya, as the sacre, or falcon, falls upon the heron, with a force measured to his rising: and although, to our seeming, it be not half an hour since we started from the garden, yet I believe that we have come a great way."

"I do not know how far it will be," said Sancho, "but this I know, that if the Lady Magallanes, or Magalona, was satisfied with these haunches, she could not have had a very tender skin."

All these discourses of the two valiant ones were overheard by the duke, the duchess, and the rest of those in the garden, which gave them all a rare pleasure: and wishing now to make an end of the

strange and well-contrived adventure, they applied some fire to Clavileño's tail; and he being stuffed with rockets, burst in the air with a dreadful noise, and Don Quixote and Sancho Panza came to the ground half burnt up.

Then all the bearded squadron of duennas, and the Trifaldi, disappeared from the garden, and those who remained lay stretched upon the ground as if in a swoon. Don Quixote and Sancho arose in an ill plight, much astonished to find themselves in the same garden from which they had gone abroad. Looking round on all sides, they became more astonished to see lying upon the grass a multitude of people, and their wonder increased when they saw on one side of the garden, tied to a great lance which was stuck in the ground, and dependent from it by two cords of green silk, a parchment smooth and white, on which were written in large gold letters the following:—

The illustrious Don Quixote de la Mancha has made finish and given an end to the adventure of the Countess of Trifaldi, otherwise called the duenna Dolorous, and company, solely by attempting it. Malambruno is satisfied and content with all his heart, and the beards of the duennas are now all shaven and shorn, and their Majesties the King Don Clavijo and Queen Antonomasia have regained their pristine estate; and when the squirely scourging shall be completed, the white dove shall be delivered from the pestilential gyrfalcons which persecute her, and be found in the arms of her gentle luller, which is ordained by the sage Merlin, proto-enchanter of enchanters.

When Don Quixote had read the characters on the parchment, he clearly understood that they spake of the disenchantment of Dulcinea; and giving many thanks to Heaven for that, with so little danger, he had achieved so great an action, bringing back to their former bloom the faces of the venerable duennas—they had already disappeared—he went to the duke and the duchess, who were not yet come to themselves, and taking the hand of the duke, he exclaimed, “Hey! Good sir, courage! courage! for all is now over; the adventure is finished without prejudice to any one, as is clearly shown by the writing of that poll which is posted yonder.”

The duke, softly and like one recalling a dream, was collecting his senses, and in the same tenor also played the duchess, as well as all those who lay stretched in the garden, and with such signs of wonder and affright as almost to make one believe that those things had happened in earnest which they so seemingly had in jest.

The duke read the edict with eyes half closed, and straight, with open arms, he went to embrace Don Quixote, telling him that he was the bravest knight that had ever been seen in any age. Sancho was looking for Dolorous, to see what kind of face she had, being beardless, and if she were as beautiful as her gallant figure seemed to promise; but they told him that as Clavileño came from above, burning through the air right on to the ground, the whole squadron of duennas, with Trifaldi, had disappeared, but that they were all shaven and were now without any down.

The duchess demanded of Sancho how he fared in that long journey ; to which Sancho answered, " I, my lady, felt that we were going, as my master told me, flying through the region of fire, and I wanted to uncover me and peep out a little, but my master, whose licence to do so I had begged, would not consent. But I, who have I know not what splinters of curiosity and desire to know what is forbidden me and denied, deftly and without anybody's seeing, drew the handkerchief which blinded me up over my nose, and I looked down on the earth, and all of it did not look to me much bigger than a grain of mustard seed, and the men which walked up and down only a little bigger than filberts ; so you may see how high we must have been then."

To this the duchess said, " Take care, Sancho, my friend, what thou sayest ; for it is clear that if the earth seemed to thee like a grain of mustard seed, and each single man like a filbert, one man alone would cover all the earth."

" That is true," said Sancho ; " but, for all that, I saw it all by a little view on one side."

" Look thee, Sancho," said the duchess, " by a little one-sided view thou canst not see the whole of anything at which thou lookest."

" I do not know anything of these views," answered Sancho ; " I only know that it will become your excellency to understand that as we flew by enchantment, by enchantment I might have been able to see all the earth and all men, whichever way I looked ; and if you do not believe this, neither will your grace

believe me when, peeping up through my eyebrows, I saw heaven so close to me, that betwixt it and me there was not more than a palm and a half, and I dare be sworn, my dear lady, that it is a mighty huge place. And it happened that we went by the part where the seven little goats lie; and, in God and my soul, as in my childhood I was a goatherd in my country, so no sooner did I see them than I had a mind to go and play with them a while, and if I had not done it I do think I should have burst. Come on, then, and now see what I do; without a word to my master or anybody, prettily and very softly, I crept down from Clavileño and had a skip with the kids, which are like so many gilliflowers, or so many violets, for nearly three-quarters of an hour; and Clavileño never moved a step, nor once stirred him from the spot."

"And while good Sancho played with the goats," inquired the duke, "in what did sir Don Quixote find his pastime?"

To which Don Quixote answered, "As all these things and this kind of events are out of the order of nature, it is no wonder that Sancho says what he says. For me, I can only say that I saw nothing above nor below; I neither saw heaven nor earth, nor the sea, nor the sands. But it is true that I felt we passed through the region of air, and even touched that of fire, but that we went through and beyond it I cannot believe: for the region of fire being between heaven and the moon and the last region of the air, we could not have come to the heaven where are the seven little goats,

as saith Sancho, without our being consumed ; and as we were not even singed, either Sancho lies or Sancho dreams."

" I neither lie nor dream," answered Sancho ; " an', if it please you, ask me the signs of these same goats, and by them you shall know if I speak the truth or not."

" Tell us them, Sancho," said the duchess.

" There are," said Sancho, " two green, two red, two blue, and one speckled."

" These be new kinds of goats," said the duke, " and in our region of the soil they use not such colours—I mean, goats of such colours."

" That is plain enough," said Sancho ; " there ought to be a difference between the goats of heaven and those of the earth."

" Tell me, Sancho," demanded the duke, " didst thou see among these goats any one old goat ? "

" No, my lord," answered Sancho ; " and I have heard it said that none of those ever get beyond the horns of the moon."

They had no mind to ask him further of his travels, for, to their seeming, Sancho held a clue by which he could ramble all through the heavens, and give tidings of all that went on there, without having moved from the garden.

In fine, this was the end of the adventure of Dolorous the duenna, which was the occasion of laughter to the duke and the duchess, not only for that time, but for the whole of their lives, and for Sancho to tell for ages to come, should he live so long.

Don Quixote, coming up to Sancho, said in his ear, "Sancho, if thou wouldst have us believe what thou hast seen in heaven, I would have thee believe in what I saw in the Cave of Montesinos. I say no more to thee."

NOTES TO CHAPTER XLI.

Note 1, page 344.

Without some sort of bribe, great or small. “On appelait *còhechos* (concussion, subornation), les cadeaux que le nouveau titulaire d'un emploi était obligé de faire à ceux qui le lui avaient procuré. C'est ainsi qu'on obtenait, au temps de Cervantès, non-seulement les gouvernements civils et les offices de justice, mais les prélatures et les plus hautes dignités ecclésiastiques. Ce trafic infâme, auquel Cervantès fait allusion, était si commun, si général, si patent, que Philippe III., par une pragmatique datée du 19 mars 1644, imposa des peines fort graves aux sollicitateurs et aux protecteurs qui s'en rendraient désormais coupables.”—Viardot.

“This passage,” observes our beloved bat, whose flight always brings him into trouble, “is very little honourable to the age of Cervantes.” Unhappily this is not the only instance of the dishonour which marked that time.—*Vide* Clemencin, v. 319.

Note 2, page 347.

I have read in Virgil. Bowle supposes that Chaucer and Cervantes drank at the same fountain of knowledge, and he cites the lines from the father of English poetry to prove this. The most striking feature in the extracts is the similarity of some of the words of Cervantes to those of Chaucer:—

*Or if you list to fleen as high in the aire
As doth an egle whan him list to sore,
This same stede shall bere you evermore
Withouten harme, till ye be ther you lest
Though that ye sleepen on his back or rest
And turne again, with writhing of a pin.*

10441

*—There n'is no more to sain,
But when you list to riden any where
Ye moten trill a pin, stant in his ere ;*

10630

This stede of bras esily and well
Can in the space of a day naturel,
Wher so you list,
Beren your body into every place
To which your herte willeth for to pace
Withouten wemme. 10435
Some said it was the Grekes hors
That brought Troy to destruction. 10524
Mine herte (quod on) is evermore in drede ;
I trowe som men of armes ben therein :
It were right good that al swich thing were know. 10529
Canterbury Tales, ed. London, 1775, vol. ii.

Note 3, page 349.

As they do at Peralvillo. A small place close to Ciudad Real, on the road to Toledo, where the Holy Brotherhood had a station for despatching malefactors to the other world. Quevedo, in his *Fortune with Brains*, calls a lawyer's office the Peralvillo of Purses.

Note 4, page 351.

The true story of the Reverend Dr. Torralva. At least, so it was accounted in the time of Cervantes. This lunatic was a prisoner of the Holy Inquisition in 1528, and brought to judgment in 1531. A copy of the process against him was discovered in the *Biblioteca Real* by Pellicer, and published in his edition of the *Don*. It is full of strange fancies worthy of study. See also *El Carlo Famoso* de Zapato, cantos 30, 31, 32 ; *El Teatro Critico* de Feijoo, tomo 2, carta 20 ; *El Jardin de Flores* de Antonio Torquemado, coloquio 3, folio 148, etc., etc.

CHAPTER XLII.

OF THE COUNSELS WHICH DON QUIXOTE GAVE TO SANCHE PANZA, BEFORE HE SHOULD GO TO GOVERN THE ISLAND, WITH OTHER MATTERS OF MUCH CONSIDERANCE.¹

THE duke and duchess were so pleased with the happy and gracious issue of the Dolorous adventure, that they resolved to carry on their jests, seeing how fit a subject they had for holding them in earnest. So, having drawn out their plan, and given orders to their servants and vassals concerning their behaviour with Sancho in the government of the promised island, on another day, which was the day after the flight of Clavileño, the duke told Sancho that he should dress and prepare himself to go and be a governor, for that now his insulars were awaiting him as showers in May.

Sancho made obeisance, and he said, "Ever since I came down from heaven, and since from its high top I beheld the earth, and how little it is, the great desire I had to be a governor has cooled down a little; for what greatness is there in commanding on a grain of mustard seed, or what dignity or empire in governing half a dozen men as big as filberts?—for, to my

thinking, there were not more in all the earth. If your excellency would be pleased to give me ever so little a bit of heaven, although it were not more than half a league, I would take it with a better stomach than the biggest island in the earth."

"See thee, friend Sancho," replied the duke, "it is not mine to give to any one a part of heaven, even though it were no bigger than a finger-nail. To God alone are reserved these gifts and graces. That which I am able to give I give thee, which is an island right and tight, round and well proportioned, and, above all things, fruitful and abounding, where, if thou knowest how to manage, thou mayest out of its riches lay up treasure in heaven."

"Very well, then," answered Sancho. "Come on with this island, and I will strive to be such a governor, that, in spite of scoundrels, to heaven I shall go; and it is not for covetousness that I leave my cottage, or to raise me above others, but for the desire I have to prove that I know how to be a governor."

"If only once thou prove it, Sancho," said the duke, "thou shalt come into loving it, so sweet a thing it is to command and to be obeyed; and full sure am I that when thy master comes to be emperor—which he assuredly will, as his affairs do show—no one will be able to tear him from it: and it will pain him, he will feel in the bottom of his heart the time he has lost while as yet he was not one."

"Sir," answered Sancho, "I fancy it is a fine thing to command, if it be only a herd of cattle."

"Let them bury me with thee, Sancho, for thou

knowest all things!" replied the duke. "And I hope thou wilt prove to be such a governor as thy judgment promiseth; and let that suffice thee: and observe that to-morrow, without fail, thou shalt to the government of the island, and this afternoon thou shalt be suited with the dress which is convenient for thee and with all things needful for thy departure."

"Dress me," said Sancho, "as you may; for, however I go dressed, I shall still be Sancho Panza."

"That is true," said the duke; "but our dresses must become the function or dignity we profess, for it would not be suitable for a lawyer to be clad like a soldier, nor a soldier dressed like a priest. Thou, Sancho, shouldst go dressed partly like a scholar, and in part like a captain, for that in the island which I bestow upon thee arms are as necessary as letters, and letters as arms."

"Of letters," answered Sancho, "I have but few, for I do not even know the A B C; but enough for me to have Christ's cross² in my memory to be a good governor. As to arms, I shall manage those they give me till I fall, and God be with us."

"With so good a memory," said the duke, "Sancho cannot err in anything."

Here Don Quixote came up, and knowing what had passed, and that so speedily Sancho had to proceed to his government, with licence from the duke he took him by the hand, and went with him into his chamber, with intent to counsel him how he should bear himself in his office. So they entered into his room, and the door being shut behind them, almost by

force he made Sancho sit down beside him, and in a seasoned and a gracious voice he said—

“ I give infinite thanks to Heaven, friend Sancho, “ that first of all, and before I have encountered me with any good luck, to thee hath good fortune gone forth to encounter and receive thee. I, who had put my good fortune in pawn for thy services, find me still in the beginning of my vantage ; whilst thou, out of due time, against the law of reasonable discourse, hast all thy desires gratified. Others bribe, importune, solicit, rise early, entreat, pursue, and do not achieve that which they aim at : comes another, and, without knowing how or how not, he finds himself in the charge and office which others claimed ; and here comes in pat to the purpose the saying, ‘ In all preferment there is good luck and bad.’ Thou, whom I hold, without any doubt, to be a dolt, without rising early or sitting up late, without taking any pains, by being merely touched by the breath of knight-errantry, without more ado dost thou find thyself governor of an island—how, no one knows. All this I say to thee, O Sancho, in order that thou attribute not the mercy received to thine own merits ; but that thou give thanks to Heaven, which sweetly orders all things, and afterwards to the greatness which is contained within the profession of knight-errantry.

“ Thine heart thus being disposed to believe what I have said to thee, be, O my son, attentive to this thy Cato, who would counsel thee, and be thy pole-star and guide, that thou take a safe course, and bring thee to a safe port from that stormy sea where thou goest

to ingulph thyself ; for office and high place are nothing more than a gulf of profound disorders.

“ In the first place, O son, thou must fear God ; for to fear him is wisdom, and, being wise, thou canst err in nothing.

“ Second, remember who thou art, and strive to know thyself, which is the most difficult knowledge which can be imagined. From knowing thyself thou shalt escape puffing thyself up like the frog which would make itself equal with the ox ; for if this thou doest, the consideration that thou wert once a swineherd in thy own country will, like the peacock’s ugly feet, be a check upon vanity and pride.”

“ It is quite true,” answered Sancho, “ but that was when I was a boy ; when I grew up, I looked after geese and not swine. But, to my thinking, that is nothing to the purpose, for not all who go to govern come of the race of kings.”

“ That is true,” replied Don Quixote ; “ therefore they which have no noble beginning should sweeten the sternness of the office they fill with gracious gentleness, which, being guided by prudence, shall save them from ill-natured complainings, from which no station can escape.

“ Pride thee, Sancho, on the humbleness of thy family, and scorn not to say that thou comest of peasants ; for it being seen that thou art not ashamed, no one will try to make thee so ; and value thyself more on being humble and virtuous than in being a sinner and proud. An infinite number there be of those who, born of a low stock, have risen to the highest pontifical

and imperial dignity ; and of this truth I could give thee as many examples as would weary thee. Mind thee, Sancho, if thou takest virtue as thy middle course, and primest thee in doing virtuous acts, thou shalt not envy those who have princes and lords for their kinsmen ; for blood is inherited, but virtue is acquired, and virtue is of worth in itself, and blood is not. This being so, as it is, if perchance there come to see thee, when thou comest to thine island, some of thy kindred, neither despise nor affront them—much rather entertain, welcome, and make much of them ; for by this Heaven shall be well pleased, who will have no one to despise what he hath made, and thou shalt also in this answer to the demands of an harmonious nature.

“ If thou bring with thee thy wife—and it is not well that those who take part in governments should be much time without their own—teach her, instruct her, smooth her of her natural roughness ; for ofttimes all which the discreet governor hath gained may be lost and destroyed by a rude and silly woman.

“ If perchance thou come to be a widower—a thing which may happen—and through thy station thou art able to match thee better, seek not for one who will serve as a lure and a fishing-rod, or of those of the equivocal hood ; for verily I say unto thee, that of all which the wife of a judge receives the husband shall give an account in the universal residence, where he shall pay four times in death the reckonings of which he took no account in life.

“ Be thou not guided by the law of capricious

fancy, which is wont to be much esteemed by the ignorant who pretend to shrewdness.

“Let the tears of the poor find in thee more compassion, but not more justice, than the intelligence of the rich.

“Strive to discover the truth amidst the gifts and promises of the rich, as much as in the sighs and importunities of the poor.

“When equity should and ought to hold, lay not all the rigour of the law upon the transgressor ; for the reputation of the rigorous judge is not better than that of the compassionate.

“If thou must bend the rod of justice, let it not be by the weight of a bribe, but by that of mercy.

“If it happen that thou shalt judge the cause of some, thine enemy, let not thy thoughts dwell on thine injury, but fix them on the truth of the case.

“Let not private passion blind thee in another's cause ; for the errors so committed are most times without remedy, and, if they arise, it will be at the cost of thy fame, and even of thy fortune.

“If some fair woman come to demand of thee justice, take thine eyes from off her tears, and thine ears from her sighs, and consider at thy leisure the sum of her request, if thou wouldst not that thy reason be drowned in her lament, and thy goodness overcome by her sighings.

“Him whom thou hast to punish with deeds, ill treat not with words ; for sufficient to the wretch to bear is the pain of his sentence, without the addition of good-for-nothing reproaches.

“The transgressor which falls beneath thy jurisdiction, consider him as a miserable man, subjected to the conditions of our depraved nature ; and, as much as in thee lies, without grieving him of the opposite part, show thyself mild and gentle ; for although the attributes of God be all equal, yet to our sight more excellent and glorious is his mercy than his justice.

“If thou followest these precepts and these rules, Sancho, thy days shall be long, thy fame shall be eternal, thy reward full, thy happiness unspeakable ; thou shalt marry thy children as it shall please thee ; ennobled shall they be, and thy children's children also ; thou shalt live in peace and love with all men ; and in the last throes of life shalt thou achieve a death in thine old age sweet and ripe, and thine eyes shall be closed by the soft and tender hands of thy grandchildren's children.

“What I have so far said to thee shall serve as ornaments with which thou shalt adorn thy soul : listen now to those which shall serve for the adorning of the body.”

NOTES TO CHAPTER XLII.

Note 1, page 360.

With other matters of much considerance. Clemencin remarks that it would have been well if Cervantes had suppressed these words, because the whole of the chapter is occupied with nothing else than the counsels which Don Quixote gave to Sancho. This blindness may be likened to the self-deceit of Sancho, who now persists in believing that he beheld the earth from the high top of heaven as no bigger than a grain of mustard seed ; with this difference, that the constructed lying of Sancho is worthy of study, the stupidity or obtuseness of the commentator worthy only of stripes.

Note 2, page 362.

Enough for me to have Christ's cross. All the children's battledores were marked with a cross. The commentators say Sancho's meaning is that it was of more importance to him to have God present with him in his government, than to hold much of letters. Hartzenbusch (iv. 324, nota 6) observes that as Sancho could not read, the A B C was of no use to him, and that he must be speaking here not of the alphabet, but of the Lord himself. *Puede ser.*

CHAPTER XLIII.

OF THE SECOND COUNSELS WHICH DON QUIXOTE
GAVE TO SANCHE PANZA.

Who could have heard the forepast reasoning of Don Quixote, and not held him for a person very prudent and better disposed? But, as many times in the course of this great history it hath been said, only when touching upon chivalry did he discourse foolishness; for by his other discourses he showed a clear and free mind; so that at every step his works dishonoured his judgment, and his judgment his works. But in the matter of these second documents which he gave to Sancho, he proved him to possess much grace, and his reason soared with his prudence to a starry height. Very attentively did Sancho listen, and endeavoured to keep in memory his counsels, as one who laid them up in his heart, and by them hoped to obtain a prompt delivery of the pregnancy of his government. Don Quixote continued, then, and said—

“ In that which belongs to the government of thine house and person, Sancho, first of all, I charge thee be cleanly; and pare thy nails, not letting them grow, as do some whose ignorance hath persuaded them that long nails give beauty to the hands, as if that

excrement and addition which they neglect were nails, while much rather be they claws of the eft-catching kestrel—a filthy and strange abuse.

“Go not, Sancho, loose and ungirt ; for a slovenly dress is an index of a spiritless mind—if so be that this kind of slovenly looseness be not to some cunning end, as it was judged to be so in Julius Cæsar.

“With sagacity take the pulse of what thy place is worth, and if it will allow thee to give livery to thy servants, give them an honest and profitable, rather than a gaudy and light ; and divide it among thy servants and the poor. I mean to say that if thou hast to dress six pages, dress three, and give three to the poor. So shalt thou have pages in heaven as well as on earth ; and this new way of giving livery the vainglorious hath not attained unto.

“Eat not of garlic nor onions, that they smell not out thy villanage. Walk softly. Speak restfully, yet not so as to seem to be listening to thyself ; for all affectation is idle.

“Dine little, and sup less ; for the health of the whole body is forged in the factory of the stomach.

“Be temperate in drinking, seeing that too much wine neither keeps a secret nor fulfils a promise.

“Take heed, Sancho, not to chew on both sides of thy mouth, nor to eruct before any one.”

“I do not understand this of eructing,” said Sancho.

And Don Quixote answered him : “To eruct, Sancho, means to belch, and this is one of the foulest words in our tongue, although it be very significant ; therefore gentlepeople have recourse to Latin, and

call belching eructing, and belchings eructations : and for that some do not understand these terms matters little, for with usage and time they will come to be well known ; and this is to enrich language, over which custom and the people bear sway."

" Truly, sir," quoth Sancho, " one of the counsels and avises which I mean to bear in mind is that of not belching, for I do it very often."

" Eructing, Sancho, not belching," said Don Quixote.

" Eructing will I say," answered Sancho, " now and for ever ; and, by my fay, I will not forget me."

" Moreover, Sancho, thou must not mingle in thy conversation that distracted multitude of proverbs which is thy custom ; for albeit proverbs be persuasions in brief, yet many times dost thou so lug them in by the hair, that they seem much rather to be fopperies than persuasions."

┐ " God may mend that," said Sancho ; " for I know more than a bookful of proverbs, and there rush so many to my mouth when I speak, that they scuffle one with another to get out, and the tongue lays hold of that which comes first, although it may not be much to the purpose. But I will have a care, from this time forth on, only to say those which most agree with the gravity of my charge ; for in a full house supper is soon dressed, and he who works by the job does not jangle, and he is safe who sounds the alarm, and to give and to hold needs brains, I am told."

└ " There thou goest, Sancho," exclaimed Don Quixote, " stick, tack, patch proverbs. Pray, go on ;

here be none to let or hinder thee. My mother gives me many lashes, and I spin round the more. Here am I advising thee to eschew proverbs, and in an instant thou hast thrown up a litany of them, and which square with what we are handling as much as the Man in the moon. Sithee, Sancho, I say not that a proverb hath an ill seeming when put to a purpose ; but to load and string proverbs helter-skelter is to make discourse low and lack lustre.

“ When thou gettest to horse, go not throwing thy body back over the crupper, nor carry thy legs straight and stiff, stuck out from the barrel of the horse, nor yet go so loosely hung together as to seem as if thou wert mounted on Dapple. Riding on horseback makes gentlemen of some, and jackasses of others.

“ Let thy sleep be moderate, for he which rises not with the sun enjoys not the day ; and note, O Sancho ; that diligence is the mother of good hap, and sloth, its enemy, never achieved one wholesome wish.

“ This is the last counsel which I would give thee now, and, although it serve not for ornament of the body, I would that thou bear it well in mind, for I believe that it will prove of no less profit than those which I have given thee already ; and it is this : Never give thyself to dispute on families, at least comparing one with another ; for, perforce, of those which are compared one must be best, and of him whom thou shalt abuse shalt thou be abhorred, whilst he whom thou exaltest shall in no wise give thee his love.

“ Thy dress shall be of long hose, a long and ample tabard, and a cape somewhat longer ; but trunk hosen

must not be thought of, for they become not gentlemen nor governors.

“Thus far, Sancho, have I thought fit to counsel thee; as time goes and occasion offers, such further shall be my documents, and as thou shalt take care to report to me of the state in which thou shalt find thyself.”

“Sir,” said Sancho, “full well do I know that all which your worship has said are things good, holy, and of profit, but of what use shall they be if I cannot recollect me of even one? It is true that the one about letting my nails grow, and marrying me again, if it may be, will not drop out of my imagination; but as for those other livers and lights, tripes and chitterlings, I cannot recollect them, nor shall I recollect them any more than last year’s clouds: and so it will be needful to give me them in writing; for, though I can neither read nor write, I will give them to my confessor, who shall drive them into me, and recall them when they are wanted.”

“Ah, sinner that I am!” said Don Quixote, “how hateful it is in governors not to know how to read or write! Let me tell thee, O Sancho, that for a man not to be able to read or write, or to use his left hand, argues one of two things—either he was the son of very low and mean parents, or he was so froward and stubborn that he could not profit either by good example or good doctrine. A very great defect dost thou carry about thee; therefore I would have thee, at least, learn to make thy signature.”

“I know well how to sign my name,” said Sancho;

“for, when I was steward in my village, I learned to make some letters, such as they mark on bales, which they said spelt my name : and at the worst I can feign that my right hand is maimed, and I will manage that another shall sign for me ; for there is a remedy for everything except death. And I, holding command as well as the rod, will do what I list ; besides, he whose father is bailiff, etc. . . . and I being governor, which is more than being a bailiff . . . do you not know ?—why, let them come and starve, or make faces if they dare, and backbite me. And some come for wool, and go back shorn ; and whom God loves well is felt at home ; and the silly sayings of the rich pass for wise saws with the world : and this being so, and I being governor and liberal withal, as I mean to be, no fault will seem to belong to me. Oh, but to make honey, and walk about with one’s mouth open ! As much as thou hast, so much art thou worth, said my grandmother ; and of a man of many lands shalt thou never get revenge.”

“Oh, be thou cursed of God, Sancho !” here exclaimed Don Quixote ; “sixty thousand Satans fly away with thee and thy saws ! For an hour hast thou been stringing them, giving me with each one gulps of torment. I tell thee of a surety that one of these days those proverbs of thine will bring thee to the gallows ; for them shall thy subjects strip thee of thy government, or therein of a surety shall communists be found. Tell me, where dost thou find them, stupid ? or how apply them, fool ? For me to utter one and to apply it well, I have to sweat and toil as if I had to dig for it.”

“By God’s love, sir, my own master, but your worship complains of mighty little things. Why the devil should it fret you that I help myself out of my own garden? For I have no other, nor any other fortune but proverbs and more proverbs; and just now four more start up, which fit in here pat, like pears in my lady’s work-box. But I will not say them: good silence is a well-named saint.”

“And that saint is not thee, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “for not only art thou not that good silence, but thou art an evil speech and a vain jangling. But for all, I would know what four proverbs come now to thy memory which come in here to the purpose; for I have been searching mine, and it is not a bad one, yet can I think of none.”

“What better,” said Sancho, “than ‘Stick not thy thumb between two back grinders’? and to ‘Get from my house,’ and ‘What wouldst thou with my wife? there is nothing to say;’ and, ‘If the pitcher fall on the stone, or the stone on the pitcher, ill fares it with the pitcher’—all of which fit to a hair. That no one should mock his governor, nor him who holds rule; for he will come off hurt, like him who sticks his finger between two back grinders; and even though they be not at the back, if they be grinders it is quite enough: and to what the governor says there is no answer, like ‘Get thee from my house,’ and ‘What wouldst thou with my wife?’ As for that of the stone and the pitcher, a blind fellow can see that. So it is necessary that he which sees the mote in his brother’s eye should see the beam in his own, that it be not said of him, ‘The defunct one was

frightened for her whose head was cut off ;' and your worship knows well enough that the fool knows more in his own house than the wise man in his neighbour's."

"That no, Sancho," answered Don Quixote ; "for the fool, whether in his own house or his neighbour's, knows nothing, for the simple reason that house of wit was never built upon the foundation of folly. But leave we this now, Sancho, for if thou govern ill, thine shall be the censure and mine the shame. But I will comfort me in that I have done my duty in counselling thee with such truth and discretion as are possible to me ; so I acquit me in my duty and promise. God guide thee, Sancho, and govern thee in thy government, and deliver me from the scruple which I hold, which is that thou wilt turn the whole island heels uppermost ; a thing which I might hinder by discovering to the duke whom thou art, telling him that all this fat, and this manikin which makes up thee, is no other thing than a sack full of proverbs and sauciness."

"Master," said Sancho, "if to your worship's seeming I am not fit for this government, here now will I let it go ; for I care more for a nail's paring of my soul than the whole of my body, and I can keep me plain Sancho on bread and onions as well as governor on capons and partridges : and more, while we are asleep we are all equal, the great and the small, the poor and the rich. And if your worship will look closer into it, you shall see that nobody else but your worship set me on to this matter of government ; for I know no more of governments of islands than a vulture : and if you think that for being a governor the devil

will fetch me, much more would I go Sancho to heaven than governor to hell."

"By God's rood, Sancho," exclaimed Don Quixote, "only for these last words of thine do I judge thee worthy to be governor over a thousand islands. Thou hast a good nature, without which all knowledge is worthless. Commend thee to God, and strive not to err in the main intention—I mean, for ever hold thee firm of purpose and of intent to do right in all affairs which shall come before thee; for Heaven ever blesseth good desires. Now let us to dinner, for I think these nobles be waiting for us."

CHAPTER XLIV.

HOW SANCIO PANZA WAS CARRIED OFF TO THE GOVERNMENT, AND OF THE STRANGE ADVENTURE WHICH HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE IN THE CASTLE.

THEY say that, in the genuine original of this history, it may be read that when Cid Hamete came to write this chapter, his interpreter did not translate it as he had written it, which was a form of vexation the Moor had deserved of himself for taking in hand a history so dry and straitened as that of Don Quixote; it seeming to him that he must be ever speaking of the Don and of Sancho, without daring to extend him to other matters and episodes more staid and more delightful: and he said that to have his mind, his hand, and pen bent on one subject, and to speak by the mouths of few people, was an intolerable toil, the fruit of which could bring no honour to its author; and to escape from an issue so untoward, he had used in the First Part the artifice of some novels, such as that of *The Impertinent Pry* and *The Captive Captain*, which are in a sort separated from the history, although the rest which are there rehearsed are things which

happened to Don Quixote himself, and could not therefore be omitted. He also thought, as he says, that, owing to having their attention carried away by the exploits of Don Quixote, many would take no heed of the novels, but would skip them either for haste or irksomeness, without noticing the pleasantry and artifice by which they are framed, which would be well seen if they stood by themselves, and had not to lean against the lunacies of Don Quixote and the follies of Sancho. Therefore into this Second Part he had no mind to engraft stranger novels nor kindred, but only certain episodes which should be seemingly born of such events as the truth offers ; and even these sparingly, and only with words sufficient to make them clear. He, then, being cribbed and confined within the narrow limits of this relation, having ability, sufficiency, and understanding to treat of the whole universe, begs that his labour be not dispraised, and that they will give him laud, not for what he has written, but for what he has omitted to write. Thereupon he proceeds with the history, and says—

That, on finishing dinner on the day when Don Quixote gave his counsels to Sancho, in the evening he gave him them written out, in order that he might find some one who would read them to him ; but scarcely had he given them, when Sancho let them fall, and, of course, they came into the duke's hands, who showed them to the duchess, and the two again wondered much for the madness and the genius of Don Quixote ; and so, to carry forward their jests, on that evening they had Sancho despatched, with an

ample retinue, to the village which to him was to be an island.

It happened that he who had charge of that business was a major-domo of the duke, very discreet and very gracious (for there can be no grace where there is no discretion), who played the part of the Countess Trifaldi with the good humour which hath been related: and for this, and being trained by the duke and duchess how it would become him to behave with Sancho, he carried out the intent most marvelously.

I must say that it happened when Sancho saw this major-domo, the very face of Trifaldi appeared to him, and turning to his master, he said, "Sir, either the devil will fly away with me from where I stand in justice and believing, or your worship will confess me that the face of this major-domo of the duke who stands here is the same as that of Dolorous."

Don Quixote regarded the major-domo attentively, and having so regarded him, he said to Sancho, "There is no reason why the devil should fly away with thee, neither in justice nor in believing (although I know not what thou wouldst say by that) that the face of Dolorous is that of the major-domo: but not for that is Dolorous the major-domo; for to be so would involve a very great contradiction, and there is no time now to sift out these things, which would entangle us in a maze of intricate labyrinths. Believe me, my friend, that it is necessary to beseech our Lord very earnestly to deliver us two from evil wizards and damned enchanters."

“ This is no jest, sir,” said Sancho ; “ for I heard him speak before, and it seemed not but that the voice of Trifaldi sounded in my ears. Well, I will keep my mouth shut and my eye open, to see if I can discover any other sign which shall confirm or upset my suspicion.”

“ That shalt thou do, Sancho,” said Don Quixote ; “ and give me tidings of all which thou shalt discover of this, and of what befalls thee in thy government.”

In brief, Sancho set out attended by much people, dressed as a gownsman, and over all a gaberdine, very wide, of tawny watered camlet, with a cap of the same, and mounted on a great mule, genet-wise ; and behind him, by order of the duke, came Dapple in harness, with asinine ornaments of silk, spick and span. Sancho turned his head now and again to behold his ass, in whose company he went so happy, that he would not have changed with the Emperor of Germany. On taking his leave of the duke and duchess, he kissed their hands, and took the blessing of his master, who gave it him with tears, which he received with the grimaces of a child.

Loving reader, let honest Sancho go in peace and friendliness, and do thou expect two bushels of laughter on hearing how he has discharged his office. And in the mean time mark and learn what happened to his master that night ; and if it make thee not laugh, at least it shall make thee display thy lips with a monkey’s smile. The haps and joys of Don Quixote must be celebrated with laughter or admiration.

It is set forth that scarcely had Sancho gone on

his way, when Don Quixote felt much loneliness, and, had it been possible to revoke the commission and take the government from him, he would have done it. The duchess knew of his melancholy, and asked him of his sadness ; that if it were for the absence of Sancho, there were squires, duennas, and maidens of the house who would serve him to his full satisfaction.

“ Indeed, it is true, lady mine,” answered Don Quixote, “ that I feel the absence of Sancho, but this is not the principal cause which makes me seem sad. Of the many kindnesses which your excellency has offered me, will I select and accept the good will with which you do me them ; and for the rest, let me entreat your excellency to consent and allow me to serve myself alone, within the privacy of mine own chamber.”

“ Tush ! ” said the duchess, “ sir Don Quixote ; this must not be : but you shall be served by four maidens of mine, beautiful as flowers.”

“ For me,” answered Don Quixote, “ they shall not be as flowers, but as thorns which prick the soul, and the moment they come into my room there will be nothing for it but to fly. If so be that your grandeur would continue your favour to me, without my being worthy of it, suffer me to be alone and to wait upon myself within my own doors, that I might put a rampart between my desires and my modesty ; nor would I forego this custom for all the liberality which your highness would confer upon me ; and, in fine, I would rather sleep in my clothes, than allow any one to undress me.”

“ No more, no more, sir Don Quixote,” replied the

duchess ; “for me, I will give orders that not even a fly, much less a maid, shall enter your chamber. I am not of those who would offend the decorum of sir Don Quixote, among whose many virtues, as I discern, his modesty shines resplendent. Undress, your worship, alone, and dress you how and when you will ; no one shall let or hinder you. Within your room shall you find the platters which are needed by him who sleeps with locked doors, for that no natural need oblige him to open them. Live the great Dulcinea del Toboso a thousand ages, and be her name sounded throughout the total roundness of the earth, for being worthy of the love of so valiant and chaste a knight ; and benignant Heaven stir up the heart of Sancho Panza, our governor, with the will to quickly end his scourges, that the world may again rejoice in the beauty of so great a dame.”

To which Don Quixote made answer : “Your highness hath spoken like yourself, for out of the mouth of good ladies can proceed no evil thing ; and more happy and better known in the world shall be Dulcinea for having been lauded of your grandeur, than for all the praises which could be said of her by the most eloquent of the earth.”

“Well, go to, sir Don Quixote,” said the duchess ; “supper hour has come, and the duke will be awaiting us. Come, your worship, let us to supper ; and retire you early, for the travel of yesterday which you made to Candaya was not so short as not to have caused some chafing.”

“I feel none, lady,” replied Don Quixote, “and

I will swear to your excellency that never in my life have I mounted a quieter beast, nor one with a better pace, than Clavileño. I cannot tell what could have moved Malambruno to dispossess him of a horse so fleet and gentle, and then, without more ado, to burn him."

"That can be imagined," said the duchess; "for, repenting him of the evil which he had done to Trifaldi and company, and to other persons, and of the ills which he had wrought as a wizard and enchanter, he desired to destroy all the implements of his art; and as the chief of these, which most caused him uneasiness, going about from country to country, he burned Clavileño, that by his burnt ashes, and the trophy of the poll, the valour of the great Don Quixote should be made eternal."

Don Quixote renewed his thanks to the duchess, and having supped, Don Quixote retired to his chamber alone, without consenting that any one should enter with him to wait upon him; so much did he fear lest he should encounter an occasion which might move or force him to lose the fine decorum which he kept for his lady Dulcinea, for ever bearing in his imagination the goodness of Amadis, the flower and mirror of knights-errant. He locked the door behind him, and he undressed by the light of two wax candles. On taking off his shoes and stockings (O untoward mishap to happen to such a person!) there broke—not sighs, nor aught else from him which could discredit the cleanliness of his manners, but only some two dozen stitches from a stocking, which made it look like a

lattice. The good gentleman was extremely grieved, and he would have given an ounce of silver to have with him then a drachm of green silk—I say green, because the stockings were green.

Here Benengeli breaks forth, and writing says, “O poverty, poverty! I know not what could have moved that great Cordovan poet¹ to call thee a holy, unrequited gift. I, although a Moor, know full well, by the communion which I have held with Christians, that holiness consists in charity, humbleness, faith, obedience, and poverty; but, for all that, I say that he who brings himself to be content with poverty must live much in God, unless it be of that sort of poverty of which one of his greatest saints speaks, in which they who buy are to be as though they possessed not: and this is called to be poor in spirit. But, O thou second poverty, which is that of which I am speaking, why dost thou delight to harry the gentle and the well born more than other people? Why dost thou compel them to blacken their boots, and, of the buttons of their tabards, to compel some to be of silk, some of hair, and others of glass? Why must their ruffs for the most part be always curled, and not boldly standing out (from which we may gather the ancient use of starch and open ruffs)?” He continued: “O miserable is the nobly born, who must give sops to his honour, dining ill with locked doors, and playing hypocrite with his toothpick, with which he will go into the street, having eaten nothing which compels him to pick his teeth! Wretched he, I say, whose startled honour makes him fancy that the patch on his shoe can be

spied a league off, as well as the grease on his hat, the bare threads of his doubtlet, and the hunger of his belly !”

All this was renewed in Don Quixote by the dropping of his stitches ; but he comforted himself on perceiving that Sancho had left behind him some boots for the road, which he thought to use on the morrow. Finally, he laid him down, thoughtful and heavy, as much for lack of Sancho as for the irreparable misfortune of his stockings, which he would fain have darned, even though it had been with silk of another colour—one of the greatest signs of misery which a gentleman can give in the discourse of his prolix need. He put out the lights ; the night was hot, and he could not get him to sleep : he then rose from his bed, and opened a little the casement of a window which looked on to a fair garden, and on opening it perceived and heard that there were people walking and talking in the garden. He set himself to listen attentively ; those below spoke in so loud a voice, that it was easy to hear the following discourses :—

“ Be not so earnest with me, O Emerencia, to have me sing ; for it is known to thee that from the moment this stranger came to this castle, and mine eyes beheld him, I have not known how to sing, but only to weep. Besides, my lady sleeps but lightly ; nor would I have her discover us to be here, for all the treasure of the world. And even though she slept and awoke not, in vain would be my singing, if sleeps and awakes not to hear me this new *Æneas*, which has entered my regions to leave me scorned and forsaken.”

“Think not so, Altisidora, dearest,” answered they; “for, without doubt, the duchess and all who are in this house are sleeping, unless it be the master of thy heart and thy soul’s alarm—for but now I heard him open his window, and he must be awake. Sing, my sorrowing one, in a tone sweet and low, to the sound of thy harp; and if the duchess awake, we will cast the blame on the heat of the night.”

“The point is not in that, O Emerencia,” replied Altisidora, “but that I am not willing that my song should discover my heart, and that I should be held of those who have no knowledge of the mighty force of love, as a fickle and light maiden; but, let come what will, better is shame in the face than a stain on the heart;” and thereupon she began to play most sweetly upon a harp.

On hearing it, Don Quixote was struck with wonder; for on that instant there came into his memory the infinite adventures similar thereto—of windows, casements, and gardens, music, the tales of love and idleness—of which he had read in his books of chivalry. At once he imagined that one of the maidens of the duchess had fallen in love of him, and that modesty compelled her to keep her affection secret. He feared that he must yield, but purposed in his mind not to be overcome, and commending himself, with all his heart and all his mind, to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, he determined to listen to the music; and to let know that he was there, he feigned a sneeze, for which the maidens were not a little glad, who desired no other thing than

that Don Quixote should hear them. The harp being tuned and strung, Altisidora began with this ballad² :—

*Thou, in bed so snug reposing,
'Twixt the sheets of holland fine,
Stretched at ease and soundly dozing
All the night till morning shine !*

*Cavalier more gay and gallant
Never did La Mancha hold,
Fairer, purer than a talent
Of the best Arabian gold.*

*Listen to a maid in mourning,
Small in fortune, large in size,
In whose breast a fire is burning
Kindled by thy two bright eyes.*

*Wild adventurous trade thou pliest,
Strange mishaps are all thy gain ;
Givest wounds, and yet deniest
Wherewithal to ease the pain !*

*Tell me, youth of strength unmeasured
(Heaven shield its daring child !),
Wert thou reared in Lybian desert,
Or in Jaca's mountains wild ?*

*Say did serpent's milk provide thee,
Or did wild woods for thy curse
In their shaggy bosoms hide thee,
Or were mountains rude thy nurse ?*

*Well might Dulcinea vaunt her,
Strapping damsel, plump and sound,
That her charms had tamed a panther,
Made a tiger bite the ground.*

*So her name shall ring in stanza,
From Xarama to Henares,
From Pisuerga to Arlanza,
Tagus' banks to Manzanares !*

*Had I but her happy lot,
I would give a sum untold—
Even my gayest petticoat
With its fringes all of gold.*

*Would that I were now beside thee,
Or at least beside thy bed,
I would make thy hair so tidy,
Brush the dandruff from thy head.*

*Such an honour would too high be,
Let me rather kiss thy feet ;
For a maiden such as I be
That would be a boon complete.*

*Oh, what lovely coifs I'd weave thee,
Socks of silver thread so fine ;
Damask breeches I would give thee,
Holland mantles quite divine !*

*Pearls of colours all the rarest,
Big as nuts, thy heart to wile,
Since they are by far the rarest
People call them nonpareil.*

*Look not from thy rock Tarpeian
On the fire which gives me pain ;
Nero of the world Manchegan,
Do not make it blaze again !*

*I'm a girl, a tender chicken,
Fifteen barely do I score ;
On my conscience and by Heaven,
Fourteen, and but three months more.*

*I'm not lame, nor am I silly,
Faulty thou'lt in nothing find me ;
Locks as fresh as any lily
Sweep the very ground behind me.*

*Though my wide mouth might be fitter,
And my nose too flatly lies,
All my teeth like topaz glitter,
And my beauty scales the skies.*

*And my voice, if thou wilt listen,
'Tis so sweet, it is no croaker ;
And I have a disposition
Something less than mediocre.⁸*

*Charms like these, all charms excelling,
Are thy spoils, and many more-a !
I'm a damsel of this dwelling,
And my name's Altisidora.*

Here ended the song of the sore-wounded Altisidora, and here began the dread of the courted Don Quixote. Heaving a great sigh, he said within himself, "Why am I so unfortunate an errant, that no maiden can see me without falling in love with me? Why is the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso so little blessed with fortune, that she cannot be allowed, of herself alone, to enjoy this mine incomparable constancy! Queens, what would ye? Emperors, why do ye persecute her? And you, ye maidens of fourteen or fifteen years, why do ye pursue after her? Leave, oh, leave the wretched to her triumph, to joy and rejoice in the lot which love decreed for her in the conquest of my heart and the surrender of my soul. Look to it, ye enamoured swarm, that to Dulcinea alone am I paste and sugar, and to all the rest I am flint. For her I am honey, and for you aloes. To me alone is Dulcinea beautiful, discreet, modest, bright, and of high birth, and the rest of ye are foul, foolish, low, and of lower lineage. To be hers, and not another's, nature threw me into the world. Weep or sing, Altisidora; despair, madam, on whose behoof I was buffeted in the castle of the enchanted Moor; I am for Dulcinea, boiled or roasted, clean, well born, and

chaste, in spite of all the dominions of witchcraft in the world."

On that he suddenly shut the window, and in despite and vexation, as if some evil chance had befallen him, he got him to bed, where for the present we will leave him; for the grand Sancho Panza is calling upon us, who is longing to make beginning of his famous government.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XLIV.

Note 1, page 385.

That great Cordovan poet. Juan de la Mena, who flourished in the time of Juan II., King of Castile, and died A.D. 1456. The reference is to the *Trecientos* :

*O vida segura, la mansa pobreza
Dádiva santa desagradecida !
Rica se llama, no pobre, la vida
Del que se contenta vivir sin riqueza.*

Copla 227.

Note 2, page 388.

Altisidora began with this ballad. The Spanish ballads contain as many grotesque lies, as well as pretty conceits and fanciful deeds of heroes, as the books of chivalry. I have counted in this playful nonsense of Altisidora no less than fifty-six allusions to the old ballads, besides quotations from Virgil, and *Celestina*.

Note 3, page 390.

Something less than mediocre. Spanish commentators are highly offended at this nonsense, which, they say, although the mockery is evident, is "frightfully vulgar," and unworthy of Cervantes ; they, however, admit that it is all meant for jest, "because nothing can be more loathsome than teeth that glitter like the topaz," etc.

CHAPTER XLV.

HOW THE GREAT SANCHE PANZA TOOK POSSESSION OF HIS ISLAND, AND THE MANNER IN WHICH HE BEGAN TO GOVERN.

O THOU perpetual discoverer of the antipodes ! torch of the world, eye of heaven, sweet mover of wine-coolers ! Thymbræus here, Phœbus there, archer hither, physician thither, father of poetry, inventor of music ! thou which ever risest, and yet, though it seems so, never settest ! thee I invoke, O sun ! by whose help man begets man. Grant me thy favour, and shine upon the dark of my mind, that I may be able, with all diligence, to make known the recordation of great Sancho Panza's government ; for, without thee, I find me lukewarm, faint of heart, and sore perplexed.

So then : Sancho, with all his retinue, arrived at a village of some thousand neighbours, which was one of the best which the duke held. They gave him to understand that it was called the Island of Barataria, either because the name of the village was Baratario, or because of the *barato*, or cheap rate at which they let him have the government.

On arriving at the gates of the village, which was walled in, the magistracy and aldermen went in a body to receive him, they rang the bells, and all the

neighbours made a general rejoicing, and with much pomp they carried him to the cathedral, to give thanks to God ; and afterwards, with some ridiculous ceremonies, they presented him with the keys of the town, and received him as perpetual governor of the Island of Barataria.

The dress, the beard, the fatness, and shortness of the new governor held in amaze all the people who were not in the riddle ; yea, even those who were, which were by no means few. Finally, after drawing him from church, they brought him to the seat of justice, and they set him upon it, and the duke's major-domo said—

“ It is an ancient custom of this island, sir governor, that he who comes to take possession of this famous isle obliges himself to answer to a question which shall be asked of him—and it will be somewhat hard and intricate—by his answer to which the town will be able to take and feel the pulse of its new governor's capacity, and be either glad or sad for his coming.”

While the major-domo said this, Sancho was regarding some letters, which were many and large, inscribed upon a wall in front of his chair, and as he could not read, he demanded what were those paintings which appeared on the wall.

He was told : “ Sir, yonder is written and recorded the day on which your honour took possession of this island, and the epitaph runs thus :

“ *On this day—such of the month and of such a year—El Senor Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island, and may he enjoy it many years.*”

"Whom do they call Don Sancho Panza?" inquired Sancho.

"Your excellency," answered the major-domo; "for no other Panza hath entered this island, save he who is seated in this chair."

"Well, mark you, brother," said Sancho, "I have no right to Don, nor hath it ever been held of all my lineage. Simple Sancho Panza is my name; my father was called Sancho, and my grandfather was Sancho, and they were all Panzas, without the makeweight of Dons or Doñas. I suppose there are more Dons in this island than stones. But enough: God knows my meaning; and if so be that this government lasts me for a few days, I will weed out these Dons, which, for their multitude, are as troublesome as mosquitoes. Proceed with thy question, master major-domo; I will answer as well as I can, be the people sorry or not sorry."

At this moment there came into the judgment hall two men—one dressed as a husbandman, and the other as a tailor, for he carried shears in his hand; and the tailor said—

"Sir governor, I and this labouring man come before your worship by reason that this good man came to my shop yesterday—by leave of all here present, I am a certified tailor, God be blessed—and putting a piece of cloth into my hands, he demanded, 'Gaffer, will there be enough of this cloth to make me a capouch?' I, measuring the cloth, answered, 'Why, certainly.' He imagined what I imagined—and I imagined right—that, without doubt, I

had a mind to cabbage some part of the cloth, founding his conceit on his own knavery and the ill fame of tailors ; he required me to look again, and say if there were not enough for two. I divined his thought, and answered, ‘Why, certainly.’ He, master of his own hurt and firm in his first ill surmise, went on adding capouches, and I adding ‘Why, certainlies,’ until we reached five capouches ; and even just now has he called for them. I delivered them unto him ; but he will not pay me even for the making, and insists that I shall either give him back his cloth, or pay him for it.”

“Is all this so, brother ?” demanded Sancho.

“Why, so it is, your honour,” answered the man ; “but, your worship, make him show you the five capouches which he has made for me.”

“With right good will,” said the tailor ; and, incontinently drawing forth his hand from beneath his doublet, he showed upon it five capouches, each placed on the five heads of the fingers of his hand, and said, “Here be the five capouches which this good man ordered of me, and, by God and my conscience, not a snip of the cloth is left over ; and I will submit the work to the watchers of the trade.”

The people in court laughed at the number of caps and the novelty of the suit. Sancho took a little time to consider, and then he said—

“It seems to me that in this suit there need be no long delays, but a quick and right judgment ; and my sentence is that the tailor lose his work, and the husbandman the cloth, and the capouches be sent to the prisoners in jail : and there is an end of that.”

If this sentence provoked the laughter of all who were present, that which he gave regarding the purse of the herdsman caused them much wonder ; but finally, what the governor commanded, that was done.

Two old men now came before him. One of them carried a cane, which he used as a walking-stick ; and he without a walking-stick said, " Your honour, some days ago I lent this honest man ten golden crowns in gold, to do him pleasure and service, on condition that he should restore them to me when I might ask for them. Many days passed without my asking for them, for that I would not put him in greater trouble to repay me than he was in when I lent him them ; but because I thought him careless of making payment, I demanded them once and many times, and not only does he not return them, but he denies me, and says that I never lent him the said ten crowns, or if I did lend him them, then that he has returned them to me. I have no witnesses, neither of the borrowing nor of the repayment—for he has not paid me—I would that your worship took his oath, and if he will swear that he has returned them to me, I will forgive him now and for ever before God."

" What sayest thou to this, honest old man of the staff ? " demanded Sancho.

To which the old one answered, " I, your honour, confess that he lent them to me ; be pleased, your worship, to lower your wand, and, as he has left it to my oath, I will swear that I have returned them to him, and really and truly repaid him."

The governor lowered his wand, and while the

old one of the staff gave the staff to the other old one, to hold it while he made oath, as if it much embarrassed him, and straightway he placed his hand on the cross of the wand, saying, it was true that he lent him those ten crowns which he had asked for, but that he had returned them with his own to his hand, and because he could not remember it, he came every moment to ask for them.

Which the great governor seeing, he demanded of the creditor what he had to say to his adversary ; who said that, without any doubt, his debtor must have spoken true, because, he held him as a man of honour and a good Christian ; and as for himself, he must have forgotten the how and the when of the return, and from that time forward he would ask for nothing again. The debtor turned to recover his staff, and, bowing down his head, he went out of the court.

Sancho perceiving this, and that the man went his way without more ado, and noting also the patience of the claimant, he lowered his chin upon his breast, and, putting the index finger of his right hand over his nose and eyebrows, remained thoughtful for a little space ; and then he promptly raised his head, and ordered them to bring back before him the old man of the staff, who had already gone out.

They brought him in ; and Sancho, on seeing him, said, "Give me that staff, my good man, for I have need of it."

"With right good will," answered the old one. "Here it is, sir ;" and he placed it in the governor's hands.

Sancho took it, and giving it to the other ancient, he said to him, "Go thy ways, and God be with thee; now art thou paid."

"I, your honour?" answered the old man. "Why, then, is this staff of the value of ten golden crowns?"

"Yea," replied the governor, "or, if not, I am the greatest dolt in the world. And now shall it be seen if I have a head to govern even an entire kingdom;" and he commanded them that they should then, in face of them all, break in pieces and rip open the staff.

This they did, and in the heart of it they found ten gold crowns. And they were all astonished, and looked upon their governor as a new Solomon.

They questioned him how it was he gathered that the ten crowns were in the staff, and he told them that because he saw the old man who was to swear give his adversary the staff while he took the oath, and then swear that he had really and truly paid him back, and on finishing his oath turn to demand his staff, it came into his imagination that the payment sought for was inside the staff. From which can be collected that those who govern, although they may be ignorant, yet, perhaps, God guides them in their judgments. And besides, he had heard the priest of his village tell of a case like unto that; he had such a grand memory, that, if he had not forgotten all which he desired to recollect, there would not be such a memory in the whole of the island.

Finally, the one old one ashamed, and the other

paid, went out, and the bystanders remained in wonder; and he who wrote down the words, acts, and movements of Sancho was not sure whether he should write him down an ass or a wise man.

Soon after this suit was ended, there came into the judgment hall a woman holding fast by a man dressed like a rich herdsman, and as she came she cried in a loud voice, "Justice, my lord governor, justice; and if I find it not on earth, I will go and search for it in heaven. Sweet and dear lord governor, this evil man caught me in the middle of the field, and hath abused my body as if it had been an ill-washed rag, and, miserable me! he hath carried away that which I had now kept these three and twenty years and more, defending it against Moors and Christians, natives and strangers; and I, ever tight as cork, kept me entire, like a salamander in fire, or wool in brambles, and all that this man should now come with clean hands to my handling."

"That remains to be seen, if he hath clean hands or no, this gallant," said Sancho; and, turning upon him, he asked him what he had to say and what answer to make to that woman's complaint.

He, all troubled, said, "Masters, I am a poor herdsman, and deal in swine, and this morning I left this village to go to market—with pardon be it said—with four pigs, and after what the dues and duties carried off, I was left with little less than their value. I returned to the village, and picked up this good duenna by the way, and the devil, who entangles and cooks all things, wrought our being yoked together. I paid her suffi-

ciently, and she, ill content, seized hold of me, and would not let me go until I came to this court. She says that I forced her, and she lies, by the oath which I swear or intend to swear; and this is all the truth, and it lacks no duty."

Then the governor asked him if he had about him any money in silver, and he said that he had a matter of twenty ducats, which he kept in a leathern purse that he carried in his bosom. The governor ordered him to take it out, and deliver it over just as it was to the complainant. He did so trembling. The woman took it; and, making a thousand salaams to all, and praying God for the life and health of the governor, who cared for distressed orphans and maidens, she left the court, carrying with her the purse, holding it in both hands, although she first looked to see if it were silver money which it contained.

Scarcely had she gone, when Sancho said to the herdsman, whose tears began to fall, and whose eyes and heart went after his purse, "Hie thee, my good fellow, after yon woman, and take from her the purse, albeit against her will, and come back with it hither."

This was not said to a fool, nor to the deaf; for, foot-hot, he fled like lightning, and did what he was commanded. All present waited in suspense the issue of that suit; and a little while afterwards they returned, the man and the woman, more closely tied and bound together than at the first—she with her skirt raised to hold the purse between her knees, and the man contending for it with her. But he could not take it from her, nor was it possible, from the manner

in which it was defended by the woman, who called out aloud—

“Justice from God and the world! Behold, your worship, my lord governor, the little shame and less fear of this profligate, who, in the midst of the village and in the middle of the street, has sought to rob me of the purse which your worship commanded him to give to me.”

“And has he taken it?” inquired the governor.

“How could he,” answered the woman, “before I gave it up? He would take my life before he took my purse. Pretty little dear! they will have to throw another kind of cat at my beard than this loathsome wretch. Pincers and hammers, maces and chisels, will not serve to tear it from my nails, nor yet will serve the claws of a lion; rather, my soul, which is in the middle of my middle, will be sooner torn from my body.”

“She is right,” said the man; “I yield me for conquered, and without forces, and confess that mine are not equal to take it from her;” and he left her.

Then the governor said to the woman, “Let me see yon purse, honoured and courageous lady.”

She gave it him straightway; and the governor returned it to the man, and said to the forcible and not forced, “My sister, hadst thou shown the same spirit and valour in defence of thy body as thou hast shown in defending this purse, or even the half of it, the strength of Hercules had not forced thee. Get thee gone, in God’s name, and in much of an ill hour, and remain not in this island, nor be found within six

leagues all round it, under pain of two hundred stripes. Hie thee hence, I say, at once, thief, sharper, shameless one !”

The woman, terrified, went out, hanging her head and ill contented ; and the governor said to the man, “ My good fellow, get thee to thy home, in God’s name, with thy money ; and henceforth, if thou mind not to lose it, take care not to couple thee with any one.”

The man returned thanks in the worst way he knew, and went out, and the bystanders remained again in fresh wonder at the judgments and sentences of their new governor ; all of which, noted by his chronicler, were written down at once for the duke, who waited to hear of them with great longing.

Here leave we Sancho the good ; for his master hastens us now, who is exhilarated with the music of Altisidora.

CHAPTER XLVI.

OF THE FEARSOME FRIGHT, BELL-JANGLING, AND CAT-MEWING WHICH CAME UPON DON QUIXOTE IN THE COURSE OF THE LOVES OF THE ENAMOURED ALTISIDORA.

WE left Don Quixote wrapped in the fancies which were caused by the music of the enamoured maiden Altisidora. He carried them with him to bed, and they came about him like fleas, which would neither give him sleep nor rest for a moment, and together with these came the disaster of his stockings. But as time is swift, and no bar can stay him, he ran the hours like a horseman, and with much fleetness came that of morning, which Don Quixote seeing, he quitted his soft feathers, and, nothing lazy, put on his chamois dress and his travelling boots to hide the misery of the stockings. He threw over him his great scarlet cloak, and covered his head with a bonnet of green velvet adorned with silver fringes, and then he crossed his shoulders with the belt, from which hung his trusty chopping sword. He took his great rosary, which

he continually carried about with him, and in finished splendour, and with majestic stalk, went towards the bower, where the duke and the duchess, now dressed for the day, awaited him. Having to pass through a gallery, Altisidora and another maiden, her friend, posted themselves there, expecting him. So soon as Altisidora saw Don Quixote, she made pretence of fainting; and her friend caught her in her lap, and in great haste began to unlace her bosom.

Don Quixote, who saw it, came to them and said, "Yea, I know full well whence come these accidents."

"I know not," said the friend; "for Altisidora is a maiden the most healthy of all in this house, and I have never heard her breathe a sigh all the time I have known her. A plague on all the knights-errant there are in the world, if so be that all are so ungrateful. Pray, get you gone, sir Don Quixote; for this poor child will not come to herself so long as your worship remains here."

To which Don Quixote answered, "Do me the favour, your grace, my lady, to put a laud in my chamber to-night. I will comfort this smitten lady as well as I may, for in the beginnings of love plain dealings are oft the best remedy." So he went his way, in order that those who passed by should not see him.

He had not gone very far, when the fainted Altisidora, having come to herself, said to her companion, "Well will it be to take thither a laud; for, without doubt, Don Quixote intends to give us some music, and being his, it will not be bad."

Then they went to tell the duchess of what had

passed, and of the laud for which Don Quixote had asked ; and she, overjoyed, concerted with the duke and her maids to carry on a jest which should be more merry than harmful. With great content they wished for the night, that it would come quickly, as had come the day, which the duke and duchess passed with Don Quixote in savoury discourse ; and the duchess on that day really and truly despatched a page of hers—who had acted the part of Dulcinea in the wood—to Teresa Panza, with the letter of her husband Sancho Panza, together with the bundle of clothes which he had left to be sent on to her ; the duchess charging him to bring back a good relation of all which passed with her.

This done, and it growing towards eleven of the clock at night, Don Quixote found him with a guitar in his chamber. He tuned it, opened the window, and found that people were walking in the garden ; and, having tried the strings of the guitar, tuning it as well as he could, he cleared his throat, and spat, and soon in a voice a little hoarse, but not unmusical, he sang the following ballad, which he himself had made that day :—

*When Love's forces are united
To unhinge a woman's mind,
Careless ease, and idle living,
Are the instruments they find.*

*Only knitting, working, toiling
In the things the house requires,
Are specifics 'gainst the poison
Of the amorous desires.*

*Maidens who would fain be married
Prudent are in all their ways ;*

*Modesty's their richest dower,
Purity their highest praise.*

*Cavaliers who gaily swagger,
Courtiers in the palace bred,
With the light and free make merry,
Only with the modest wed.*

*Certain loves have but a dawning,
Such as wayfarers put on,
Haste at once to their declining,
Parting comes and they are gone.*

*Loves which flit about at random
Stamp no image on the mind ;
Come to-day, and gone to-morrow,
Leaving not a trace behind.*

*Picture on a picture painted
Doth not brook a single glance ;
Where a former beauty reigneth
There the second has no chance.*

*On my soul, a spotless tablet,
Beams my Dulcinea's face,
Painted there in such a fashion
Nothing earthly can efface.*

*This is chief of lover's virtues,
Constancy which never dies ;
Love therewith works all his wonders,
Keeps the field, and wins the prize !*

Thus far had Don Quixote proceeded with his song, to which the duke and duchess, Altisidora, and nearly all the rest of the castle were listening, when suddenly, as from the top of a corridor which ran above the iron grating of Don Quixote's window, there fell plumb down, hanging by a cord, more than a hundred cattle bells, all tied together ; and soon after was emptied a great sack full of cats, which carried

lesser bells tied to their tails. So great was the noise of the bells, mingled with the mewling of the cats, that although the duke and duchess were inventors of the jest it yet gave them a fright, and Don Quixote, fearful, became astonished. It pleased chance that two or three of the cats entered by the grating of the chamber, and, leaping about from side to side, it seemed as if a legion of devils tore up and down it. They upset the lights which burned in the room, and scampered about searching where to escape. The falling and rising of the cord with the large bells ceased not, and the greater part of the people, who knew not the truth of the case, were struck with wonder and amazement.

Don Quixote rose to his feet, and, drawing his sword, began delivering thrusts at the grating, and shouting in a loud voice, "Avaunt, malign enchanters! avaunt, ye wizard dogs! for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, against whom the force of your evil intentions hath no avail." Then, turning upon the cats, he launched at them many slashes as they rushed to the grating and there got them out; although one, brought to bay by Don Quixote's thrusts, flew at his face, and fastened on to his nose with tooth and nail, the pain of which made Don Quixote roar as loud as he could.

On hearing him, the duke and the duchess, considering what it might well be, ran quickly to his room, and, opening it with a master key, beheld the poor gentleman fighting with all his force to tear the cat from his face. They came in with lights, and saw the unequal fight. The duke ran to part them, but Don Quixote cried out—

“No, let no one take him from me; leave me hand to hand with this devil, with this wizard, with this enchanter, for I will make him know from me who is Don Quixote de la Mancha.”

But the cat, not minding these threats, growled and held on. At last the duke rooted it out, and threw it through the grating. Don Quixote's face was pitted like a sieve, his nose was not in a healthy plight, and he was very angry that they would not allow him to finish that battle, which found him so tightly bound with that thief of an enchanter.

They brought some oil of hypericum, and Altisidora herself, with her most white hands, bound up all his wounds; and on putting on the plasters, she said in a low voice—

“All these mishaps befall thee, petrified knight, for the sin of thy hardness and obduracy; and please God that Sancho thy squire may forget to scourge himself, that never may this well-beloved Dulcinea of thine be delivered of her enchantment, and that thou mayest never enjoy her—at least, while I am alive—for I adore thee.”

To all this Don Quixote made no other answer than to heave a profound sigh. Soon after, he stretched him on his bed, grateful to the duke and duchess for their kindness—not because he had any fear for that low she-cat of an enchantress and bell-puller, but because he knew their good intention in coming to his succour.

Their graces left him to rest, and they were in great sadness for the evil issue of the jest; for they

could not believe that the adventure would cost Don Quixote so much and so heavily. For it cost him five days of confinement in bed, where there happened another adventure more pleasant than the past; the which his historian has no mind to recount at present, in order that he may run back to Sancho Panza, who bore himself with great care and much good humour in his government.

CHAPTER XLVII.

WHEREIN IS PROSECUTED HOW SANCHE PANZA COMPORTED
HIMSELF IN HIS GOVERNMENT.

THE history relates that they carried Sancho Panza from the Hall of Judgment to a sumptuous palace, where, in a great hall, was spread a royal and most delicate table. As soon as Sancho entered the hall, the clarions struck up their music, and there came four pages to serve him with finger-water, which Sancho received with great gravity. The music ceased, Sancho seated him at the head of the table, for there was no other seat but that, and upon it no other cover. There stood at his side a personage who, as it afterwards appeared, was a physician, with a rod of whalebone in his hand. They lifted a most rich and white towel, which discovered the fruits and a great diversity of dishes of many kinds of food. One, who appeared to be a student, said grace, and a page tucked a laced bib under Sancho's chin. Another, who acted the part of chief butler, set a plate of fruit before him; but scarcely had he eaten a mouthful, when he of the switch touching with it the plate, they

snatched it from before him with the greatest swiftness : but the chief butler came with another of another kind. Sancho was about to try it ; but before he could touch or taste it, the switch had touched it, and a page fled away with it, as swiftly as had disappeared that of the fruit. When Sancho saw this, he was amazed, and, regarding them all, demanded if he was to bolt that dinner hey *presto*, like a juggler.¹

To which he of the wand replied, " There must be no sort of eating, lord governor, but such as is the use and custom in other islands where there be governors. I, my lord, am a doctor, and am salaried in this island to doctor its governors. I look after their health much more than after my own, studying by night and by day, and testing the complexion of the governor, that I may the better know how to treat him when he shall fall ill. And the chief thing I do is to attend his dinners and suppers, allowing him to eat that which I think will agree with him, and removing that which I imagine will be for his damage and the hurt of his stomach. And so I ordered them to remove the plate of fruit, as being dangerously moist ; and the other plate of another kind I also ordered to be removed, as being dangerously heating, having in it many spices which provoke thirst ; for he who drinks much kills and consumes the radical moisture in which life itself consists."

" According to that, yon dish of partridges, which seem to me to be well seasoned, will do me no harm whatever ? "

To which the doctor answered, " Of these the lord

governor shall by no means eat—at least, as long as I live.”

“Well, why not?” demanded Sancho.

The doctor replied, “Because our master Hippocrates, the north star and light of physic, in one of his aphorisms, says, ‘*Omnis saturatio mala, perdicis autem pessima* ;’² which means that all surfeiting is bad, but that of partridges worst of all.”

“If that is so,” said Sancho, “pray you see, sir doctor, which of the many dishes there are on this table will do me most good, and which the least harm, and leave me alone to eat of it without any switchery; for, by the life of the government—which God grant I may enjoy—I am dying of hunger, and to deny me my dinner, let master doctor bother and babble as he may, is to take my life away rather than to increase it.”

“Your worship is in the right, my lord governor,” answered the doctor, “and it is my opinion that your worship should not eat of those smothered rabbits which are there, for it is a furry sort of food. Of that veal, if it were not roasted *à la daube*, you might just taste it; but it must not be.”

“And,” said Sancho, “yon great and wide dish which is steaming close by is to my seeming an *olla podrida*, and, the differing things which are always found in such *ollas podridas*, it cannot be but I may light on some one which will be to my liking and profit.”

“*Absit!*” cried the doctor, “far from us be such evil thought. There is nothing in the world of such pernicious nutriment as an *olla podrida*. Away with

these *olla podridas*, and leave them to canons, or to college rectors, or to country weddings; and be governors' tables free of them, where alone should reign all of sweetness and all of light. And the reason is this: everywhere and by everybody the simple medicines are ever held in more esteem than the compounded; for in the simple there can be no mistake, and in the compounded there may be, by altering the quantity of the things which make up the compound. But what I believe the lord governor should now eat, in order to keep his health and corroborate it, is an odd hundred of wafer biscuits, and some subtile slices of the tender flesh of the quince, which will sit on the stomach and aid digestion."

Sancho, on hearing this, rested on the back of his chair, looked with fixed eyes at the doctor, and in a solemn voice asked him of his name, and where he had studied.

To which he answered, "Me, my lord governor, they call Doctor Peter Positive de Bode-well; I am a native of a village called Tirteafuera, which is between Caracuel and Almodovar del Campo, on the right-hand side; and I hold the degree of doctor of the University of Osuna."

To which Sancho, his choler raging, said, "Well, sir Doctor Peter Positive de Bode-*ill*, native of Tirteafuera, a village which is on the right hand as we go from Caracuel to Almodovar del Campo, graduate of Osuna, get out of my sight at once! If not, I swear by the sun I will get me a cudgel, and with cudgellings, beginning with thee, I will not leave a doctor in the

whole of the island—at least, of those whom I hold to be ignorant : doctors who are wise, prudent, and discreet, I will hold in respect, and honour them as divine persons. But, I say again, let Peter Positive quit this place ; if not, I will take this chair on which I am sitting, and with it split his skull. And let them demand it of me in my *residencia* ;³ I will purge my conscience in saying that I did God service in slaying a vile doctor, salaried slayer of the republic. And now give me something to eat, and if not, let them take their government ; for a post which gives its master nothing to eat is not worth two beans.”

The doctor was in great terror, seeing the governor in such a rage, and would have thrown himself out of the hall, but that in that moment there sounded a post-horn in the street. The chief butler went to put his head out of the window, and returning, said—

“The post comes from the duke, my master ; he will have brought some important despatch.”

The post came in, all sweat and fear, and drawing a packet from his bosom, he delivered it into the governor’s hands ; and Sancho gave it to the majordomo, whom he bade read the direction, which was as follows :—

“ *To DON SANCHO PANZA,
Governor of the Island of Barataria.*

To be delivered to himself, or to his Secretary.”

On hearing which, Sancho said, “Who here is my secretary ?”

One of those who stood by answered, “I, my lord,

because I know how to read and to write, and I am a Biscayan."

"With that addition," said Sancho, "thou mightest be secretary to the emperor himself. Open this packet and see what it says."

The newly born secretary did so, and having read what it said, he declared it to be a matter for private hearing.

Sancho ordered the hall to be cleared, and that none should remain in it but the major-domo and the chief butler; and all the rest, with the doctor, went out. Then the secretary read the letter, which was as follows:—

"It has come to my notice, sir Don Sancho Panza, that certain enemies of mine and of this island intend to make a furious assault upon it, on I know not what night. It will become you to watch and be on the alert, that they take you not unprepared. I also know, by trusty messengers, that there have entered into this place four disguised spies, with intent to take your life, for that they like not your ability. Keep your eye open, and be wary of those who come to speak with you, and eat not of anything which they offer you. I will look after succours, if you find you in any moil; and in all do according to what I expect from your judgment.

"Your friend,

"THE DUKE.

"From this place, August 16,

"At four of the morning."

Sancho was astonished, and those who stood by seemed to be so also. Turning to the major-domo,

he said, "What has to be done now, and done at once, is to put Doctor Positive in jail; for if any one wants to kill me, it will be him, and that by a damnably strong and wicked death, such as that of hunger."

"Also," said the chief butler, "it seems to me that your worship should not eat of all that is on this table; for certain nuns have sent something, and, as they say, 'Lurks the devil behind the cross.'"

"I do not deny it," said Sancho, "and for the present bring me a piece of bread and a handful of grapes, for these will not carry poison; nor can I carry on without eating, and if so be that we must make ready for these battles which threaten us, it is needful that we be well provided; for it is the guts which carry the heart, and not the heart the guts. And you, secretary, answer the duke my lord, and tell him that all which he commands shall be done as he orders, without failing a point; and send from me a kiss-me-hands to my lady the duchess, and that I pray her not to forget to send a post, with my letter and bundle, to my wife Teresa Panza, which I shall hold as a great favour, and will ever serve her with all the forces in my power. And, by the way, thou canst send a kiss-me-hands to my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, that he may know that I am grateful bread; and thou, like a good secretary and a good Biscayner, can add all that is to thy liking, and which is to the purpose. And now change this table, and give me something to eat, and afterwards I will see to as many spies, and murderers, and enchanters, as may come upon me and my island."

Here there entered a page and said, "Here is a peasant man, a trader, who wishes to speak with your excellency on a business which he says is of much importance."

"A monstrous case is this," said Sancho, "of these dealers. Is it possible that they are such idiots as not to be able to see that these are not hours in which to come and deal? What, an belike are we governors who are judges not men of flesh and bone, and is it not necessary to leave us such time for rest as nature demands; or would they like us to be made of marble stone? By God and in my conscience, but if this government lasts—I have glimmerings that it will not—I will send more than one dealer to the right-about. But bid this good man come in; and, first of all, see that he is none of these spies, or one of my murderers."

"No, my lord," answered the page; "for he seems to be a simple soul, and I know little or he is as good as home-made bread."

"There is nothing to fear," said the chief butler, "for we are all here."

"Will it be possible, chief butler," said Sancho, "now that this Doctor Peter Positive is not here, to give me something to eat of weight and substance, even though it were a piece of bread and an onion?"

"To-night the supper shall make up for what was lacking of the dinner," said the chief butler, "and your excellency shall rest satisfied and well repaid."

"God grant it!" said Sancho.

And then entered the peasant, who was of a very

good presence, and a thousand leagues off it could be seen that he was a good man and an honest soul.

The first thing he said was, "Which of you here is the lord governor?"

"Which do you think can be," answered the secretary, "except him who is seated in the chair?"

"Then I humble me in his presence," said the peasant; and, throwing himself on his knees, begged his hand, that he might kiss it.

Sancho refused it, and ordered him to get up and say what he had to say.

The peasant did so, and presently he said, "I, my lord, am a peasant, a native of Miguel Turra, a village which is two leagues from Ciudad Real."

"Here we have another Tirteafuera," said Sancho. "Say on, brother; for, let me tell thee, I know Miguel Turra well enough, and it is not very far from my place."

"The case is this, my lord," continued the peasant, "that I, by the mercy of God, am married, with the consent and approbation of the Holy Roman Catholic Church; I have two sons who are students, the younger read for a bachelor, and the elder for a licentiate. I am a widower; for my wife died, or, better said, a damned doctor killed her for me, who gave her a purge, being pregnant; and if God had been pleased that the child should be born, and it had been a son, I should have put him to study for a doctor, that he might not envy his brothers, the bachelor and the licentiate."

"So that," said Sancho, "if thy wife had not died,

or they had not killed her, thou hadst not been now a widower ?”

“No, my lord, in no sort of manner,” said the peasant.

“This is progress,” said Sancho. “Pray, go on, brother ; only mind thee that this is a time for sleep rather than business.”

“I say, then,” continued the peasant, “that this son of mine who is to be bachelor, fell in love in the same village with a maiden called Clara Paralina, daughter of Andres Paralina, a very rich farmer ; and this name of Paralinus comes not of any family or descent, but only because all of this lineage are paralytics : but in order to soften the sound they are called Paralinas ; although, if I must tell you the truth, the maiden is like an Oriental pearl, and looked at on the right side, she seems a flower of the field, but not so much on the left ; for she is wanting the eye of that side, which the small-pox knocked out ; and although the holes on her face are many and great, they who love her well say that they are not holes, but only sepulchres, wherein are buried the souls of her lovers. Of such unspotted purity is she, that so her face shall not get dirtied by her nose, she carries it tilted up, as they say, which hath no other seeming than that it is flying from the mouth : and yet, for all, it looks well in the extreme ; for her mouth is large, and if she did not lack ten or a dozen front and back teeth, full well might she pass and cut a figure among the best formed of all. Of her lips I say nothing ; for they are of such subtle delicateness, that were it the custom to reel lips, of hers might

you make a skein : but as they are of different colours to that most commonly used for lips, they appear to be miracles ; for they are jaspered in blue and green and purple. And let the lord governor pardon me if I go so minutely painting the parts of her who in fine—in fine—has to be my daughter ; for I love her well, and she doesn't seem ill to me."

"Paint what thou likest," said Sancho ; "for I am liking the picture, and if I had had my dinner, there would not be a better tart for me than thy portrait."

"That is only my duty to your worship," answered the peasant ; "and the time will come, if it be not now, when we may serve each other. And, my lord, I declare that if I could paint her gentility and tallness, it would be a wonderful thing ; but this I cannot do, for the reason that she is doubled up and crippled, and holds her knees between her teeth ; and for all that you can see plain enough that, if she could straighten herself, her head would touch the ceiling : and long ago she would have given her hand to be my bachelor's wife, but she cannot stretch it out, it being shrunk up ; and yet, for all, by the long and ridgy nails, you can tell of its goodness and its good make."

"Very good," said Sancho. "And now, brother, reckon thee that thou hast painted her from head to foot—what wouldst thou now ? and come to the point without going round the square, or threading lanes, or the mixing up of scraps and make-weights."

"I would, my lord," answered the peasant, "that you gave a letter of grace to her father, begging him to be so good as to make this match. We are no

unequals in the goods of fortune, nor yet in those of nature ; but, to tell the truth to my lord governor, my son is possessed of the devil, and no day passes but three or four times he is tormented of evil spirits ; and because once he fell into the fire, his face is crumpled like parchment, and his eyes are somewhat tearful and run much : but he has the condition of an angel, and save that he kicks and buffets himself, he would be a saint."

"Is there any other thing thou wouldst like, my good man ?" said Sancho.

"There is one thing I would like," said the peasant, "if I only dare venture to mention it. But away ; it shall not rot in my breast, stick or not stick, as the saucepan said to the porridge. I would like, my lord, that your worship gave me three hundred or six hundred ducats, to help to set up my bachelor—I mean to furnish his house, because they will have to live by themselves, without being subjected to the impertinences of their parents."

"Look you if there be anything more," said Sancho, "and leave it not, I pray thee, unsaid for perplexity or shame."

"No, nothing more for certain," said the peasant.

Scarcely had he said this, when the governor rose to his feet, seized the chair on which he sat, and said, "I swear by God's lid, Don cullion, churl, and splay-foot, if thou go not, and hide thee at once from my sight, with this chair I will split and crack thy skull ! Whoreson dog, cut-purse, painter of the devil himself ! and this is the hour in which thou comest to ask of

me six hundred ducats? Where have I got them, thou stinking hound? And even though I had them, why should I give them to thee, sly boots, dunder-head, padster? What to me are Miguel Turra or the whole batch of the Paralinas? Get thee from me, I say! If not, by the life of the duke my lord, but I will do as I have said. Thou canst not be from Miguel Turra, but some cunning hound which hell hath sent hither to tempt me. Tell me, miscreant, not even a day and a half have I held this government, and yet thou wouldst have me hold six hundred ducats?"

The chief butler made a sign to the peasant that he should leave the hall, which he did, with his head bent, and seemingly afraid lest the governor should carry out his threat; for the knave knew his part very well.

But leave we Sancho in his wrath, and peace be in the choir, and let us return to Don Quixote, whom we left with his face bound up and dressed for his cat wounds, of which eight days sufficed not to cure him—in one of which there befel him what Cid Hamete promised to rehearse with all the truth and certitude with which he relates the things of this history, how small soever they may be.

NOTES TO CHAPTER XLVII.

Note 1, page 412.

Like a juggler.—The original is *como juego de Maese Coral*; so called from the colour of his dress in which the juggler played his tricks.

Note 2, page 413.

Omnis saturatio, etc.—*Aforismi Hippocratis*, ed. Foesij, 1620, fol. 1245.

Note 3, page 415.

Let them demand it of me in my residencia. "The first instance that I have met with of the word *reside* being used in the secondary sense of investigating or taking a *residencia*, is to be found in the Theodosian Code. From thence it would naturally make its appearance in the Visi-Gothic codes, which combined the Visi-Gothic and the Roman law. Throughout the early records of Spanish legislation, a steady and uniform distrust of judges may be traced. . . . In Castile, the whole process of *la residencia* is clearly exemplified in the body of laws which relate to the Corregidor. It appears that it had been usual for the judge to remain fifty days in the place where he had been principally engaged in giving judgments, in order that his *residencia* might be taken. . . . A part of the judge's salary was sequestered to insure his remaining in the place until the process of *residencia* had been undergone. More ample research would probably enable us to trace this institution of *la residencia* from the earliest periods of the Visi-Gothic monarchy downwards. The Spanish jurists, however, of the sixteenth and seventeenth century would not be contented with such a comparatively recent origin, and, according to one of them, the practice of taking *residencia* commences in the Book of Genesis."—*Vide* Sir Arthur Helps, *Spanish Conquest in America*, iii. 148. An account is given of this practice by Cervantes in his novel *El Amante Liberal*.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

OF WHAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE WITH DOÑA RODRIGUEZ, THE DUENNA OF THE DUCHESS, WITH OTHER CASUALTIES WORTHY TO BE WRITTEN AND HELD OF ETERNAL MEMORY.

TERRIBLY peevish and melancholy went the ill-wounded Don Quixote, with his face bound up and furrowed, not by the hand of God, but by the claws of a cat: mischances annexed to knight-errantry. Six days was he without going abroad; on the night of one of which, being awake and watching, dwelling in his musings on his misfortunes and the persecution of Altisidora, he heard them open the door of his room with a key, and straightway imagined that the enamoured damsel had come to assail his honesty, and put him to the hazard of faltering in the faith which he owed to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

“No!” he exclaimed, believing his imagination, and this he said in a voice which might be heard, “not the greatest beauty of the earth shall separate me from the adoration of her whom I hold engraved and printed on my heart’s core, and in the most secret

of my bowels, even though, my own lady, thou be transformed into a bulging farm wench, or a nymph of golden Tagus, wearing cloth of silk and gold ; or Merlin have thee, or Montesinos, wherever they will ; for wherever thou art, thou art mine, and I, where-soever I may be, am thine."

As he uttered these words, in that same moment the door opened. He stood up on the bed, covered from head to foot in a coverlet of yellow satin, his head in a helmet, and his face and mustachios bound up—his face for the clawings, and his mustachios that they should neither faint nor fall ; in which attire he seemed the most extraordinary fright that could be imagined. He riveted his eyes on the door, and while he expected the vanquished and wounded Altisidora to come through it, he saw enter a most reverend duenna, with a white tire, deeply doubled, and so sweeping long, that it covered and enfolded all from the feet to the head. She held in the fingers of her left hand the piece of a lighted candle, which she shaded with her right, that the light should not hurt her eyes, now covered with coloured spectacles. She came treading quietly, and very softly moved her feet.

Don Quixote regarded her from his watch-tower, and when he beheld her trappings, and noted her silence, he fancied that some witch or magician had come in that guise to do him some shrewd turn, and he began to bless himself with much industry. On came the vision, and on reaching the centre of the room, it raised its eyes, and saw the speed at which

Don Quixote was crossing himself: and if he was affrighted at the sight of such a figure, she was appalled at the sight of his; for beholding him so tall and so yellow, with the coverlet, and the bandages which disfigured him, she cried in a loud voice, saying, "Jesu! what is this I see?" With the fright the candle fell from her hand; and, being in the dark, she turned to go, and for the fear which held her, she stumbled in her skirts, and came to the ground with a great fall.

Don Quixote, all fearful, began to cry out, "Stay, illusion, or whatever thou mayest be; I conjure thee, say who thou art, and tell me what thou wouldst with me. If thou be a soul in torment, answer me, for I will do for thee all that my forces can achieve; for a catholic Christian am I, and a friend to do good to all the world. For, for this I took the order of knightly chivalry, which I profess, which extends even to doing good to the souls that are in purgatory."

Thewhelmed duenna, who heard herself conjured, from her own fear conjectured that of Don Quixote, and in a low and doleful voice exclaimed, "Sir Don Quixote—if so be that your worship is Don Quixote—I am no phantom, nor illusion, nor a soul from purgatory, as your worship must have thought, but Doña Rodriguez, the duenna of honour to my lady the duchess, who in one of those necessities which your worship is accustomed to remedy, comes now to your worship."

"Tell me, madam Doña Rodriguez," said Don Quixote, "peradventure comes your worship to make

some mediation? Because I would have you know that I am profitable to no one, thanks to the peerless beauty of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso. I tell you in brief, madam Doña Rodriguez, that, saving and leaving apart all love messages, your worship may go light your candle and return, and we will converse together on what you shall command, or what is most to your liking, saving, as I have said, all incen^tments to honeyed niceties."

"I a tool to any one, my dear sir?" answered the duenna. "Ill does your worship know me. Yes, indeed, I am not so stricken old that I must resort to any such baubles; for, God be praised, I still hold my soul in my body, and all my teeth and molars in my mouth, excepting a few usurped of certain colds which reign too often in this land of Arragon. But await me a little, your worship; I will go and light my candle, and return in a moment to tell my troubles to the redresser of all such like in the world."

Without waiting a reply, she went out of the room, where Don Quixote remained calm and thoughtful, expecting her return. But straight a thousand thoughts overwhelmed him concerning that new adventure, and, to his seeming, it was ill done and worse conceived to put in danger the troth which he had plighted to his lady; and he said to himself, "Who knows if the devil, who is subtle and crafty, means now to mock me with a duenna, and have me do that which he has not been able for with empresses, queens, duchesses, marquesses, and countesses? For I have often heard it said, and that by many discreet men, that the devil, if

he will, can be more effectual with a snub nose than with a straight ; and who knows if this solitude, this occasion, and this silence may awake my desires which are now asleep, and so work that, at the end of my years, I shall fall where I have never stumbled ? In such-like cases, better is it to fly than to await the battle. But I cannot be in my senses, to think and talk thus idly ; for it is not possible that a duenna, white-cowled, lank, and with spectacled eyes, could move or start one lascivious thought in the most soulless breast in the world. Is there, per hap, a duenna in the earth who is fair of flesh ? Per hap, is there a duenna on the globe who is not unscrupulous, an impostor, and overweening ? Away then, ye duennesque swarm, all useless for one human pleasure ! Oh, how well done was that of the lady of whom it is said that she had two stuffed duennas, with their spectacles and lace cushions, looking as if they were at work, at the top of her room ; and just as well did those figures serve to rule that room as if they had been real duennas !”

On saying that, he sprang from the bed, with intent to lock the door, and not to allow Doña Rodriguez to enter ; but when he would have shut it, the lady Rodriguez came with her lighted candle of white wax, and when she saw Don Quixote closer, wrapped in the coverlet, with the bandages, helmet, or hood, she renewed her fears, and stepping back two or three steps, she said—

“ Are we safe, sir knight ? for I hold it not a modest sign that your worship has risen from bed.”

“That is what I would demand of you, madam,” answered Don Quixote; “and I ask, am I safe from being assaulted and forced?”

“From whom, or of whom, do you demand this safety?” said the duenna.

“From you, and of you, do I demand it,” replied Don Quixote: “for neither am I of marble, nor you of brass; nor is it now ten of the morning, but midnight, and even a little more, as I bethink me, and we are in a chamber more close and secret than was the cave where the treacherous and bold Æneas enjoyed the beauteous and pitiful Dido. But give me your hand, madam; I wish for no greater safety than that of my continence and honour, and that which is offered me in these most reverend fingers.”

On saying that, he kissed his right hand and took hers, which she gave to him with the same ceremony.

Here Cid Hamete makes a parenthesis, and swears by Mahomet that he would have given two of his best bournouses to have seen those two, linked and joined together, on their way from the door to the bed.

At last Don Quixote got into his bed, and Doña Rodriguez remained seated in a chair a little on one side of it, without taking off her spectacles or setting aside her candle. Don Quixote muffled himself up, and covered himself, without leaving aught to be seen but his face; and the two being now calm, the first to break silence was Don Quixote, who said—

“Your worship, my dear Doña Rodriguez, may now unbosom and unstomach all that you have within

your care-loaded heart or anxious bowels, which shall be listened to with my chaste ears, and succoured by my works of compassion."

"So I believe," answered the duenna; "for only from the gentle and gracious presence of your worship could so Christian a reply have been expected. The case is, then, Señor Don Quixote, that although your worship sees me seated in this chair, and in the middle of the kingdom of Arragon, and in the habit of a humble and lowly duenna, yet am I a native of the Asturias, of Oviedo, of that lineage whose roots run through the best of that province; but my poor fortune and the little thrift of my parents, which made them poor out of due time, without knowing how or why, carried me to the court at Madrid, where, for the sake of peace, and to save greater trouble, my parents found me a place of serving-maid to a noble lady; and I would have your worship know that in back-stitching and white work, I was never outdone by any one in all the days of my life. My parents left me in service, and returned to their country, and a few years after they must have gone to heaven; for, above all, they were very good Christian Catholics. I was orphaned, and stinted to the wretched wage and miserable mercies which are commonly given to such kind of servants in the palace. At that time, without my saying anything, a page of the family fell in love with me—already a man in years, well bearded and well favoured, and, above all, high as the king, for he was from the mountains. We kept not our loves so close that they did escape the notice of my mistress, who,

to prevent ifs and buts, married us in peace, and with the consent of our holy mother the Roman Catholic Church ; of which matrimony there was born a daughter, to end my fortune, if I had any—not because I died in childbed, or it did not come straight and in season ; but, a little while after, my husband died of a certain fright which he had : and if I had now time to tell your worship of it, it would, I know, make you wonder.”

Here she began to cry tenderly, and said, “ Pardon me, your worship, sir Don Quixote, for I cannot hold myself ; for always, when I bethink me of my late lamented, my eyes brim over with tears. Wonderful God ! but how straight did he carry my lady on the haunches of a mighty mule, black as jet itself ; because then they did not use coaches, nor chairs, like what they say are used now, and the ladies went on their squires’ haunches. This I must tell you, at least, for you must note the breeding and good manners of my dear husband. On entering the street of Saint Jago, in Madrid, which is rather narrow, there was coming out of it a judge of the court, with two of his constables before him ; and so, as my good squire saw him, he turned the reins of the mule, as if in token, that he would make way for him. My lady, who was on the haunches, said to him in a low voice, ‘ What doest thou, knave ? See you not that I am here ? ’

“ The judge, full mannerly, drew his horse’s rein, and said, ‘ Keep on your way, sir ; it is my place to wait on my lady Doña Casildea ’—for that was the name of my mistress. Still did my husband press, with his cap in hand, to wait for the judge. My lady seeing

this, full of choler and very angry, pulled out a thick pin, or I believe it was a punch, from its pouch, and thrust it into my husband's loins, in such wise that he cried out aloud, and twisted his body in such a way, that he fell with his lady to the ground. Two lacqueys of her ladyship ran to raise her up ; the same did the judge and the two constables. The gate of Guadalajara was all up in arms—I mean the idle people which were there ; my lady came home on foot, and my husband went to a barber's shop, where he said that he had been run through the bowels. The mannerliness of my husband became bruited about, and the boys of the street mocked him ; and for this and for that, that he was a little short-sighted, my lady turned him away—the grief of which, without any doubt, I am quite sure brought about his death.

“ I was then a widow, unprotected, and with a daughter on my shoulders, who went on growing in beauty like the foam of the sea. Finally, as I had the fame of being a great starcher, my lady the duchess, who was then just married to the duke my lord, wished to bring me and my daughter, neither more nor less, with her to this kingdom of Arragon ; where, with the days going and the days coming, my daughter increased, and with her all the prettiness in the world. Why, she sings like a bunting, dances like a thought, and jigs like mad ; she reads and she writes like a schoolmaster, and reckons up like a miser. Of her cleanliness I say nothing, for running water is not clearer ; and she should be now, if I do not mis-

recollect me, sixteen years, five months, and three days old, one more or less.

“ In short, with this my girl there fell in love a very rich farmer, who belongs to a village of the duke my lord, not very far from here. In effect, I know not how, nor how not, but they came together ; and, on his word to be her husband, he made mock of my child, and now refuses to keep his promise : and although the duke my lord knows—because I have complained to him, not once, but many times, and begged him to make that farmer marry my daughter—yet he turns a deaf ear, and will scarcely listen to me. And the cause is that the father of this mocker is very rich, and lends him money, and stands his surety in all his fooling at every moment, and he has no wish to make him unhappy or give him trouble for anything, or in any way. I beseech you then, my dear sir, that your worship will take upon you this charge, and right me this wrong, whether by prayers or with arms ; for all the world declares that your worship was born into it to undo things, to set wrongs to rights, and help the wretched. And put yourself, your worship, in front of the orphanage of my child, her gentleness, her youth, with all the good parts which I have said she has ; for, in God and my conscience, among all the maidens which my mistress hath, there is not one that can come up to the sole of her shoe. And as for the one whom they call Altisidora, who is so bold and sprightly—why, in comparison with my daughter, she cannot come up with her in two leagues ; for I would have your worship, my dear sir, to know that it is not all gold

which glitters. For this Altisidora has more presumption than beauty, and is more bold than modest; and, besides that, she is not very healthy—she has a certain faded breath which will not let you be near her for a moment. And even my lady the duchess—— I must hush, for they say that walls have ears.”

“What, by my life, ails my lady the duchess, madam Doña Rodriguez?” demanded Don Quixote.

“By that conjuring,” answered the duenna, “I must answer your demand with all truth. Do you mark, your worship sir Don Quixote, the beauty of my lady the duchess—that bloom of the face, which seems like nothing else than a smooth and polished sword; those two cheeks of milk and carmine, in one of which stands the sun, and in the other the moon; and that graceful air with which she goes treading, or rather by which she pursues the earth, and who seemingly scatters health wherever she goes? Well, your worship, know that first she has to be grateful to God, and then to two issues which she has in her two legs, by which is discharged all the bad humour of which, according to the doctors, she is full.”

“Holy Mary!” exclaimed Don Quixote, “is it possible that my lady the duchess hath such outlets? I would not believe it, even though the barefooted friars told me; but as madam Doña Rodriguez says so, so it must be. But such issues in such places cannot distil aught else but liquid amber; and, in truth, I now believe that this making of issues is very necessary for health.”

Scarcely had Don Quixote said these words, than,

with a great bang, the doors of the room flew open, and with the fright and the bang, Doña Rodriguez let fall the candle from her hand, and the room was, as they say, as black as a wolf's mouth.

Thereupon the poor duenna felt one take her tightly by the throat with two hands, which would not let her howl; and another person, with great agility, without speaking a word, raised her skirts, and, with what might be a slipper, began to give her so many scourgings, that it forced compassion: and albeit Don Quixote felt much, yet he stirred not from his bed; and, not knowing what that could be, he lay quiet, and even with fear lest that tawing and tunding should come to him.

Nor was his fear confounded; for, on quitting the beslippered duenna, the silent executioners went at Don Quixote, and delivering him from sheet and counterpane, they pinched him so smartly and soundly, that he could not defend himself with his fists: and all this in admirable silence.

The battle lasted for nearly half an hour. When the phantoms went out, Doña Rodriguez gathered up her skirts, and bewailing her misfortune, sallied out of the door, without saying good-bye to Don Quixote, who, full of pain, and much pinched, confused, and pensive, remained alone; where we will leave him, desirous to know who had been the perverse enchanters which had so handled him. That shall be told in due time; for Sancho Panza calls us, and the excellent method of this history must be obeyed.

CHAPTER XLIX.

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO SANCHE PANZA ON GOING
THE ROUNDS OF HIS ISLAND.

WE left the great governor angry and peevish with the peasant painter and knave, who, trained by the major-domo, and the major-domo instructed by the duke, made merry with Sancho ; but he, although ignorant, rude, and rough, was able for them all, and said to those about him, and to Doctor Peter Positive—who, now that the secret of the duke's letter was out, had returned to the hall—" Now of a truth do I plainly see that judges and governors ought to be, or must be, of brass, so as to have no feeling for the importunities of your traders, who would be listened to and despatched at all hours and times, minding only their own business, come what might ; and if the poor judge does not listen to them, and does not grant them despatch, either because he cannot, or because it is not the set time to give them audience, straightway they curse him, or grumble at him, or backbite him, and even speak evil of his lineages. O foolish suitor, crack-brained suitor, make not such haste ; await the time and the occasion

for business. Come not at dinner time, nor at bed-time : judges are of flesh and bone, and must give to nature that which nature demands, except me, who cannot give to mine even something to eat, thanks to master Doctor Peter Positive Tirteafuera, who is now present, who would have me to die of hunger, and affirms that this death is life; and may God grant such a life to him and all of his quality !—I mean the bad doctors ; for the good deserve palms and laurels.”

All those who knew Sancho Panza wondered, hearing him speak so elegantly, and could not tell to what to attribute it, unless that high place and great trusts either season the mind or stupefy it.

Finally, Doctor Peter Positive Bode-well promised to give him to sup that night, even though he should transgress all the aphorisms of Hippocrates.

On that the governor was happy, and wished for the coming of night and the hour for supper with great impatience ; and although time to his seeming stood still, without moving a step from his place, yet on came the longed-for hour, in the which they gave him to sup some cold spiced beef with onions, and some boiled calves' feet, which had journeyed many days. He gave himself to all with more relish than if they had given him snipe from Milan, pheasants from Rome, veal from Sorrento, partridges from Molon, or geese from Lavajos ; and during supper, turning him to the doctor, he said—

“ See you, master doctor, henceforth trouble not yourself to give me dainty things, nor delicate dishes ; for that will be to take my stomach off its hinges,

which is used to kid, to beef, to bacon, hung meats, to turnips and onions ; and if by chance they give it other dishes of the palace, the belly receives them with its nose turned up, or with disgust. What master sewer's care should be, is to get me these which they call *ollas podridas*, and the more rotten they are, the better flavour they have ; and in them he can pack and stow all that he has a mind to, provided it be to eat : and I will be mindful of thee, and pay thee some day. And let no man play the fool with me. Either we are, or we are not : let us all live, and eat in peace and good will ; for, when God comes, he comes to all. I will govern this island without losing my right or abusing my might : and let all the world keep its eye open, and look to its own shot ; for I would have them know that the devil is in Cantillana, and that, if they give me occasion, they shall see wonders. Ay, ay ; only make yourselves honey, and the flies shall eat you."

"Truly, my lord governor," said the chief butler, "your worship is very right in all that you have said, and I dare promise, in the name of all the insulars of this island, that they will obey your worship with all diligence, love, and benevolence ; for the gentle way of governing which your worship has shown in these beginnings gives them no reason to do or think anything which could redound in disservice of your worship."

"I dare say not, and they were very idiots if they thought or did anything else ; and I say again, have a care for my sustenance, and that of my Dapple, which is what matters in this business, and is most to

the purpose : and when it is time, let us go the rounds ; for it is my intention to sweep this island clean of all filthiness, and of vagabond, lazy, and evil-minded folk. For I would have you know, my friends, that slothful and idle people in the commonwealth are the same as drones in the hive, that eat the honey which the labouring bees make. I mean to cherish husbandmen, respect the privileges of the nobles, reward the virtuous, and, above all, to hold religion in regard, and to honour churchmen. What think ye of this, friends ? Have I said a thing or two ; or do I crack my brain ?”

“So well hath your worship spoken, my lord governor,” said the major-domo, “that I marvel to see a man so unlessoned as your worship—for I believe you do not know enough to read—speak such and so many things full of wisdom and knowledge, so out of the way of the wit which they expected who sent you to us, and those of us who came with you. Every day we see new things come to pass in the world ; jests are turned to earnest, and the mockers become mocked.”

The night came, and the governor supped with the licence of sir Doctor Positive. Preparing to go the rounds, he sallied out with the major-domo, the secretary, the chief butler, and the chronicler who had charge to keep in memory his actions, together with constables and notaries, so many that they formed a middling squadron.

Sancho went in their midst with his rod of justice, which was a goodly sight. They had walked through a few streets of the place, when they heard the noise

of swords. Thither they directed their steps, and discovered that there were two men by themselves fighting, who, when they saw the justice coming, became quiet ; and one of them called out, " What ho ! for God and the king ! What, are people to be robbed in public in this place, and to be assaulted in the middle of the streets ? "

" Hold, my good man," said Sancho, " and tell me the cause of this quarrel ; I am the governor."

The adversary of the other said, " My lord governor, I will tell it with all brevity. Your worship shall know that this pretty gentleman has just won, in yon gaming-house which is over the way, more than a thousand reals, and God knows how. I, being present, adjudged him more than one doubtful cast in his favour, against all the dictates of my conscience ; he picked up his winnings, and when I expected that he would give me something—not less than a crown—as a gift, as is the use and custom to give to men of my fashion, who stand by to order differences, and back up unreason, and evitate quarrellings, he purses up his money and leaves the house ! I, in dudgeon, followed after him, and in fair speech and good reasons, prayed him to give me, if you please, some eight reals ; for he knows that I am an honest man, and hold neither office nor living—for my parents never instructed me for the one, nor left me with the other ;—and this rascal, who is as great a thief as Cacus, and a bigger chouser than Andradilla, has no mind to give me more than four reals ; and so your worship, my lord governor, may see his want of shame and conscience : but, by

my fay, if your lordship had not come up, I would have made him vomit his winnings, and taught him how to balance the scale."

"What say you to this?" demanded Sancho of the other.

And the other answered that what his adversary had said was true, and that he had no mind to give him more than four reals; for he had many times given to him before, and those who expect gifts should be mannerly, and take what is given them with a smiling face, without standing upon terms with the winners, unless they know for certain that they are cheats: and for proof that he was a man of honour, and no thief, as had been said, no greater could be given than his not being willing to let him have anything; for your cheats are ever tributaries to the lookers-on that know them.

"That is so," said the major-domo; "therefore what is your worship's pleasure, my lord governor, with these men?"

"What my pleasure is," said Sancho, "is that you who have won, good, bad, or indifferent, shall give at once to this your swash-buckler one hundred reals, and besides must thou shell out thirty for the poor which are in prison. And as for you, who have neither office nor living, and who live by your wits in this island, take now these one hundred reals quickly, and to-morrow, some time in the day, get you gone from this island, and be you banished from this island for ten years, on pain, if you break these conditions, you keep them in the life to come; for I will hang thee from a stone

gibbet, or at least the hangman shall do it by my order : and let no one answer me, or I will straightway punish him."

The one disbursed, and the other received ; that sallied out of the island, and the other got him home ; and the governor remained and said—

" Now am I able for little, or I will abolish these gaming-houses, which, to my fancy, are a great mischief."

" This one, at least," said a notary, " your worship cannot abolish ; for it is held by a great personage, who loses at cards a great deal more, by comparison, than he gains all the year round. Against other houses of less rank, which do more harm, and conceal more frowardness than is found in the houses of nobles, your worship can show your power. Your famous gamesters dare not use their cheats on gentlemen ; and as the vice of gaming has become so common a practice, it had better be done in houses of fashion, than in any public gambling-house, where at midnight they catch some poor wretch and skin him alive."

" Now, notary," said Sancho, " do I perceive that there is much to say on this matter."

Here there came up a watchman, who held a youth in custody, and he said, " My lord governor, this young man came towards us, and as he caught sight of us justicers from afar, he turned his back, and began to scud away like a stag—a sign that he must be some delinquent. I ran after him, and if so be that he had not stumbled and fell, I never should have caught him."

" Why didst thou fly, fellow ?" demanded Sancho.

To which the youth replied, "My lord, to escape the many questions which justicers put to a man."

"What trade art thou?"

"A weaver?"

"And what weavest thou?"

"Iron railings for windows, with the good licence of your lordship."

"Art thou pleasant with me? Wilt thou play the jester? Whither goest thou now?"

"My lord, to take the air."

"And where do they take the air in this island?"

"Where it blows."

"Good! thou answereth much to the purpose. Thou art a discreet young man, but reckon thee that I am the air, and that I blow thee astern, and steer thee into jail.—Ho, there! to jail with him, and carry him there, where I may be sure that for this night he sleeps without taking the air."

"By the Lord," exclaimed the youth, "but your worship shall as soon make me sleep in the jail as you shall make me king."

"Well, what shall hinder me making thee sleep in jail?" demanded Sancho. "Have I not power to bind or to loose thee when and how I may?"

"However much power your worship may have, it is not enough to make me sleep in jail."

"How not?" replied Sancho. "Carry him at once where he shall see with his own eyes his deception; and, lest the jailor should practise his interested liberality, I will inflict a fine of two thousand ducats upon him if he allows him to go two steps from the jail."

“All this is a good joke,” answered the youth ; “but the case is, that not all which live can make me sleep in the jail.”

“Tell me, devil,” said Sancho, “hast thou some angel who will deliver thee, and who will cause the chains to fall off which I shall order to be put upon thee ? ”

“Now, my lord governor,” replied the youth, with a very graceful air, “let us reason together, and come to the point. Suppose that your worship orders me to be carried to prison, and that they put me in chains and gyves, and I be thrown into a dungeon, and you put heavy penalties on the jailor if he allows me to come out, and that he does all which he is ordered ; with all that, if I mean not to sleep, and if I keep awake all the night without closing an eyelid, will your worship be sufficient, with all your power, to make me sleep if I have no mind to do so ? ”

“No, certainly,” said the secretary ; “and the man has made good his assertion.”

“So that,” said Sancho, “you forbear to sleep, to please yourself, and not to disobey me ? ”

“I would not think of doing so, my lord,” said the youth.

“Well, God be wi’ you,” said Sancho, “go you and sleep at home, and God give you good dreams—I have no wish to rob you of one ; but, I advise you, henceforth have a care how you joke with the justices, for you may meet with one who will jest with your noddle.”

Off went the youth, and the governor continued

his rounds ; and in a little while there came two watchmen, bringing a man in custody, and they said—

“ Lord governor, this which seems to be a man is not, but only a woman, and not an ugly, though dressed in the clothes of a man.”

They lifted two or three lanterns to her eyes, by whose light they discovered the face of a woman, of the seeming age of sixteen years, or a little more ; her hair was gathered up in a little net of gold and green silk, beautiful, like a thousand pearls. They looked her over from top to bottom, and found that she had on some stockings of pink silk, with garters of white satin, and fringes of gold and seed-pearls ; the short wide breeches were of green cloth of gold, with a long jerkin of double sleeves of the same, beneath which she had a petticoat of the finest cloth of white and gold ; and she had men's shoes, all white. She carried no sword, but a very richly wrought dagger ; and on her fingers she had many and very fine rings.

Finally, the damsel much pleased them all, while no one knew her, and the natives of the place could not tell who she should be. And they which were the contrivers of the jests which they played on Sancho were those who seemed most lost in wonder ; for that accident and discovery was not ordained by them, and so they were all in doubt, waiting to see how the case would end.

Sancho was struck dumb with the beauty of the maiden, and he inquired who she was, whither she was going, and by what occasion had she been moved to dress herself in that habit.

She, with her eyes cast upon the ground, with most sweet shame, answered, "I cannot, my lord, tell you in so public a place; that which concerns me should be kept secret. Only this let me tell—that I am no thief, nor wicked person, but only an unhappy maiden, forced by jealousy to break through the decorum which becometh mine honesty."

The major-domo, hearing this, said to Sancho, "My lord governor, will you order the people aside, so that this lady, with less bashfulness, may tell what she wishes to be made known?"

The governor gave his command; they all drew back, except the major-domo, the chief butler, and the secretary. Finding herself alone with them, the maiden continued and said—

"I, my lords, am the daughter of Pedro Perez Mazorca, who farms the wools of this town, who is much used to visit at my father's house——"

"This will not hold, lady," said the major-domo; "because I know Pedro Perez very well, and know that he hath no child whatever, neither male nor female; and, what is more, you say that he is your father, and then you add that he is much used to visit at your father's house."

"I had already noticed that," said Sancho.

"Now, good my lords, I am so troubled I know not what I say," answered the maiden; "but the truth is, that I am the daughter of Diego de la Llana, whom all your worships ought to know."

"This goes better," replied the major-domo; "for I know Diego de la Llana, and I know him for one

of the rich nobles, and that he has a son and a daughter ; and that after he became a widower, there was no one in the whole place that could say that he had seen the face of his daughter : and so close did he shut her up, that the sun could not see her ; and, for all that, fame says she is very beautiful."

"That is the truth," answered the maiden, "and that daughter am I. Whether fame lies or no on my beauty, you, my lords, now undeceived, can tell, for you have all seen me." And she began to cry tenderly.

The secretary, seeing this, came to the chief butler, and said in his ear—and he said it very softly—"Without any doubt, something of great import has happened to this poor maiden. Why, look at her dress, and the time of night, and being so distinguished, and so far away from home—eh ?"

"There is no doubt about it," said the chief butler, "and the suspicion is confirmed by her tears."

Sancho comforted her with the best arguments he was able to use, and begged that, without any fear whatever, she would tell him all that had happened, for that they would all strive to bring her a remedy by all possible ways.

"The case is, my lords," answered she, "that my father has kept me shut up these ten years, even for so long has my mother been eaten by the earth ; at home they say Mass in a rich oratory ; and I in all that time have not seen the sun in heaven by day, nor the moon nor the stars by night. I do not know what are streets, market-places, churches, nor even men,

except my father, and a brother of mine, and Pedro Perez, the wool farmer, who, for his coming so often to our house, I said was my father, not to make known my real parent. This confining, and this denying to me any going abroad, not even to church, has made me very disconsolate now these many days. I wanted to see the world, at least the town where I was born; it seeming to me that this desire did not go contrary to that good decorum which young ladies of family reserve to themselves. When I heard that they were baiting bulls, and throwing the cane, and playing comedies, I asked my brother, who is a year younger than I, to tell me what those things were, and many others which I had not seen; and he told me as well as he could: but all was to increase the desire which I had to see it. Finally, to shorten the story of my being lost, I must tell you that I begged and prayed my brother—oh that I had never begged nor prayed him——” And with that she fell to weeping anew.

The major-domo said to her, “Proceed, your worship, my lady, and make an end of telling us what has happened; for your tears and words hold us all in wonder.”

“Few more remain to me,” said the maiden, “although I have many tears to shed; for all ill-assorted desires can have no other end, or bear other fruit.”

The damsel's beauty was seated in the soul of the chief butler, who brought his lantern again to look at her, and to him it appeared that they were not tears

which she shed, but seed-pearls, or the dew of the morning—he even got so far as pearls of the orient, and he was now full of desire that her mishap might not be what her sighs and tears gave them to understand.

The governor was in despair for the tardy manner in which the girl told her story, and he bade her not to hold them longer in suspense—that it was growing late, and he had much further to walk round the town.

She, among other interrupting complaints and ill-formed sighs, said, “ My mishap is nothing else, nor my misfortune other, than that I begged my brother to dress me in his clothes, and that he should take me out one night to see all the town, when our father should be asleep. He, importuned of my prayers, condescended to my request, and putting this suit on me, and he dressing him in mine—which fits him as if he were born to it; for he has not a hair of a beard, and looks like nothing else but a most beautiful maiden—this very night, it will be an hour ago, more or less, we got away from home; and, guided by our serving-man and our own extravagant discourse, we have gone the round of the whole town: and when we would have gone home, we spied a great troop of people coming, and my brother said to me, ‘ Sister, this will be the watch; take to thy heels, give them wings, and run after me, for if they find us out, it will go ill with us;’ and on that he turned, and began—I do not say to run, but to fly. I at less than six paces fell with fright, and then came the ministers of justice,

who brought me before your worships, where, for my vile longing, I see me brought to shame before so many people."

"So that, in short, my gentlewoman," said Sancho, "no other mishap has befallen you, nor was it jealousy, as you at the beginning of your account told us, which drew you from your home?"

"Nothing has happened to me," she answered, "nor did jealousy draw me from home, save only the desire to see the world, and which went no further than to see the streets of this town."

No sooner had this truth been confirmed which the damsel had spoken, than there came two watchmen having her brother prisoner, one of whom overtook him when he fled from his sister. He had nothing on but a rich kirtle, and a mantle of blue damask, with lace of fine gold; the head without quoif; nor had he any other ornament save his own hair, which appeared from its curling locks to be rings of gold.

The governor, the major-domo, and the chief butler took him apart, and demanded of him why he went in that dress. He, with no less shame and trouble, told the same which his sister had told, from which the enamoured chief butler received no small delight. But the governor said to them—

"Truly this hath been a very great childishness, and to recount this folly and boldness there were not needed so many tears and sighs, nor such long words to say, 'We are so and so; we have left home to come out and amuse ourselves, with this invention only, and solely for curiosity, without any other design;'

there would have been an end of the story, and you might have spared all this sighing and crying and ontakings."

"That is true," said the damsel; "but know, your worships, that I was so troubled, I knew not how to behave."

"There is no harm done," said Sancho. "Come, we will see you home; perhaps your father knows not of your absence: and henceforward be not such children, nor so anxious to see the world. Let the modest maid and the broken leg remain in the house; for the hen and the wife, for going abroad, gets nearly lost, and she who wants to see, wants to be seen. I say no more."

The youth was grateful to the governor for the favour he did them in seeing them home, whither they went, nor was it far off from that place.

Home they came, and the youth, the brother, throwing a pebble at the window grating, a maid-servant, who had been awaiting them, came down and opened the door, and they went in, leaving all in wonder, as much for their gentleness and beauty as their desire to see the world by night, without leaving their village, which they attributed to their tender age.

The chief butler was struck through the heart, and straightway on the morrow he purposed to ask her of her father to wife, feeling sure that for being servant to the duke, he could not deny him. Even to Sancho there came certain longings to marry the youth with Sanchica, his daughter, and he determined to put

the matter in hand betimes ; giving himself up to the belief that a governor's daughter was fit for any husband.

And so the rounds were ended for that night, and two days afterwards the government also, by which all his designs were dethroned and blotted out, as will be seen hereafter.

CHAPTER L.

WHEREIN IS DECLARED WHO WERE THE ENCHANTRESS AND EXECUTIONERS THAT SCOURGED THE DUENNA, AND PINCHED AND CLAWED DON QUIXOTE; TOGETHER WITH THE SUCCESS WHICH HAPPENED TO THE PAGE WHO CARRIED THE LETTER TO TERESA PANZA, WIFE OF SANCHE PANZA.

CID HAMETE, the most faithful prier into the very notes of this true history, says that at the time when Doña Rodriguez went from her room to go to Don Quixote's chamber, another duenna, who slept with her, perceived it, and as all duennas are friends of learning, fond of knowledge and playing the eaves-dropper, she followed after her so softly, that the good Rodriguez perceived her not ; so that when the duenna saw her enter Don Quixote's chamber, in order that she might not lag in the general custom observed of all duennas in being tale-bearers, on the moment off she went to tell the duchess how that Doña Rodriguez was then closeted with Don Quixote. The duchess told the duke, and begged leave to go and take Altisidora with her, to see what that duenna would have of Don

Quixote. The duke granted it, and the two together, with great care and quiet, went creeping towards the door of the chamber, and came so close, that they heard all that passed within: and when the duchess heard Rodriguez vilify the paradise of her body, she could suffer it no longer; still less could Altisidora; and, both being filled with rage and the greed of revenge, they rushed into the room, and pricked Don Quixote, and slapped the duenna in the manner which has been told: for affronts which are done directly to the beauty and pride of women awaken their wrath in great measure, and inflame their desires for vengeance.

The duchess told the duke all that had passed, which made him passing merry. The duchess then, prosecuting her design to make sport with Don Quixote, and find more pastime therein, despatched the page who had taken the part of Dulcinea in the artifice of her enchantment, with the letter to Teresa Panza, his wife, which Sancho Panza had fairly forgotten in the moil of his government, and with it she sent one from herself, with a great string of fine corals as a token.

The history then tells how that the page, who was very discreet and acute, and much disposed to serve his lord and lady, went with great good will to Sancho's village; and when just on this side of it, he saw in a brook a number of women washing, of whom he inquired if they could tell him if there lived in that village one Teresa Panza, wife to Sancho Panza, squire to a knight called Don Quixote de la Mancha.

At that question there started to her feet a little

girl who was washing there, and said, "That Teresa Panza is my mammy, and that Sancho my daddy, and that knight our gaffer."

"Well, come thee hither, little maiden," said the page, "and take me to thy mother, for here have I brought her a letter and a present from that same dad of thine."

"That will I do right willingly," said the girl, who would be about fourteen years old, a little more or less; and, leaving the washing to the care of her companion, without covering her shoulders or putting on her shoes and stockings—for she was bare-legged and dishevelled—she skipped along before the page's horse, saying, "Come on, your worship; right here as you go into the village is our cottage, with my mother inside, choke full of pain through not hearing any tidings for ever so long from master daddy."

"Well, I bring her such good news," said the page, "that she will thank God for it."

Finally, with skipping and running and jumping, the girl reached the village; and before entering the cottage, she called out from the gate, "Come out, mammy Teresa, come out, come out; here comes a gentleman with letters and other things from my good daddy."

At which cries her mother Teresa Panza came out, spinning a ball of flax, having on a grey petticoat, so short as if it had been cut for punishment, and a bodice of the same colour; but her smock was of linen. She was not very old, although she seemed to be past forty; and she was hale, hearty, vigorous,

and browned. On seeing her daughter and the mounted page, she said, "What is the matter, child, and what master is this?"

"He is the servant of his lady Doña Teresa Panza," answered the page; and, so saying, he flung himself from his horse, and in much humility went down on his knees before the lady Teresa, saying, "Give me, your worship, your hand, my lady Doña Teresa, as the private and legitimate wife of the lord Don Sancho Panza, the genuine governor of Baratania Island."

"Oh, my dear sir, I pray you, none of that; I beseech you, forbear," said Teresa. "I be none of your palace folk, but just a poor farming woman, and the daughter of a clodhopper, and the true wife of an arrant squire, and not of any governor leastwise."

"Your ladyship," replied the page, "is the most worshipful wife of an archworshipful governor, and in testimony of the truth of this, receive, your worship, this letter and this present." Thereupon he drew from his pouch a string of corals with gold fastenings, which he put about her neck, and said, "This letter is from the lord governor; and here is another, which I bring with these corals, from my lady the duchess, who has sent me with them to your worship."

Teresa was petrified, and no less the daughter, who exclaimed, "May they cut off my head if our gaffer, Don Quixote, is not at the bottom of this, who must have given to daddy the government or the earlment, which over and over again he said he would!"

"That is quite true," said the page; "it is for the dread lord Don Quixote that sir Sancho is now

governor of the Island of Barataria, as you will see by that letter."

"Read it me, good your worship, sir genteel man," said Teresa; "for, although I know how to spin, I cannot read a scrap."

"No more can I," added Sanchica. "But wait a bit while I go and call somebody who can read, and that is either the priest himself, or the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, who will jump out of their skins to hear news about my dady."

"There is no need to call any one," said the page; "for, although I cannot spin, I can read, and will read it;" and he read it all, which having been already given is omitted here: then he drew out another from the duchess, which ran thus:—

"FRIEND TERESA,

"The good parts of the goodness of thy husband Sancho, and also his wit, moved and obliged me to beg of my husband, the duke, that he would give him the government of an island, out of the many which he owns. I have tidings that he governs like any gyrfalcon, which makes me very glad, and the duke, my husband, is glad by consequence—for which I give many thanks to Heaven that I was not deceived in selecting him for that government; for I would have the lady Teresa know that it is with great difficulty that a good governor can be found in the world, and may God do so to me as Sancho governs. Herewith, my beloved, I send you a necklace of corals with gold fastenings—how happy I should be had they been orient pearls! but he who makes thee glad doth not

presently wish thee dead. Time will come when we shall know each other, and discourse together, and God knows what shall be.

“Remember me to Sanchica, your daughter, and tell her from me that I mean to mate her, and have her highly married when she least expects it.

“They tell me that in your village the acorns are very fine. Send to me a couple of dozen or so, for I shall regard them much as coming from you; and write me a long letter, telling me of your health and good estate: and if you have need of aught, you have only to open wide your mouth, and I will fill it.

“And so God keep you for me.

“Given in this castle.

“Your friend who loves you well,

“THE DUCHESS.”

“Well an’ away!” cried Teresa, on hearing the letter, “how good, how homelike, and what a modest dame! Now, with such ladies as these let me be buried; and not with the gentlewomen who go in this place, who think because they are of the gentry the wind must not touch them, and who go to church with as many whims as the queen herself, and who look as if it would hurt them to see a peasant woman; and look now at this good lady here—while she is a duchess she calls me friend, and just treats me as if I was equal with her; and may I see her equal to the highest belfry there is in La Mancha. As for the acorns, why, my dear master, I will send her excellence a peckful, which, for being fat ones, folk shall come to look at

them, and hold their breath for wonder. And for now, Sanchica, do thou see that this gentleman be right welcome ; and look after his horse, and bring with thee eggs from the stable, and cut plenty of rashers, and give him a dinner fit for a prince ; for the good tidings he brings us and the good face he carries is worth it all. And, meanwhile, I will go out and give my neighbours the news of our gladness, and the father priest, and Maese Nicholas the barber, which are such friends, and have always been such, to thy father."

"Marry, that will I, mother," said Sanchica ; "but see now, you will have to divide that necklace with me, for I do not believe my lady the duchess was such a booby as to send it all to one."

"It is all for thee, daughter," said Teresa ; "but let me wear it round my neck for just one or two days, for I think it makes my heart dance."

"It will dance all the more," said the page, "when you see the bundle which comes in this portmanteau, in which is a dress of very fine cloth, which the governor only wore one day when he went a-hunting, all of which he sends to Mistress Sanchica."

"May he live a thousand years !" quoth Sanchica, "and he which brings them, neither less nor more, or two thousand if he likes."

Here Teresa went out of the house, with the rosary round her neck, and she went playing on the letters as if on a timbrel ; and, as if by accident, meeting with the priest and Sampson Carrasco, she began to dance and to say—

“By my fack, there is no poor relation now; we have got a pretty little government, we have; oh yes, and just let the grandest of fine ladies come and meddle with me—I will show her what an upstart means.”

“What is all this, Teresa Panza? What be thy follies, and what these papers?”

“It is no other fooling nor that these be letters from duchesses and governors, and these which I have got round my neck are ‘Hail, Marys’ of real coral, and the ‘Our Fathers’ are of wrought gold, and I am a governeress.”

“By God above and below, Teresa, we know not what thou sayest, nor understand what thou meanest.”

“There you can see,” answered Teresa, and she gave them the letters.

The priest read so as Sampson Carrasco could hear them, and Sampson and the priest looked at each other, as if in wonder for what they had read. The bachelor demanded who had brought those letters, and Teresa said that they should come home with her and see the messenger—that he was a young man, gallant fair, and had brought her another present worth ever so much more.

The priest took the corals from her neck, and looked and looked at them again, and assured himself that they were real, and wondered afresh, and said—

“Now, by the habit I wear, I know not what to say, nor what to think of these letters and these tokens: on the one hand, I see and feel the fineness of these corals; and on the other, I read that a duchess sends to beg for a couple of dozen of acorns.”

“Resolve me these mottoes,” then said Carrasco. “Come, now, let us go see the bearer of this despatch ; from him we may learn how to unriddle this mystery.”

This they did, and Teresa went with them. They found the page sifting a little barley for his horse, and Sanchica cutting a rasher to stud it with eggs, for the page’s dinner, whose presence and good attire much pleased them both. After they had given him a courteous salutation, Sampson asked him what tidings of Don Quixote, as also of Sancho, and said that although they had read Sancho’s letter and the letter of the duchess, yet they were in the dark, nor could they guess what that government of Sancho could mean, especially as it was an island, all islands being—at least, all those of the Mediterranean—possessions of his Majesty.

To which the page answered, “That sir Sancho Panza is a governor, there is no manner of doubt about it ; with its being an island or no that he governs, I meddle not : enough that it is a town of more than a thousand people. In what concerns the acorns, I have to say that my lady the duchess is so frank and good-natured, that there is nothing in sending to beg acorns of a peasant woman. I have known her send to one of her neighbours to borrow a comb ! Because I would have your worships know that the ladies of Arragon, although equally noble, are not so nice and sky high as the ladies of Castile for the goodness with which they treat the people.”

Whilst they were in the midst of these discourses, Sanchica came jumping in, with an apronful of eggs, and

asked the page, "Tell me, sir, does my father, good lack, wear tight breeches after he is a governor?"

"I have not noticed them," said the page; "but no doubt he will."

"O my God!" exclaimed Sanchica, "what a sight it would be to see my daddy in wind-bags! Now, just you see, ever since I was born I have been a-longing to see my dad in tight breeches."

"Many such things shall your worship see, if you live," said the page, "by the Lord; an the government lasts only two months, he shall travel with his face in a mask."

The priest and the bachelor saw full well that the page spoke mockingly, but the fineness of the corals, the hunting-dress which Sancho had sent, undid all (Teresa had showed to them the dress). They laughed much at Sanchica's desire, and still more when Teresa said—

"Master priest, keep a look out for any one going to Madrid or Toledo, for them to buy me a farthingale, round, stiff, and straight, and of the best sort they use now; for verily, verily, I must honour the government of my husband as much as I can: and even if I have a mind to, I will to this court, and sport a coach like the best; for she which has a governor for a husband can well have it and keep it up."

"Why not, mother?" said Sanchica. "Would to God it was to-day instead of to-morrow, though these which see me go sitting by mother in that coach might sing out, 'Look at her, daughter of a garlic-eating fellow, how she goes squatted and stretched out

in the coach like a popess!’ Let them walk in the mud, and let me ride in my coach, and kick my heels above the ground. A plague on all the backbiters there are in the world, say I ; and so I be warm within, let all the people grin. Say I not well, mammy ?”

“Mighty well thou sayest, daughter,” quoth Teresa ; “and all these blessings, and even bigger ones, did my good Sancho go a-propheying of beforehand, and thou shalt see, daughter, how I will not stop till I get to be a countess. It is only in making a start to be lucky, and as I have many times heard thy good father say—for he is as surely thy father as he is the father of proverbs—when they give thee a calf, make haste with the halter ; when they give thee a government, seize it ; when they give thee an earldom, stick to it ; and when they whistle thee a ‘Here, here,’ with a good gift behind it, snap it up. Oh, but to sleep, and have no care, and take no notice of luck or good fortune when she is all the while a-knocking at the front door !”

“And what do I care ?” added Sanchica. “Let them say what they will when they see me cocked up and bridling—‘See the proud puppy on stilts,’ . . . and the rest of it.”

On hearing which, the priest said, “I cannot doubt but all of this race of the Panzas were born with a sackful of proverbs sown up in their carcasses. There is not one of them that I have seen who does not scatter them about at all hours, and in all the talks which they hold.”

“That is true,” said the page ; “for the lord

governor throws them about at every step; and although many of them do not come quite pat, still they make fun, and my lady the duchess, as well as the duke, likes them much."

"What!" said the bachelor, "your worship, my friend, yet affirms this of the government of Sancho to be true? and that there is a duchess in the world who writes letters and sends presents? For ourselves, although we handle these presents, and have read these letters, we cannot but believe and think that it is one of the things of our countryman, who fancies them done as by enchantments; and I feel inclined to say that I should like to handle and touch your worship, to see if you be a fantastical ambassador or a man of flesh and bone."

"Gentlemen, all I know of myself is that I am a real messenger, and that sir Sancho Panza is a true governor, and that my lord and lady the duke and duchess are able to give, and have given, him such a government; and I have heard it said that this same Sancho Panza comports himself in it most valiantly. If in this there be any enchantment, your worships can dispute it among yourselves; for I know no more, by an oath which I shall swear, which is, 'By the life of my parents,' who are alive, and whom I love and much like."

"That, in truth, might well be," replied the bachelor; "but *dubitat Augustinus*."

"Doubt it whoever will doubt it," said the page; "the truth is as I have given it, which shall always prevail over lies, like oil above water; and if not,

Believe the works if ye believe not me : let one of your worships come with me, and you shall see with your eyes that which you cannot believe with your ears."

"That journey belongs to me," said Sanchica. "Take me up, your worship, good master, on the haunches of your hackney ; I will go with great delight to see my daddy."

"The daughters of governors must not go alone along the roads, but be accompanied with caroches and litters, and a great number of servants."

"By God's love," answered Sanchica, "I can go as well on the foal of an ass as on the top of a coach. I am not so nice."

"Hold your tongue, wench," said Teresa ; "you know not what you say, and this gentleman is in the right. To every reason its own season : when it was Sancho, then Sancha, and when governor, then my lady ; and I know I am right."

"The lady Teresa has said more than she thinks," said the page. "Now give me to eat, and despatch me at once, for I intend to return this afternoon."

To which the priest said, "Your worship must come and do penance with me ; Mistress Teresa hath more good will than good cheer to entertain such a worshipful guest."

The page refused, but, for his better fare, he was forced to accept ; and the priest took him to his home with much good will, in order to find occasion to inquire at leisure after Don Quixote and his doings.

The bachelor offered to write the letters of Teresa in reply, but she had no wish that the bachelor should

mix him up in her affairs, for she held him as a scoffer ; and so she gave a roll and a couple of eggs to a chorister boy, who wrote two letters, one for her husband and the other for the duchess, both made out of her own head, which are not the worst things they have put into this great history, as shall be seen further on.

CHAPTER LI.

OF THE PROGRESS IN THE GOVERNMENT OF SANCHEO PANZA ; WITH OTHER ISSUES, SUCH AS THEY ARE.

Now dawned the day which followed the night of the governor's patrol, which the chief butler passed without sleep, being busied with fancies of the face, the spirit, and beauty of the disguised maiden ; while the major-domo passed what remained of it to him in writing to his lord and lady of what Sancho did and said, wondering equally at his deeds as at his words, for the mingling of his words and deeds carried tokens both of sense and nonsense.

At length the governor rose, and by order of Doctor Peter Positive, they prepared him a breakfast of a little conserve and a few draughts of water, which Sancho would gladly have exchanged for a piece of bread and a bunch of grapes ; but, perceiving that it was more a matter of force than choice, he submitted, with much grief to his soul, and more weariness to his stomach ; Peter Positive making him believe that few and delicate dishes quickened the wit, and were therefore most agreeable to persons who bore rule and exercised authority, in the which they must avail

themselves not so much of bodily strength, as of vigour of the mind.

By this sophistry Sancho suffered so much from the pangs of hunger, that in his secret soul he cursed the government and him who gave it him : but, for all his hunger and conserve, he sat in judgment that day ; and the first matter which offered itself was a question raised by a stranger—the major-domo and the rest of the acolytes being present all the time—which was as follows :

“ My lord, a proud and swelling river divides two limits of one and the same lordship¹—— I pray your worships to give me your attention ; for the case is of consequence, and is not a little difficult. I go on. Over this river is a bridge, and at one end of it a gallows and a court-house, in which four judges ordinarily sit to judge the law given by the lord of the river, of the bridge, and of the government, which is after this kind : If one would pass over this bridge from one to the other side, he must first make oath as to whither he goes, and on what business : if he swear true, they allow him to pass ; but if false, he dies by being hanged on the gallows which stands there, without any remission whatever. This law being divulged, and the rigorous condition which is attached to it, many passed over, and straightway by their oaths it was seen that they swore the truth, and the judges let them pass free. Now, it fell out that one man, on taking the oath, swore and declared that he was going to die on that gallows which was there, and nothing else. The judges came to a stand

on this oath, and said, 'If we let this man pass over free, he will lie in his oath, and according to the law he ought to die; and if we hang him, he having sworn that he went to die on that gallows, and having sworn true, by the same law he ought to go free.' It is now prayed of your worship, lord governor, what are the judges to do with such a man, for they are still doubtful and in suspense? Having had tidings of the discernment and elevated mind of your worship, they have sent me to entreat for them that your worship will be pleased to give them your ruling in a case so intricate and full of doubt."

To which Sancho answered, "Certes, these lord judges who have sent you to me might have spared themselves the pains, for I am a man of more fat than discernment. But, withal, repeat to me once more this business, so that I can understand it; perhaps it might be that I hit the mark."

Again the interrogator repeated once and once more all which he had said at the first.

And Sancho said, "In my opinion, this matter can be shortly resolved; as thus: The man swears that he goes to die on that gallows; if he so die, he swore true, and so by the law he deserves to be free and to pass the bridge; and if they do not hang him, he swore falsely, and by the same law deserves to be hanged. Is that so?"

"It is as the lord governor has stated," replied the messenger, "and in what concerns the understanding of the case, there is nothing more to question or to answer."

“I say, then,” observed Sancho, “that they let that part of the man which swore true pass over, and let them hang that which swore false, and thus the condition of the passage will be fulfilled to the very letter.”

“Then, my lord governor,” said the interrogator, “it will be necessary that this man be cut into two parts, the lying and the true, and if he be divided, he must perforce die; and in this way the law is obeyed in nothing, and it is expressly necessary that it be complied with.”

“Come hither, my good man,” said Sancho. “Either I am a dullard, or this man has the same reason to die, as he has to live and to pass the bridge; for if the truth saves him, the lie condemns him, and this being so, as it is, I am of opinion that you say to these gentlemen who sent you to me, that since the reasons for condemning and absolving him hang by the same thread, they let him pass freely over: for it is ever more praiseworthy to do good than to do evil; and this would I give signed with my name if I knew how to sign. And in this I have not spoken of myself, but that there came to my memory one precept, among many others which my master Don Quixote gave me on the night before I came to be governor of this island; and it was this: ‘When justice is doubtful I should lean and incline me to mercy;’ and it has pleased God that I recollect it, for it comes in here just to the purpose.”

“So it does,” answered the major-domo; “and

right sure am I that Lycurgus himself, who gave laws to the Lacedæmonians, could not have given a better sentence than the great Panza has given; and so here endeth the sitting of this morning, and I will give order that the lord governor dines entirely to his own liking."

"That is all I ask, and fairly," said Sancho: "let me eat, and then let it rain cases and doubts all over me; I shall snuff them into air."

The major-domo kept his word, it appearing to him a weight on the conscience to kill with hunger so discreet a governor; the more as he purposed to make an end with him that night by playing the last jest for which he held commission to make.

It happened that day that, having dined contrary to the rules and aphorisms of Doctor Tirteafuera, on lifting the cloth there came the post with a letter from Don Quixote to the governor. Sancho ordered the secretary first to read it to himself, and that if there was nothing in it necessary to be kept secret, he should then read it aloud. This the secretary did, and, glancing over it again, said—

"Well might what sir Don Quixote hath written to your worship be read aloud, for it is worthy to be printed and set out in letters of gold. It is as follows:—

*Letter of Don Quixote de la Mancha to Sancho Panza,
Governor of the Island of Barataria.*

"When I expected to get tidings of thy negligences and follies, my friend Sancho, I hear of thy discretion,

for which I give special thanks to Heaven, which lifteth the poor out of the dunghill, and of the simple maketh he wise. They tell me that thou rulest as if thou wert a man, and that thou playest the man as if thou wert a lamb ; such is the humility of thy conduct. Yet would I advise thee, Sancho, that many times is it expedient and necessary for the authority of office to go against the humility of the heart ; for the good adorning of the person who is placed in a charge of gravity, should be in conformity to the demands of his charge, and not according to the measure of humility to which a man's character may incline him. Go well clad ; for even a stick well dressed no longer seems to be such. I say not that thou bedizen thee with trinkets or toys, nor, being a judge, that thou attire thee as a soldier ; but that thou adorn thee with the habit which thy office demands, by which thou wilt be comely and of good appearing.

“ To gain the good will of those whom thou dost govern, among others thou must do two things : the one is to be courteous to all—although of this I have before spoken to thee ; and the other is to procure plenty of the necessaries of life, for there is nothing which doth so weary the hearts of the poor so much as hunger and dearth.

“ Make not too many special statutes, and those which thou makest see that they be good, but above all that they be observed and kept ; for laws which are not obeyed are the same as if they were not, and do rather show that the prince which had authority and wisdom to make them had not courage to see

them kept; and laws which threaten, but are not executed, become like Log, the king of frogs, who, in the beginning struck terror, but in time was treated with contempt and trampled upon.

“ Be a father of the virtues and a stepfather to the vices.

“ Be not always severe, nor always mild; choose thee a mean betwixt the two extremes, for in this lies the main of discretion.

“ Visit the jails, the slaughter-houses, and the markets; for the presence of the governor in such places is of much consequence. Comfort the prisoners who expect shortly to be liberated. Be a terror to butchers, that they balance well their scales; and a scare to coster-women, for the same reason.

“ Show not thyself to be, although per hap thou art, but which I do not believe, covetous, nor a letcher, nor a glutton; for when the town, and those with whom thou shalt hold commerce, come to know of thy ruling passion, then will they bring their batteries to bear, until they have hurled thee down to the abyss of perdition.

“ Read, mark, learn, and well consider the councils and documents which I gave thee in writing before thou wentest hence to thy government, and thou shalt see how thou findest in them, if thou mind them, a present help which shall carry thee over the toils and difficulties which beset all governors at every step.

“ Write to thy patrons and show thyself grateful; for ingratitude is the daughter of pride, and one of the vilest sins which is known; while the person who is

grateful to those which have done him good, gives proof that he will be so to God, who favours him, and will continue so to do.

“The lady duchess sent a post, with thy dress and another present, to thy wife Teresa Panza ; we expect an answer every moment.

“I have been a little indisposed on account of a certain cat-scratching, which happened not much to the liking of my nose ; but it is nothing : if there be enchanters which treat me ill, there be those who befriend me. Advise me if the major-domo, who is with thee, had any hand in the action of the Trifaldi, as thou suspectest, and of all that happens to thee let me have tidings, since the way is short ; the more as I think soon to quit this life of idleness in which I am, and for which I was not born.

“A matter has occurred which I believe will go near to bring me to shame² with these nobles, but, although it concerns me much, I nothing mind it ; for, in truth and in deed, I comply with mine own profession rather than with their pleasure ; according as they say, *Amicus Plato, sed magis amica veritas*. This I say to thee in Latin, for I doubt not since thou art a governor thou hast learnt to understand it. And so God be with thee and keep thee, that none may have to hold thee in his pity.

“Thy friend,

“DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA.”

Sancho heard the letter with much attention, and it was applauded and held for discreet by those who

listened to it; and forthwith Sancho rose from table, and calling to him the secretary, went and shut himself up with him in his room, and without more delay he would at once reply to his master, Don Quixote. And he bade the secretary to write, without adding to or taking from it, anything which he might tell him; which was done, and the letter in reply was of the following tenour:—

The Letter of Sancho Panza to Don Quixote de la Mancha.

“The occupation of my affairs³ is so great that I have not time to scratch my head, nor even to cut my nails, which have grown very long, and may God sort all. I say this, master mine, that you do not wonder much for my not having before now given you news of my good or bad estate in this government, in which I have suffered more hunger than when we two went wandering over woods and wilds.

“The duke my master wrote to me the other day, avising me of there having come into this island certain spies to kill me; but up till now I have found none, except a certain doctor of this town, salaried for nothing else but to kill as many governors as come here. His name is Doctor Peter Positive, and he is a native of Tirteafuera—a name quite enough, as your worship sees, to make me fear that I shall die in his hands. This same doctor says of himself that he does not cure infirmities when they come; he only takes care not to let them come, and the medicines which he uses are dietings, and still dietings, until he brings the

person to a clean bone, as if leanness was not a greater ill than a fever. Lastly, he goes on killing me with hunger, and I go on dying of spite; for when I thought to come to this government, and to eat warm things and drink cool, and to pleasure my body between holland sheets and on feather beds, I am come to do penance, as if I were a hermit; and as I do not do it from my heart, I think that in the long run the devil will fetch me.

“Up till now I have not touched my due, nor taken bribe, nor do I know where this is going to reach to; for here they tell me that the governors who usually come to this island, before entering it, either they have given them beforehand, or the people of the place have lent them, much money: and that this is the old way with those who go to other governments, as well as those who come here.

“Last night, on going the rounds, I came on a very handsome girl in man's clothes, and a brother of hers in the dress of a woman. My chief butler fell in love with her, and he has already in his fancy selected her for wife, according as he gives out; and I have selected the youth for my son-in-law; and to-day we both think to make known our thoughts to the father of them both, who is one Diego de la Llana, a gentleman and an old Christian, as much as heart could wish.

“I go to the market-places, as your worship counsels me; and yesterday I found a coster-woman who sold new nuts, and it was proved that she had mingled the new with a bushel of old ones, rotten and

empty. I confiscated the lot for the charity boys, who will know how to pick out the good, and her I sentenced to keep out of the market for fifteen days; and they tell me I did right bravely in this. I can tell your worship that anybody knows in this place that there is not a worse sort of folk than these coster-women, for they are all impudent, without shame, and godless; and so I believe, from what I have seen in other towns.

“I am very glad for that my lady the duchess has written to my wife Teresa Panza, and sent her a present, as your worship tells me. I will do my best to show me grateful in due time. Do your worship kiss her hands for me, telling her that I say she has not thrown her favours into a torn sack, as shall afterwards appear.

“I would not like your worship to have any differences of disgust with these my patrons; because, if your worship gets to be offended with them, it is quite plain that it would redound to my damage; and it were unfit, since you advise me to be grateful, that your worship should prove not to be so, seeing how much kindness they have shown you, and how well you have been treated at their castle.

“That of the cat-scratching I have not made out; but I fancy it to be some one of the many vile doings which the bad enchanters use toward your worship. I shall know when we meet.

“I would have liked to send your worship something from here, but know not what to send, unless it were some cane squirts, which, with some bladders,

they make very neatly in this island ; but if this place sticks to me, I will find out what to send of that which comes of right, or I get by might.

“ If my wife Teresa Panza writes to me, will your worship please pay the post, and send me the letter ; for I have the very greatest longing to know of the estate of my home, of my wife, and my children.

“ And so God keep your worship from evil-minded enchanter, and me deliver from this government safe and sound ; but that I doubt full well, for I believe I shall only leave it with my life, if I am to be treated by this Doctor Peter Positive.

“ Your worship’s servant,

“ SANCHO PANZA, THE GOVERNOR.”

The secretary sealed the letter, and at once despatched the post ; and the jesters with Sancho consulted between them how they should despatch him from the government. That afternoon Sancho passed in making certain ordinances touching the good polity for that which he imagined to be an island, and he commanded that there should be no hucksters of necessaries in the commonwealth ; and also that wine should be brought in from all parts indifferently, with the proviso that they name the place whence it came, in order to fix the price according to its character, goodness, and fame ; and he who mixed it with water, or changed its name, should forfeit it. He moderated the price of all kinds of foot-gear,⁴ especially of shoes, which appeared to him to be exorbitant. He regulated the wages of servants, which before

exceeded all modest bounds. He put the heaviest penalties on those who sang lascivious and profane songs, whether by night or by day. He ordered that no blind beggar should sing his miracles in verse, unless he produced authentic testimony of their truth, it seeming to him that the most of those chanted by the blind were feigned, and therefore prejudicial to those that were true. He made and created a constable for the poor, not to persecute them, but to determine if they were such ; for, under the shadow of feigned maimedness and pretended wounds, arms become thieves and sound health a drunkard.

In conclusion, he ordered things so good, that even until this day they are observed in that town, and are called *THE CONSTITUTION OF THE GREAT GOVERNOR, SANCHE PANZA.*

NOTES TO CHAPTER LI.

Note 1, page 469.

A proud and swelling river divides two limits of one and the same lordship. Don Diego Clemencin declares that "this is a thing impossible" (vi. 47) ; but Don Diego knew nothing of the humour of his master, nor of what should happen in these latter days. Also Don Diego says that a judge does not "judge the law," but "*according* to the law," which may or may not be true, according to circumstances and times.

Note 2, page 475.

To bring me to shame. This "matter" is not the nocturnal visit of Doña Rodriguez, as might be supposed at first sight, but his becoming the knight champion of her daughter, as related in the next chapter.

Note 3, page 476.

The occupation of my affairs. This phrase of Sancho is found to be ungrammatical by the critics, who pull the whole letter to pieces in the most cruel way. I have given it as I found it in the text.

Note 4, page 479.

He moderated the price of all kinds of foot-gear. "On lit dans un auteur économique du temps de Cervantès : ' Tandis que, ces années passées, le blé se vendait au poids de l'or à Ségovie, que le prix des loyers montait au ciel, et qu'il en était de même dans les autres villes, une paire de souliers à deux semelles valait trois réaux (quinze sous), et à Madrid quatre. Aujourd'hui on en demande effrontément sept réaux, sans vouloir les donner à moins de six réaux et demi. Il est effrayant de penser où cela va s'arrêter ' (*Man. de la Bibl. Royale*, Code 156, f. 64)." — Louis Viardot.

CHAPTER LII.

WHEREIN IS REHEARSED THE ADVENTURE OF DUENNA
DOLOROUS THE SECOND, OR THE WRETCHED, KNOWN
BY THE OTHER NAME OF DOÑA RODRIGUEZ.

CID HAMETE tells us that Don Quixote being now recovered of his scrabbles, it seemed to him that the life which he led in that castle was against the whole order of chivalry which he professed; so he determined to beg licence of the duke and duchess to take his leave for Saragossa, whose jousts drew nigh, and in which he intended to win the harness which is the prize to contend for at those feasts. Being one day at dinner with the duke and duchess, and beginning to unfold his purpose and beg their leave, lo! suddenly there came through the door of the great hall two women, as it afterwards appeared, clad in mourning from head to foot; and one of them, coming to Don Quixote, threw herself full length on the ground, her mouth sewed to Don Quixote's feet, and giving forth moans so tristful, deep, and dolorous, as to cover with confusion all who saw and heard. And although the duke and duchess thought it must be some trick which their servants would play upon Don Quixote, yet, seeing how sorely the woman sighed, moaned, and

cried, they became doubtful and in suspense, until Don Quixote, full of compassion, raised her from the ground, and prayed that she would discover herself and take the veil from before her tearful face. She did so, and revealed what no one could ever have imagined; for she disclosed the face of Doña Rodriguez, the duenna of the house; and the other mourning one was no other than her daughter, who had been mocked by the son of the rich farmer.

All who knew her were astonished, and the nobles more than any; for, though they held her to be a booby and exceeding soft, they did not think she could act so madly. At length Doña Rodriguez, turning to the nobles, said—

“May it please your excellencies, give me leave to speak a little with this knight; for so it behoves me, if I am to come well out of the business into which I have been dragged by the hardihood of an evil-minded scoundrel.”

The duke said that he would give her leave, and that she might confer with Don Quixote as much as she pleased.

She, directing her voice and face to Don Quixote, said, “Some days ago, valorous knight, I gave you account of the wrong and perfidy which a wicked hind did to my much-loved and very dear daughter—which is this unhappy one now here present—and you did promise to undertake for her and to right that wrong; and now tidings have reached me that you intend to leave this castle in search of the good adventures which God may send you: and therefore,

before you slip away no one knows whither, I hope you will challenge this untamed clown, and make him marry my daughter, according to the promise which he made her before he clipped her. For to think that my lord duke will do me justice is to seek pears on an elm, for reasons which I have already told your worship in secret; and so may Our Lord give your worship much health, and leave us not comfortless."

To which Don Quixote answered, with great gravity and much rhetoric, "My good duenna, temper your tears, or, to speak better, dry them up, and save your sighs; I will make it my charge to right your daughter: although it had been better had she not been so ready to believe the promises of lovers, who, for the most part, are quick to promise and slow to perform. Therefore, with licence of the duke my lord, I will at once away in search of this godless youth, and will find him, and will challenge him and kill him when and, whenever he shall refuse to fulfil the word of his promise; for the chief aim of my profession is to spare the humble and to lower the proud—I mean to help the wretched and destroy the cruel."

"There is no need," said the duke, "for your worship to take any trouble in searching for the rustic of whom this honest duenna has made complaint, nor is it necessary for your worship to ask my leave to challenge him: I hold him as already challenged, and will make it my care that he knows it, and that he accepts it, and that he comes to answer for himself at this my castle, where to both I will provide safe field, observing the conditions which are wont and ought

to be observed in such encounters ; giving equal justice to each one, as it becomes all princes to give who grant free field to such as come to fight within the limits of their lordships."

"Then, with this assurance and good leave of your greatness," replied Don Quixote, "for this once do I renounce my nobility and bring me to the level and lowness of the aggressor, to qualify him to do battle with me ; and thus, although he be absent, here do I challenge and defy him, for that he did ill to defraud this poor one who was a maid, but who, through his villainy, is so no more ; and that he shall keep his word which he gave to be her true husband, and I will assert my right to the death."

Thereupon he plucked off a glove, and cast it into the midst of the hall ; and the duke took it up, saying what he had already said, that he accepted the challenge in the name of his vassal, and appointed the time of duel to be six days thenceafter, and the field to be the court of that castle, and the arms to be those commonly used by knights—lance and shield, with complete harness, and all other pieces, without fraud, treachery, or superstition whatsoever, to be viewed and examined by judges of the tests. "But, before all things, it is necessary that this good duenna and this bad maid commit the right of their cause to the hand of sir Don Quixote ; otherwise nothing will be done, nor can the said challenge be put in execution."

"I commit it," answered the duenna.

"And I also," added the daughter, all tearful, all shame, and in evil plight.

This summary being taken, and the duke having considered all that should be done in that case, those who were in black went out, and the duchess gave orders that they were not to be treated thenceafter as her servants, but as lady adventurers who had come to her house to demand justice. And so they had given to them a separate room, and were treated as visitors, to the no small amazement of the rest of the serving-women, who could not imagine where the impudence and mannerless doings of Doña Rodriguez and her erring daughter were to stop.

Whilst they were in the midst of this, to crown the feast with joy and give good end to the dinner, lo ! there came into the hall the page which carried the letters and tokens to Teresa Panza, wife of Governor Sancho Panza, whose coming gave much pleasure to the duke and duchess, who much wished to know what befel him in his journey ; and demanding this of him, the page said that he could make no answer in that public way, nor could he do so at all in a few words, and therefore would their excellencies be pleased to leave it until they were alone, and meanwhile they could amuse them with those letters.

And taking out two, he gave them into the hands of the duchess. The superscription of one was, *A LETTER FOR MY LADY THE DUCHESS —*, I KNOW NOT WHERE ; the other, *TO MY HUSBAND, SANCHO PANZA, GOVERNOR OF THE ISLAND BARATARIA, WHOM GOD PROSPER MORE YEARS THAN ME.*

The duchess's cake was dough, as they say, until she could read her letter. She opened it, read it to

herself, and perceiving that it could be read aloud, so that the duke and all who were standing by might hear, she read as follows :—

Letter of Teresa Panza to the Duchess.

“Great joy did I get, my dear lady, from the letter which your greatness wrote to me ; and, in truth, I longed for it much. The coral necklace is real fine, and my husband’s hunting dress does not lag behind it. That your excellency should have made Sancho, my consort, a governor, has given great pleasure to all this village, although nobody believes it, especially the priest, and Maese Nicholas the barber, and Sampson Carrasco the bachelor : but it makes no odds to me, if as how it be true, as it be, let everybody say what they like. An I might tell the truth, I would say if the corals had not come, nor the dress, I would not have believed it either ; because in this village they all take my husband to be a numskull, and to take him away from governing a flock of goats, they cannot fancy what else he can be fit for. God grant it, and guide him as he thinks is best for his children. I, lady of my heart, am bent, with your worship’s good grace, to make the most of this good day in my home, and will get me to court and stretch myself in a coach just to split the eyes of a thousand women who envy me already. And beseech, your excellency, please tell my husband that he must send me a bit of money, and that it must be enough, because at court the outlays are heavy : bread costs a real, and beef is thirty maravedis a pound, which is wonderful. And if he does not wish that I

should come, then he must let me know in time, for my heels be ready bulled for the journey: and my friends and neighbours are telling me that if me and my daughter go swelling ourselves out splendid like at court, they will come to know my husband more from me than me from him; because many of them will be sure to go asking, 'Who be these ladies of the coach?' and a serving-man of mine will answer, 'Them be the wife and daughter of Sancho Panza, governor of the Barataria Island.' And in this way Sancho will come to be known, and I shall be liked; and so I say, Rome for ever.

"I am as sorry as sorry can be that this year they have not gathered any acorns in this village; but, for all that, I send to your loftiness about half a bushel: I went to the hills to pick and choose them myself, and I could not find any more bigger, and I wish they were as big as ostrich eggs.

"Let not your Pomposity forget to write to me, and I will take care to answer, telling you all about my health, and everything there is to tell about this village, where I remain praying to Our Lord to keep your greatness, and not to forget me. Sancha, my daughter, and my son kiss the hands of your mercy.

"SHE WHO HAS MORE WISH TO SEE YOUR EXCELLENCY

"THAN TO WRITE TO HER,

"YOUR SERVANT, TERESA PANZA."

Great was the pleasure which all received on hearing Teresa Panza's letter, principally the duke and duchess; and the duchess asked Don Quixote's

opinion if it would be right to open the letter which came for the governor, for they imagined that it must needs be very fine.

Don Quixote said that, to give them pleasure, he would open it. This he did, and found that it ran after this manner :—

*Letter from Teresa Panza to Sancho Panza, her
Husband.*

“I received thy letter, Sancho mine of my soul, and I promise thee, and swear as a Catholic Christian, that I was within two fingers of going mad for pleasure. Sithee, brother, when I got to hear that thou wast a governor, I believed there and then that I should fall down dead for pure joy; and thou knowest well enough they say that sudden joy kills, as well as great pain. As for Sanchica, thine own daughter, she could not contain herself for pure happiness. The dress thou hast sent is spread out before me, and the corals which the duchess sent are round my neck, and the letters be in my hands, and the carrier of them is here present, and yet with it all I think and believe that what I see and what I feel is all a dream. Because why? Who could think that a goatherd would come to be a governor of the Islands? Thou knowest well enough, old chap, that my mother used to say that it was necessary to live much for to see much. I say that because I think me to go for to see more, if I live longer; because I do not mean to stop till I see thee a farmer or a customer, which are posts that, although the devil flies away with those as do not use

them right, yet still they do feel and hold a deal of money. My lady the duchess will tell thee the longing I have to go to court; look thee to that, and advise me of thy pleasure, and I will know how to bring thee honour in it by coming in a coach.

“The priest, the barber, the bachelor, and even the gravedigger cannot believe that thou art a governor, and say it is all moonshine, or matters of enchantment, like as all thy master Don Quixote’s things are; and Sampson says as how he must go in search of thee, and knock that government out of thy skull, and Don Quixote, and knock his madness out of his brains. Bless thee, I only laughs to myself, and looks at my necklace, and sets out the dress of thine which I have, to make out of it one for our daughter. I have sent some acorns to my lady the duchess, and I wish they were all gold; do thou send me some pearls, if they uses them in yon Island. The tidings of the village is: that Mistress Berrueca has married her daughter to a scurvy painter fellow, who came to this town to paint whatever might come on’t. The Council gave him a job to paint the king’s arms over the court door; he asked two ducats, they paid him beforehand: he worked for eight days, and at the end he had not painted nothing, and then he said as how he did not know how to paint so many trifles; he gave back the money; and on all this he goes and marries, as if he were a fine master. It is true he has already thrown up the brush, and taken to the spade, and goes to the field, most gentlemanlike. Pedro de Lobo’s son hath taken orders, and shaved his crown on purpose to be

a priest ; Minguilla, the niece of Mingo Silvato, got to hear of it, and has summoned him, because he made her a promise of marriage : evil tongues will have it that he has made her a round waist, but he denies it, putting both his heels together. This year there is no olives, nor a spot of vinegar in the whole village. A company of soldiers passed through here ; they took with them three girls of this place. I have no mind to tell thee who they be ; perhaps they will come back, and somebody will be sure to take them for wives with all their cracks, good or bad. Sanchica makes bone lace now, and gains eight maravedis every day, which she puts by for to help her with her portion ; but now she is a governor's daughter, thou wilt give her one without her having to work for it. The pump in the square is dried up. A thunderbolt has struck the gibbet, and may they never strike anywhere else. I wait an answer to this, and thy resolve about my going to court. And with this, God keep thee more years than me, or as many ; for I would not like to leave thee in this world without me.

“ THY WIFE, TERESA PANZA.”

The letter was received with joy, laughter, regard, and admiration ; and, to seal all, there came the post which brought that which Sancho sent to Don Quixote, and that also was read aloud, which caused the simplicity of the governor to be matter of doubt.

The duchess retired to learn from the page all which had befallen in Sancho's village, which he recounted at good length, without omitting a circum-

stance to which he did not make reference. He delivered up the acorns, and the cheese as well, which Teresa gave as being very good, and better than those of Tronchon. The duchess took them with the very greatest pleasure ; in the which we will leave her, in order to tell the end which came of the government of the great Sancho Panza, flower and glass of all insulary governors.

CHAPTER LIII.

OF THE WEARY END AND UPSHOT WHICH CAME OF
SANCHO PANZA'S GOVERNMENT.

To think that, in this life, all things which pertain to it must for ever remain in one state, is to think that which is reasonless ; much rather do all things seem to be all around—I mean to go round. The spring follows summer,¹ summer follows autumn, and autumn comes after winter ; and so doth time turn ever on this ever-turning wheel. Human life alone runs swifter to its end than time, without hoping to renew itself, unless it be in the other life, which is bounded by no limits.

Thus saith Cid Hamete, the Mahomedan philosopher ; for this knowledge of the swiftness and unstableness of the present life, and the duration of the eternal life for which we hope, many have understood without the light of faith, and with only the light of nature ; but here our author is speaking of the swiftness with which Sancho's government ended, was consumed, undid itself, and vanished like shadows or smoke.

On the seventh night of the days of his government, the governor being abed—not full of bread nor of wine, but of judgments, and passing sentences, and

making statutes and ordinances—and while sleep, despite of hunger and in spite of it, began to lock up his lids, he heard so great a clang of bells and shoutings, that he believed the whole island was sinking. He sat up in bed and became attentive, hearkening if he could guess the cause of so great an uproar ; but so far was he from guessing, that a world of drums and trumpets being added to the noise of the shoutings and the bells, he became more confused, and full of terror and fright. Starting to his feet, he put on some slippers—for the floor was damp—and without putting on dressing-robe, or anything like it, he went out by his room door at the moment when he saw coming through some of the corridors more than a score of persons, with lighted torches in their hands, and drawn swords, all shouting at the top of their voices.

“Arm, arm, lord governor, arm ! hosts of enemies have entered the island, and we are lost, if your skill and courage come not to our succour.”

With this din, fury, and uproar, they ran to Sancho, who was stunned and amazed at what he heard and saw ; and when they came up to him, one of them said, “Quick ! arm yourself, your excellency, if you would not be lost, and lose the whole island.”

“What have I to do with arming ?” answered Sancho. “Know I aught of arms and succours ? Better leave these things to my master Don Quixote, who will despatch them in a trice, and put us all right. As for me, as I am a sinner before God, I know nothing of these hurly-burlies.”

“Ah, lord governor, what dewy softness is this ?

Arm yourself, your worship ; here they bring us arms offensive and defensive. To the rescue ; be our leader and our captain, for to be such belongs to you of right, being our governor."

"Arm me if you like," said Sancho.

And instantly they got them two great bucklers which they had provided, and bound them above his shirt, without allowing him to put on other clothes—one buckler in front and another behind, his arms being pulled through certain holes which they had made on purpose ; and full securely did they bebind him with cords, so that he was walled and boarded up, and made as straight as any spindle, without being able to bend his knees or move one step ; then they put a lance in his hands, against which he leaned to keep himself afoot. When they had him thus, they called him to march, to lead them on, and to rally them ; for he being their pole-star, their lantern, and their bright and morning star, their affairs would not fail to have a happy issue.

"How am I to march, wretched me !" answered Sancho, "when I cannot bend the hinges of my knees for these boards, which are sewed into my flesh ? What you must do is to carry me in your arms, and lay me athwart, or stick me up on foot at some post, which I will keep either with this lance or with my body."

"Tush ! lord governor," cried another, "it is fear, much more than the boards, which hinders your marching. Make an end, and bestir you : it is growing late ; the enemy increases, the cries grow louder, and the danger waxeth greater."

On these persuasions and upbraidings, the poor

governor tried to move, when down he fell to the ground, with such great force, that he thought he must be broken to pieces. There he remained, like a tortoise shut up and covered in his shells, or like a flitch of bacon between two troughs, or much like a boat upside down on the sands. And for all they saw him fall, those mocking folk had no pity for him ; but rather, putting out their torches, they renewed their cries and calls to arms with such force, rushing over poor Sancho and giving him a storm of slashes, that if he had not shrunk and gathered himself together, and tucked in his head between the bucklers, it would have fared very ill with the governor, who, squeezed within that straitness, sweated and resweated, and with all his heart commended himself to God, that he would deliver him from that direful pass.

Some stumbled upon him ; others fell ; and another would mount upon him for a good space, from which, as from a tower, he directed the army, calling out in a loud voice, “ Here, our side ; here the enemy directs his charge ! Guard yonder breach ; close yonder gate ; quick with those ladders ; come on with the fireballs, the caldrons of pitch and resin, and the scalding oil ; block the streets with beds ! ” In short, he shouted out in reckless eagerness all the gear, the implements, and furniture of war, with which they are used to defend a city from assault ; and the battered Sancho, who heard and suffered it all, said within himself—

“ Oh, that my Lord would be pleased to hasten the loss of this island, or that I might see me dead or delivered from this dreadful agony ! ”

Heaven heard his cry, and when he least expected it, he heard shoutings of "Victory ! victory ! the conquered enemy is flying ! What ho, there, lord governor ! Arise, come, your worship, and taste the joy of conquest, and share the spoil taken from the enemy by the valour of that invincible arm."

"Lift me up," cried the dolorous Sancho in a dolorous voice.

They helped him to rise ; and when he stood upon his legs, he said, "The enemies I have conquered, nail them to my forehead. I have no wish to share the spoils of enemies ; but I would beg and pray some friend, if I have one, that he give me a drink of wine, for I am dry ; and mop up this sweat, for I am in a pool of water."

They wiped him, they brought him wine, they unbound the bucklers, and he sat upon his bed, where he fell faint with fear, with fright, and labour ; and those who played him that trick now began to be vexed that they had carried it so far : but on Sancho coming to himself, the vexation they felt at his fainting was assuaged.

He inquired what o'clock it was, and they told him that it was the dawning. He became silent, and without saying another word, began to dress himself, all in dead stillness ; and they earnestly regarded him, waiting to see how that hasty dressing would end. He finished at last, little by little, for he was so bruised that he could not do it much by much, and went straight to the stable, followed thither by all who were present. On coming to Dapple, he gave him a

hug, and the kiss of peace on his forehead, and not without tears in his eyes, he cried—

“Come thy ways, my companion and my friend, the sharer of my toils and miseries! When I took up with thee, no other thoughts troubled me than how to mend thy gear and find thee food for thy little body; happy were my hours, my days, and my years: but after I did leave thee, and I climbed up the towers of ambition and pride, there have come into my soul a thousand miseries, a thousand labours, and four thousand carking cares.” And as he said these words, he went on saddling his ass with his own hands, without any one saying him nay.

Dapple being pannelled, in great pain and heaviness Sancho mounted him, and directing his words and discourse to the major-domo, the secretary, the gentleman sewer, and to Peter Positive the doctor, he said, “Make way, my masters, and leave me to return to my old liberty; leave me to go in search of the past life, that I may rise out of this present death. I was not made for a governor, nor to defend islands nor cities from the enemies who would attack them. Better far do I know how to plough and dig, to prune and graff vines, than to give laws or defend provinces and kingdoms. St. Peter is all right at Rome—I mean that it is best for everybody to fill the post for which he was born; a reaping-hook in my hand suits me better than the sceptre of a governor; I would rather fill my belly with nettle broth than be bound to the pinching of a meddling doctor, who would kill me with hunger; and I care more to sleep in the shade of an

oak in summer time, and to cover me up with a pair of skins in winter, with my liberty, than go to bed between holland sheets and clad in sables, all the while subject to a government. My masters, God be wi' you; and tell the duke, my lord, that naked was I born, naked I find me: I neither lose nor win. I mean to say that moneyless came I into this government, and without money I give it up—very much the contrary of what happens with governors of other islands. Make way there; let me go: I must go get me plastered, for I believe that every one of my ribs is broken, thanks to the enemies who scoured over me last night."

"It must not be so," said Doctor Positive, "for I will give your worship a drink against fallings and bruising, which shall at once restore you to your pristine wholeness and vigour; and in the matter of eating I promise your worship to mend me, leaving you to eat as much of everything as you like."

"It is the poisoned cup; it is too late," said Sancho: "I will as soon stay as I will turn Turk. These jokes are not to be played twice. By God! I will no more stay in this government, nor accept another, although they served it up between two plates, than I will go to heaven without wings. I am of the lineage of the Panzas; we are all obstinate, and once we cry odds, odds it must be, though they be evens, in spite of all the world. Here in this stable bide the ant's wings by which I flew up into the air to be eaten of swifts and other birds: and let us return to creep

on the ground in humble grace; and though we wear not pinked shoes of Cordova, there will be no lack of sandal shoon; let the ewe and wether go together; and beyond the sheet stretch not your feet. And now let me go, for it grows late."

To which the major-domo said, "My lord governor, with good will shall we let you go, although it pains us much to lose you; for your wit and Christian haviour make us desire your stay: but you already know that all governors are obliged, before quitting the country they have governed, first of all to go into *residencia*. When your worship has done this for the ten days in which you have held this government, you shall go with the peace of God."

"No one can demand that of me but he who is ordained of the duke my lord," answered Sancho. "I am going to have it out with him, and to him I will give a full reckoning: besides, going away naked, as I do, nothing more is needed to show that I have governed like an angel."

"By the Mass, great Sancho is right," said Doctor Bode-well, "and I am of opinion that we let him go, for the duke will be mighty glad to see him."

They all agreed in that, and let him go, and offered to bear him company, and to give him all that he might wish for the pleasure of his person and his comfort by the way.

But Sancho answered that he minded for nothing but a little barley for Dapple, and half a cheese or so, and half a loaf for himself, for the road was so

short that he had no need of more or better cupboard.

Then they all embraced him, and he, weeping, embraced all of them, and departed from them, who were astonished as much for his discourse, as for his determination, so resolute and wise.

CHAPTER LIV.

WHICH TREATS OF THINGS TOUCHING THIS HISTORY, AND
OF NO OTHER.²

THE duke and the duchess resolved that the challenge which Don Quixote gave to their vassal for the cause before named, should go forward ; and although the youth was in Flanders, whither he had fled to avoid having Doña Rodriguez for a mother-in-law, yet they directed that a Gascon lacquey, called Tosilos, should take his place, instructing him beforehand in all that he had to do.

Two days afterwards, the duke told Don Quixote that his adversary would be there within four days to take the field as an armed knight, and he would maintain that the damsel lied by the half of her beard, and even by the whole of her entire beard, if she affirmed that he had given his word to marry her. Don Quixote received these tidings with much pleasure, and promised himself to do wonders in the business ; and he held it a great happiness that occasion was to offer in which those nobles should see how far the valour of his mighty arm could reach : and so with gaiety and content he awaited the four days, which in

the reckoning of his desire seemed to him to be four hundred centuries.

Let we them pass, as we let pass other things, and come and wait upon Sancho, who, between joy and sadness, comes along upon Dapple in search of his master, whose company he liked much more than being governor of all the islands in the world.

It fell out that he had not wended him far from the island of his government (he had never found out if it were island, city, village, or town) when he saw, coming along the road on which he went, half a dozen palmers, each with his staff, who were strangers, and of that sort which beg alms by singing. As they came up to him, they placed themselves in a row, and lifting up their voices all together, they began to sing in their own tongue, which Sancho could not understand, except one word charity that was distinctly pronounced ; by which he understood that they begged alms by their singing : and he being, according to Cid Hamete, very charitable, took out of his wallet the half loaf and half cheese with which he had come provided, and gave it them, telling them by signs that he had nothing else to give them. These they received with much pleasure, but called out, "Güelte, güelte."

"I do not know what it is you ask me, good people," said Sancho.

On which one of them took a purse from out his bosom, and showed it to Sancho ; by which he perceived that they asked for money. But he, putting the end of his thumb to his throat, and spreading out his fingers upwards, gave them to understand that he had

not a vestige of money ; and, pricking his mule, he would have broke through them. In spite of this, one of them, having regarded him with much attention, made for him, throwing his arms around his belt, and cried in a loud voice and very good Spanish—

“Mighty God ! what is this I see ? Is it possible that I hold in my arms my dear friend, my good neighbour, Sancho Panza ? Yea, without doubt ; for neither am I asleep nor just now drunk.”

Sancho was astonished to hear himself called by his name, and to find himself embraced by the stranger pilgrim ; and after earnestly beholding him, and without speaking a word, he was not able to call him to mind.

The pilgrim, seeing his suspense, exclaimed, “What, is it possible ; brother Sancho Panza, that thou dost not know thy neighbour Ricote, the Morisco, the shopkeeper of thy village ?”

Then Sancho regarded him more attentively, and began to recollect, and finally came to remember him ; and, without alighting from his ass, he threw his arms around his neck, and said—

“Who the devil could know thee, Ricote, in that merryman’s dress ? Who hath made such a Froggy of thee ? How darest thou come back to Spain, where, if they catch thee and find thee out, it will go very hard with thee ?”

“If thou bewrayest me not, Sancho,” answered the pilgrim, “I am safe enough, for in this dress nobody will know me. And now let us get off the road, and betake us to the grove which appears yonder, where my companions would like to rest and dine ; and there

shalt thou dine with them—they are a good sort of folk—and there shall I find time to tell all that happened to me after I left our village in obedience to the king's proclamation, which so severely threatened the unhappy people of our nation, as thou must have heard."

Sancho agreed; and, Ricote speaking to the rest of the pilgrims, they betook them to the grove which appeared there, and where they were safe enough from the highway. Here they threw down their staves, took off their cloaks, or palls, and remained in tabard and hose. They were all young men, and of gentle manners, except Ricote, who was well advanced in years. They all carried wallets, and all, as it appeared, were well provisioned, at least with such things as incited to what is called a two-league thirst. Then they stretched themselves on the ground, and making tablecloths of the grass, they spread upon them bread, salt, onions, nuts, crusts of cheese, and ham-bones, which, if they could not be eaten, could not help themselves from being sucked. They brought out at the same time a black dish which is called caviare, made of the roes of fishes—a great stirrer up of the bottle; nor did they lack olives, which, although dry, and without any pickle whatever, were savoury and refreshing. But what was most fair at that fair feast were six bottles of wine, each taking one from out his wallet. Even the good Ricote, who was transformed from a Morisco to a German or a Dutchman, drew forth his, which for bigness would compare with the other five.

They began to eat with the very greatest relish, and very slowly, enjoying each mouthful which they took on the point of a knife, and very little of everything at a time. And then, all together, they raised their arms with their bottles in the air, the mouths of the bottles to their mouths, their eyes rivetted to the sky, seeming like nothing else than to be taking aim; and after this manner, moving their heads from side to side in token of the delight which they got, were for a good space decanting into their bellies the bowels of their barrels of wine.

Sancho regarded all this, and was in nothing grieved for it; rather, to carry out the proverb, which he very well knew, that "When thou art at Rome, follow what thou seest," he asked Ricote for the bottle, and he took his aim like the rest, and with no less relish than theirs. Four times did the bottles bear being exalted; but on the fifth it was not possible, for they were now as spare and dry as mats, which damped the mirth they had shown up till then. From time to time one of them would give his right hand to Sancho, and say, *Spaniard and Dutchman, all one, jolly fellow*; and Sancho would answer, *jolly fellow, God damn!* and then burst with laughter, which would last for an hour, without recalling anything of what happened to him in his government; for true it is that cares hold feeble sway over the brief space and time in which we eat and drink. Finally, the end of the wine was the beginning of a sleep which fell upon all, and all remained sleeping on the same table and the same cloth. Only Ricote and Sancho remained on the

alert; for, having eaten more and drunk less, the two separated from the rest, and they sat them down at the foot of a beech, leaving the pilgrims buried in sweet sleep. Then Ricote, without stumbling into the Morisco tongue, in pure Castilian spoke as follows:—

“Well knowest thou, O Sancho Panza, my dear neighbour and friend, how the proclamation of the edict of his majesty against those of my nation struck terror and fright into all of us; at least into me, on such wise that methought that before the time given to us in which to leave Spain, the full rigour of the penalty was executed on me and my children. I provided therefore, and prudently, to my thinking, like one who, knowing beforehand that the house in which he lives will be taken from him, secures another to which he may remove. I provided, I say, for me to leave my town and go alone, without my family, so that I might search out a place to which I could comfortably carry them, and without the haste in which the rest went away. For I well saw, and so did all our ancients, that those edicts were not mere threats, as some said, but real laws, which must be put in execution at their appointed time; and I was forced to believe the truth of this, because I knew of the villainous and foolish designs which our people had: such indeed were they that, to my seeming, it was a divine inspiration which moved his majesty to give effect to so spirited a resolve; not because we were all culpable—for some were real and true Christians—but they were so few that they could not oppose those who were not, and it was not well to cherish the serpent

in the breast, and maintain enemies in the household. Finally, we were justly punished with that penalty of banishment, soft and mild in the opinion of some, but to us the most terrible that could be inflicted. Wherever we go we must weep for Spain ; for, in truth, we were born here, and it is our native land. In no part do we meet with the reception which our miseries require ; in Barbary, and in all parts of Africa, where we expected to be received, cared for, and nourished, there are we most opposed and ill-treated. We knew not the good until we lost it, and so great is the longing which all of us have to return to Spain, that the most of those—and they are many—who know the language as I do, forsake their wives and children, leaving them uncared for, and return to her, so great is the love they bear her ; and full well know I now the truth, by experience, of the saying, ‘ Sweet is the love of country.’ I left our town, as I have said, I went to France, and although we found a good reception there, I had a mind to see all. I went to Italy, and then came to Germany ; and there I thought we might live with most liberty, because there the people do not pry into one another’s affairs : each one lives as he likes ; for in the greater part of the country they live with liberty of conscience. I took a house in a village close to Augsburg. I joined with these pilgrims, which are accustomed, many of them, to come to Spain every year to visit its sanctuaries, which they look upon as their Indies, and a very certain gain and well-known profit. They travel almost through the whole kingdom, and there is no place from which they do not

come out eaten and drunken, as they say, and with a little more money in their pockets ; and at the end of their journey they come off with more than a hundred crowns clear gain, which they change into gold, and by hiding it either in the hollow of their staffs, or within the patches of their palls, or by some other thrifty scheme they know of, they get them out of the kingdom, and pass over to their own countries, in spite of the guards of posts and ports where they are registered.

“ My present intention, Sancho, is to carry away the treasure which I left buried, which, as it is outside the town, I can do without risk, and then to write or pass over from Valencia to my daughter and wife, who are in Algiers, and so manage to bring them to some part of France, and from thence carry them to Germany, where we will wait and see what God may be pleased to do with us. In truth, Sancho, I know for certain that Ricota my daughter, and Francisca Ricota my wife, are Catholic Christians ; and although I am not such altogether, yet am I more of a Christian than a Moor, and I ever pray to God that he will open the eyes of my understanding, and make me know how I ought to serve him : and what I wonder at is that my wife and daughter should rather go to Barbary than to France, where they could live the Christian life.”

To which Sancho made answer, “ Look you, Ricote, that perhaps was not their fault, because Juan Tiopeyo, thy wife’s brother, who is a real Moor, would go where it best suited him. And I would tell thee another thing : it is my belief that thou wouldst have thy

labour for thy pains to search for what thou hast hidden, because we had tidings that they took from thy brother-in-law and thy wife many pearls and much money, which they carried to be registered."

"That might well be," replied Ricote; "but I am sure, Sancho, that they have not touched my hoard, for I would not discover to them where it was, being fearful of some misfortune: and so, if thou, Sancho, carest to come with me and help me to take it out and carry it off, I will give thee two hundred crowns, by which thou mightest meet thy needs; for thou knowest that I know thou hast many."

"I would do it," answered Sancho, "but I am not covetous a bit. Had I been so, why, there was an office which I gave up this morning by which I might have made the walls of my house of gold, and in less than six months have eaten off silver; and so for this, and because I think I should be a traitor to my king in favouring his enemies, I will not go with thee for the promised two hundred crowns, nor yet even if thou gavest me now down as many as four hundred."

"And what post is it, Sancho, which thou hast left?" inquired Ricote.

"I have given up being the governor of an island," said Sancho, "and such an one that, i' good faith, you would not find one like it three gunshots off."

"Where is this island?" asked Ricote.

"Where?" replied Sancho. "Why, some two leagues from here, and it is called the island of Barataria."

"Shut thy mouth, Sancho," said Ricote: "islands

are in the sea; there is no island on the mainland."

"Why not?" said Sancho. "I tell thee, friend Ricote, that I came away from it but this morning, and yesterday I was there, governing like a Sagittarius; but, for all that, I left it, because it seemed to me that the office of governors is dangerous."

"And what didst thou gain by this government?" inquired Ricote.

"I gained," answered Sancho, "the knowledge that I am not fit to govern anything, unless it be a drove of cattle, and that the riches which are gained in such governments are at the cost of rest and sleep, and even sustenance; for in islands governors must eat little, especially if they have doctors to look after their health."

"I understand thee not, Sancho," said Ricote, "and it seems to me that all which thou sayest is nonsense. Who is there that would give thee islands to govern? Is there a lack of men in the world more able than thou to be governors? Break thee off, Sancho, and come to thy senses, and look now if thou wouldst not like to come with me as I have proposed, and help me to take away the treasure which I have left hidden; for, in truth, it is so much that it might well be called a treasure, and I will give thee that by which thou canst live, as I have said."

"I have already told thee, Ricote," said Sancho, "that I do not like it. Content thee that thou wilt not be discovered by me, and go thy way in God's name, and leave me to go mine; for I know that what is well

gotten is lost, but the ill is lost as well, both it and its owner."

"I will not press thee, Sancho," said Ricote ; "but, tell me, didst thou, when thou camest away from our village, see my wife, my daughter, and my brother-in-law ?"

"Yea, I saw them," answered Sancho ; "and I may tell thee that thy daughter has grown so beautiful, that they always came out to see her when she passed by, and they all say that she is the most beautiful creature in the world. She went away crying, and she embraced all her friends and acquaintances ; and all which came to see her commended her to God and Our Lady his mother, and all this with so much feeling, that it made me cry, and I am not usually a blubberer. And, by my fay, a good many wanted to hide her, and go out and run away with her on the road ; but the fear of the king's command restrained them. The chief one which showed himself most touched was Don Gaspar Gregorio, that youth who is, thou knowest, the rich heir ; and they say that he loved her much : for after she had gone, he never again appeared in our village, and all believe that he has gone after her, to carry her off ; but we have heard nothing since."

"I ever had an ill suspicion," said Ricote, "that this gentleman did love my daughter ; but, trusting to my daughter's worth, it never troubled me to know that he loved her so well. For thou must have heard it said, Sancho, that few Morisco women, or none, mingle in love with old-fashioned Christians ; and my

daughter, as I believe, was minded more to be a Christian than one in love, and so she took no heed of the complaints of this rich heir."

"God grant it," said Sancho, "for it would be ill for both of them. And now let me leave thee, Ricote, my friend, for I would arrive to-night there where stays my master Don Quixote."

"God go with thee, brother Sancho," said Ricote. "And now I see that my companions are stirring, and it is also time for us to be making our way."

Then the two embraced; Sancho mounted his Dapple, and Ricote leaned on his staff, and thus they parted.

NOTES TO CHAPTERS LIII., AND LIV.

Note 1, page 493.

The spring follows summer. The Spanish Academy has thought fit to correct this arrangement of the seasons, not knowing that it was part of the method of Cervantes to tickle the children of Spain with little straws. The falling of a hat from a peg in church has been known to produce the swiftest unanimity of inattention in those who were devoutly listening to a profound sermon. But for these surprises, coupled with his unrivalled banter, we should not now be in ignorance of what became of the ashes of Cervantes; they would have been scattered to the four winds of heaven from the floor of the *Quemadero*.

Note 2, page 502.

"Which treats of things touching this history, and of no other." Although Cervantes heads this chapter with these words, it is evident, as Viardot remarks, that "Cervantès parle, du plus grave des événements dont il fut témoin, l'expulsion des Morisques. Après la capitulation de Grenade, en 1492, un grand nombre de Mores, restés musulmans, séjournèrent en Espagne. Mais bientôt, aux missions envoyées parmi eux, succédèrent les persécutions; et enfin un décret de Charles-Quint, daté du 4 avril 1525, ordonna, sous peine de bannissement, que tous les Mores reçussent le baptême. Ces chrétiens convertis par force furent alors appelés du nom de *Morisques* (*Moriscos*), qui servait à les distinguer des *vieux chrétiens*. Sous Philippe II., on exigea plus que leur abjuration: en 1566, on leur défendit, par une *pragmatique*, l'usage de leur langue, de leurs vêtements, de leurs cérémonies, de leurs bains, de leurs esclaves et même de leurs noms. Ces dispositions tyranniques exécutées avec une impitoyable rigueur, provoquèrent la longue révolte connue sous le nom de *rébellion des Morisques*, qui tint

en échec toute la puissance de Philippe II., et ne fut étouffée qu'en 1570, par les victoires de don Juan d'Autriche. Les Morisques vaincus furent dispersés dans toutes les provinces de la Péninsule ; mais cette race déchue continuant à prospérer, à s'accroître, par le travail et l'industrie, on trouva des raisons politiques pour effrayer ceux que ne touchait pas suffisamment le fanatisme religieux déchaîné contre elle. Un édit de Philippe III., rendu en 1609, et exécuté l'année suivante, ordonna l'expulsion totale des Morisques. Douze à quinze cent mille malheureux furent chassés de l'Espagne, et le petit nombre d'entre eux que survécurent à cette horrible exécution allèrent se perdre, en cachant leur origine, au milieu des races étrangères. Ainsi l'Espagne, déjà dépeuplée par les émigrations d'Amérique, se priva, comme fit plus tard la France à la révocation de l'édit de Nantes, de ses plus industrieux habitants, qui allèrent grossir les troupes des pirates de Berbérie, dont ses côtes étaient infestées. (Voir l'*Histoire des Arabes et des Maures d'Espagne*, t. I., chap. vii.) Au milieu des ménagements dont Cervantès s'enveloppe, il est facile de voir que toute sa sympathie est pour le peuple opprimé." See also Pellicer, tom. v. 176.

CHAPTER LV.

OF THINGS WHICH HAPPENED TO SANCHO BY THE WAY,
AND OTHERS OF THE MOST CHARMING KIND.

SANCHO, for lingering with Ricote, was not able to reach the duke's castle that day, although he came within half a league of it, when the night closed in somewhat dark ; but, as it was summer time, it caused him no trouble ; so he struck out of the road, intending to wait for the morning : but it pleased his niggard, ill-starred fortune that while searching for a place where he might the better accommodate himself, he fell, he and Dapple, into a deep and very dark cavern, which was there amid some ancient ruins ; and as he was falling he commended himself to God with all his heart, believing there would be no stop until he reached the profound of the abyss. But it was not so ; for at a little more than three statures Dapple touched the bottom, and Sancho found himself on his back, without having received any hurt or damage whatsoever. He felt all over his body, and held his breath to see if he was sound, and without a hole anywhere ; and finding him all right and whole, and in catholic health, he thought that he could never sufficiently give thanks unto God our Lord for the mercy which he had done him, for

he believed, without any doubt, that he had been dashed into a thousand pieces. He also felt with his hands for the walls of the cavern, to see if it were possible to get out of it without help from any one, but found them all smooth, and with nothing to lay hold of; on which he became much afflicted, especially when he heard Dapple moan tenderly and pitifully: and no marvel; his lament was not wanton, for he was in very evil case.

“Alas!” cried Sancho at that moment, “what sudden and unlooked-for accidents happen at every step to those who live in this pinching world! Who would have said that he who yesterday found him enthroned as governor of an island, commanding his servants and vassals, to-day should be buried in a cavern, without a single person to help him, nor servant nor vassal to run to his succour? Here must I and mine ass perish of hunger, unless we die beforehand; he of bruises and breakings, and I of repentant sorrow. At least, I shall not be so lucky as was my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, when he descended and went down into the cave of that enchanted Montesinos, where he found those who entertained him better than at home—where it seems he found dinner ready, and the bed ready made. There he saw beautiful and sweet visions, and here I fancy I shall see great toads and serpents. Wretched me! what have my foolishness and ravings come to? Out of here will they take my bones—when it shall please Heaven that they find me—clean licked, blanched, and scraped, and those of my good Dapple with them; by which, perhaps,

they will see who we were—at least, those who knew that Sancho Panza never parted from his ass, nor did his ass ever part from Sancho Panza. Again I say, miserable wretches that we are! why could not ill luck let us die in our own country, and among our own folk, where, though our bad fortune found no cure, yet we should have had somebody to cry over us, and to close our eyes when we got to the last gasp? O my companion and friend, how ill have I paid thy good services! Forgive me my debts, and do thou pray to fortune, in the best way thou knowest, to deliver us from this miserable moil in which we two are now fixed; and I promise to put a crown of laurel on thy head, and thou shalt look nothing less than a poet laureate, and I will double thy daily allowance.”

After this manner lamented Sancho Panza; and his ass listened without answering a single word, so great was the stress and anguish in which the poor wretch found himself. Finally, having passed the whole night in creeping murmurs and lamentations, the day came, by whose clearness and splendour Sancho saw that it was of all impossibilities the most impossible to get out of that hole without being helped; and he began to weep and cry aloud to see if any one might hear. But all his voices were the cryings of one in the wilderness; for there was not, in all those regions, one person to hearken to him: and then he gave himself up for dead.

Dapple lay on his back, and Sancho Panza managed to get him upon his legs, on which he could scarcely stand; then, taking a piece of bread out of the wallets, which had shared in the fortune of the fall, he

gave it to the ass, to whom it came not amiss: and Sancho said, as if he understood it—

“All griefs with food are very good.”

Hereupon he found a hole in the side of the cave, through which a man might creep by crouching and bending. Sancho Panza drew to it on all fours, and got through it, and found it large and spacious within. This he could see, because there came a sunbeam through that which might be called the roof, which made all plain. He also saw that it became enlarged, and expanded into another spacious opening. Seeing this, he returned to his ass, and by means of a stone began to knock down the wall, and in a brief space made a place large enough for the ass to pass through; and then, taking him by the headstall, he passed on through that grotto to see if he could find a way out in another part. Sometimes he went through darkness, and sometimes without light, but never once without fear.

“Now, by Almighty God!” he said within himself, “this, which is to me an evil venture, would be a fine adventure to my master Don Quixote. He would hold these deeps and dungeons for flower gardens, and the palace of Galiana, and expect to come out of this darkness and stress, into some meadow besprent with flowers. But I, without fortune, without counsel, and my soul sick for fear, fancy that, at every step I take, another cavern, deeper than this, will open under my feet, and swallow me up. Well comes the ill which comes alone!”

After this manner, and in these imaginings, he

seemed to have travelled a little more than half a league, at the end of which he came on an obscured light, that looked like the day, breaking through what might open upon a road which to him must lead to the other life.

Here Cid Hamete Benengeli left him, and returns to treat of Don Quixote, who, full of mirth and happiness, awaited the day of the battle which he had to do with that robber of the honour of the daughter of Doña Rodriguez, resolving to right the wrong and injury which that villain had so foully wrought upon her.

It so befel that, going out one morning to train and try himself for that which he had to do in the peril which awaited him on the morrow, giving a short gallop or start to Rozinante, he put his feet so close to a cave, that if he had not with great force pulled up, he must have fallen into it. In short, he held on, and did not fall in ; but, coming a little closer, without dismounting he looked down into the depth, and whilst he looked he heard loud cries from within, and listening closely, he could perceive and know who it was which made them.

“What ho, up there ! Is there any Christian that hears me ? or any loving gentleman to take pity on a sinner who is buried alive, or on a miserable misgoverned governor ?”

It seemed to Don Quixote that he heard the voice of Sancho Panza, which astonished and amazed him ; and raising his voice as loud as he could, he shouted, “Who is there below ? Who cries ?”

“Who should be here, or who should cry,” answered the voice, “but the down-trodden Sancho Panza, governor for his sins and his evil errantry of Baratania Island, squire that was of the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha?”

On hearing which, Don Quixote’s astonishment redoubled, his amazement increased; for it came into his mind that Sancho Panza must be dead, and that his soul was there suffering: and, carried away of this imagination, he said, “I conjure thee, by all that which, as a Catholic Christian, I may conjure thee, that thou tell me who thou art. If thou beest a soul in torment, tell me what I can do for thee; for as it is my profession to protect and succour the needy of this world, so shall it be to succour and help the distressed of the other, who cannot help themselves.”

“After this manner,” answered the voice, “your worship who speaks to me must be my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, and even by the organ of the voice it is certainly no other.”

“Don Quixote am I,” replied Don Quixote, “he who professes to help and succour in their afflictions the quick and the dead. Therefore tell me who thou art, for thou hast amazed me; because if thou art my squire Sancho Panza, and thou art dead, as the devil has not carried thee off, but by God’s mercy thou art in purgatory, our holy mother the Roman Catholic Church hath sufficient suffrages to deliver thee from the pain in which thou art, and I, for my part, will solicit her as far as my wealth will go; therefore declare thee at once, and tell me whom thou art.”

“By the living Lord,” answered the voice, “and the birth of whomsoever your worship has a mind to swear by, sir Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am your squire Sancho Panza, and was never dead in all the days of my life ; but, having left my government for things and causes for which more space is needed to tell, last night I fell into this cavern, where I still am. Dapple is with me, who will not let me lie ; and he is here by other tokens as well.”

And, as if to show that the ass understood what Sancho said, he began to bray so bravely that the whole cavern resounded again.

“Famous witness !” exclaimed Don Quixote. “I know that bray as if I had been in travail with it ; and I hear thy voice, my Sancho. Await me ; I will to the duke’s castle, which is close by here, and will bring those who will deliver thee out of this pit into which thy sins have sunk thee.”

“Go, your worship,” said Sancho, “and come back quick ; for, by the one God, I am not able to bear being buried alive here, and I am dying of fright.”

Don Quixote left him, and was away to the castle to recount to the nobles the mishap of Sancho Panza, for which they marvelled not a little, though they knew full well how easily he might fall into that grotto, which had been made there from times immemorial ; but they were at a loss to know how he could have left the government without their receiving tidings of his advent. Finally, as they say, they brought hair ropes and ropes of hemp, and at the cost of much people and much labour, they drew Dapple and

Sancho Panza from out that dismal darkness into the light of the sun.

He was observed by a student, who said, "After this fashion may all evil governors come out of their governments, as this sinner comes from out the profound of hell, dead with hunger, blenched, and without a doit, as I do bethink me."

Sancho caught his words, and said, "It is eight or ten days ago, brother backbiter, that I went to govern the island which they gave to me, and the whiles I never saw as much bread as would fill my belly; no, not for an hour. Therein have doctors persecuted me, and enemies broken my bones; nor had I time to take a bribe, or collect what was my due. And this being so, as it is, I do not, in my opinion, deserve to come out in this way: but man proposes and God disposes; and God knows what is best and what is good for every one; and what the season that the reason; and let no one think that of this cup I will not drink; and when one thinks he goes to find bacon, he finds not even a hook to hang it on; and God knows my meaning. Enough; I say no more, although I might."

"Be not angry, Sancho, nor vexed for what thou hearest, for so shalt thou never make an end. Come thou with a good conscience, and leave them to say what they will; for to think to bridle slanderous tongues is the same as putting doors to a field. If the governor comes out of his government a rich man, they accuse him of having been a thief; and if he come out poor, that he has been good for nothing and a fool."

“ I warrant me,” answered Sancho, “ that for this time they will have to take me more for a dolt than a thief.”

In these discourses, and surrounded by boys and much people of the castle, they came to a corridor, where the duke and the duchess were expecting Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, who, however, would not go up to see the duke until he had first accommodated Dapple in the stable, for that, as he said, he had passed a very bad night in the lodging. Presently, he went up to see the nobles, before whom he went on his knees, and said—

“ I, my lords, for that your greatness would so have it, went to govern the island Barataria. I went into it naked, and am naked still ; I neither gain nor lose. If I have governed well or ill, there are witnesses of it, who will say what they please. I have cleared up doubts, determined lawsuits, and been always dead with hunger, because Doctor Peter Positive would so have it—a native of Tirteafuera, and insular and governmental physicker. Enemies set upon us in the night, and, having put us in fierce peril, the insulars say that they came off free and with victory through the valour of my arm ; and may God give them such health as they speak true. In short, I have these whiles reckoned up the load and the obligations which government brings with it, and, by my account, I find that they do not fit my shoulders ; they are not the weight for my ribs, nor the arrows for my quiver ; and so that the government should not pitch me over, I have pitched over the government. And yesterday

morning I left the island as I found it, with the same streets, houses, and tiles which they had when I went into it. I have borrowed nothing of nobody, nor mixed myself up with the making of profits ; and though I thought to make some profitable laws, I did not make one, being afraid they would not be kept, which would be just the same as if they had never been made. I came away from the island, as I have said, without any one coming with me but my Dapple. I tumbled into a hole, and went along it until this morning, when, by the light of the sun, I saw the way out ; but not so easily, for if Heaven had not provided me my master Don Quixote, I should have stayed there till the end of the world. So, my lords duke and duchess, here is your governor Sancho Panza, who has reaped, in the ten days he has had this government, the knowledge that he knows that he does not care a straw for being governor—not only, I say, of an island, but of the whole world ; and with this summing up, kissing your worships' feet, to imitate the game of the boys which cry, ' Leap thou, and tuck in thy noddle for me,' I make a leap from the government and pass to the service of my master Don Quixote, in which, after all, though I eat my bread with fear, at least I get my belly full : and for me, an I be full, it is all one if it be of carrots or partridges."

With this Sancho made an end of his long discourse. Don Quixote feared he would blunder out a thousand stupidities, but when he perceived that he had ended with so few, he gave in his heart a thousand thanks to Heaven. The duke embraced

Sancho, and said that it grieved him to the soul that he had so quickly given up the government, but he would so order it that he should get another office on his estate of less weight and more profit. The duchess also embraced him herself, and ordered that he should be well entertained, for he seemed to have come well pounded and worse provided.

CHAPTER LVI.

OF THE UNCOMMON AND NEVER-SEEN BATTLE WHICH TOOK PLACE BETWEEN DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA AND THE LACQUEY TOSILOS, IN DEFENCE OF THE DAUGHTER OF THE DUENNA DOÑA RODRIGUEZ.

THE duke and the duchess did not repent them of the jest played upon Sancho Panza in the government which they gave him, especially when there came that same day the major-domo, who recounted to them, point by point, nearly all the words and deeds which Sancho had said and done in those days; and finally, as he embellished the assault on the island, the fear of Sancho, and his going away, they received no small pleasure.

After this the history recounts that the day of the pitched battle came; and the duke, having many times and oft instructed his lacquey Tosilos how he should bear himself with Don Quixote, so as to overcome him without killing or wounding him, gave orders that they should take the iron spikes from off their lances, telling Don Quixote that the Christianity on which he prided him would not allow that that battle

should be with so much risk and danger to their lives, and that he should content him for having given them free field in his own land ; for that, as it was, he had gone in the face of the decree of the Holy Council, which forbids challenges, and he had no wish to push that affair to the outermost limit.

Don Quixote said that his excellency should dispose the things of that business as he liked best, and that he would obey him in all.

The fearful day having come, the duke commanded that there should be built a spacious stage in the castle court, for the judges of the fight and the duennas, as well as the appellants, mother and daughter, there having gathered from all the neighbouring towns and villages a great number of the people to see the novelty of that battle, for that no one, neither the living nor the dead, had ever seen or heard tell of the like in those parts.

The first to enter the field and pass into the lists was the master of the ceremonies, who surveyed the ground, and walked over it all, so that there might be no deceit, nor any concealed thing over which they might stumble and fall. Then came the duennas and took up their seats, and they were covered with mantles up to the eyes, and even to the breasts, with shows of no small apprehension.

Then Don Quixote entered the lists ; and a little while afterwards, attended by many trumpets, there loomed from another side of the field, mounted on a mighty horse which bore down everything, the grand lacquey Tosilos, being strengthened within by

great resolution, and without by massy and shining armour. The charger appeared to be a heavy Friesland dray-horse, broad of build, in colour a grizzled grey, and with fetlocks covered with great bushes of long hair. On came the valorous combatant, well advised of the duke his master of the port he should assume with the brave Don Quixote de la Mancha, and how that he should in no wise kill him, but rather endeavour how to fly the first encounter, to excuse the danger of his death, which would be full certain if they clashed together. He paced the lists, and coming to where the duennas sat, set himself a while to regard her who demanded him for husband.

The master of the ceremonies now called Don Quixote, who came within the lists, and going together with Tosilos, he required the duennas to say if they accepted Don Quixote as the champion of their rights.

"Yea," they cried, and said that whatever he did, by that would they abide, and hold it for firm and all-sufficient.

Now had the duke and the duchess taken their places in a balcony which looked on to the lists, and which was crowded with people, all waiting to witness that dreadful, never-witnessed battle.

It was a condition between the combatants, that if Don Quixote conquered, then his adversary should marry the daughter of Doña Rodriguez ; and if he was conquered, that his antagonist should be freed from his promise, nor be required to give any other satisfaction.

The master of the ceremonies parted the sun between them, and set each in the post where he should be. The drums struck up; the shriek of trumpets pierced the air; the earth trembled beneath their feet; the uneasy hearts of the gazing multitude stood still, some fearing, others waiting for, the good or evil issue of that conflict.

Finally, Don Quixote, commending himself with all his soul to God our Lord, and to the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, stood ready for the needful signal to be given for the onset. But our lacquey was of another mind: he thought of nothing but that which I will now tell.

It seems that while he steadfastly regarded his enemy, she appeared to him the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in the whole course of his life; and then the little blind boy, who in these alleys commonly goes by the name of Love, being minded not to lose the occasion which offered itself to triumph over a lacqueyan soul, and have it put in the list of his trophies, coming up to him fair and softly, without any one seeing, let fly an arrow two yards long at the poor lacquey, which entered by the left side and pierced the heart through and through: and this he might do with safety; for Love is invisible, and enters and goes out where he will, without being called to account by any one.

Lo, then, when they sounded the signal for the onset, our lacquey was transported, thinking on the beauty of her whom he had made mistress of his liberty; therefore he took no heed of the sound of the

trumpet, as Don Quixote had done, who scarcely had but heard it, when he sprung to the assault of his foe with all the speed that was possible to Rozinante : and his good squire Sancho Panza, seeing him start, shouted aloud—

“God guide thee, cream and flower of knight-errantry ! God give thee victory, for thou hast right on thy side.”

Now, although Tosilos saw Don Quixote come against him, yet he moved not one step from his post, but rather in a loud voice called to the marshal, who coming to see what he wished, Tosilos said—

“Sir, is not this battle to determine whether I shall or shall not marry that lady ? ”

“That is so,” was the answer.

“Well, I,” said the lacquey, “being fearful of my conscience, which would be much burdened if this fight went on, declare me to be overcome and conquered, and I should like to marry that lady now, straight away.”

The marshal much wondered at the words of Tosilos, and as he was one of the conspirators in the contrivance of that plot, he had not a word to say.

Don Quixote came to a halt in the midst of his career, seeing that his enemy did not come on to meet him.

The duke could not imagine why the combat did not go forward, and the marshal going to tell him what Tosilos had said, he became vexed and astonished. While this was passing, Tosilos came to where Doña Rodriguez sat, and in a loud voice said to her—

“ I, lady, would like to marry me with your daughter, and I have no mind to gain that by lawsuits and quarrelling which can be gained by peace and without the peril of death.”

The valiant Don Quixote, on hearing this, said, “ Then, that being so, I am free and discharged of my promise. Let them marry and welcome : and what God our Lord gives, may St. Peter bless.”

The duke having descended to the court of the castle, and coming to Tosilos, said, “ Is it true, knight, that thou yieldest thyself as conquered, and that, instigated by thy delicate conscience, it is thy wish to marry thee with this maiden ? ”

“ Yea, my lord,” answered Tosilos.

“ He does well,” here exclaimed Sancho Panza. “ Why ? Because that which thou wouldst give to the mouse give it to the cat, and so be freed from care.”

Tosilos began to unlace his helmet, and prayed that they would help him quickly, for his spirits were failing him for lack of breath, and he could not bear being locked up for so long a time in the straits of that stall.

They unarmed him quickly, and the lacquey's face was discovered patent to all ; which Doña Rodriguez and her daughter perceiving, they cried aloud, saying—

“ Treachery ! treachery ! They have put Tosilos, the lacquey of the duke my lord, in the place of my own true husband. Justice from God and the king for so much malice, not to say chousing.”

“ Be not grieved, ladies,” said Don Quixote, “ for this is neither chousing nor malice ; and if it be, the duke is not its cause, but the vile enchanters which

persecute me, who, being envious lest I should achieve the glory of this conquest, have changed the face of your husband into this which you say is that of the duke's lacquey. Take my counsel, and, in spite of the malice of my enemies, marry you with him ; for, without doubt, he is the one whom you desire for a husband."

The duke, who heard this, broke his vexation with laughter, and said, "So extraordinary are the things which happen to sir Don Quixote, that I am inclined to believe that this is not my lacquey. But now use we some guileful craft : let us put off the marriage, say, for a fortnight, and we will keep this personage, about whom we are in doubt, under lock and key. In that time he may return to his proper shape ; for it cannot be that the rancour which these enchanters hold towards sir Don Quixote can last so long, especially as they gain but little by these cozenings and transformations."

"O my lord," said Sancho, "it is the use and custom of these ruffian padders, in all that touches my master, to change one thing into another. One knight whom he conquered some days past, called the Knight of the Mirrors, they changed into the fashion of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, a native of our village and a great friend of ours ; and my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, they have turned her into a female rustic : and so I fancy that this lacquey will have to die and live a lacquey all the days of his life."

On which the daughter of Rodriguez said, "Let him who has asked me to wife be who he may, I am grateful to him ; for much more would I be the true wife of a lacquey than the bemocked baggage of a

gentle, although he who played with me was nothing of the sort."

In a word, all these haps and quarrels came to a stop in Tosilos being shut up until it should be seen what came of his transformation.

All with one acclaim adjudged the victory to Don Quixote, while the most were sad and melancholy that the expected combatants had not cut one another to pieces, just as the crowd is sulky when the man to be hanged does not come out, because he has been pardoned by his adversary or in justice.

The people dispersed ; the duke and Don Quixote returned to the castle ; Tosilos was shut up ; Doña Rodriguez and her daughter were mighty merry for that, one way or another, that matter must end in matrimony, and Tosilos expected no less.

CHAPTER LVII.

WHICH TREATS OF HOW DON QUIXOTE TOOK HIS LEAVE OF
THE DUKE, AND OF WHAT HAPPENED WITH THE WITTY,
WANTON ALTISIDORA, THE DUCHESS'S HANDMAID.

Now did it seem good to Don Quixote to break from the idle life which he had led in that castle, holding it a great wrong to himself to be thus given up to laziness amidst the many great delights and dainties made for him as a knight-errant by those nobles; and it appeared to him that he would have to give a strict account to Heaven for that idle and reclusive life: and so one day he begged for licence from the duke and duchess that he might go on his way. This they gave him, with tokens of great sorrow that he would leave them.

The duchess gave Sancho Panza his wife's letters, who wept over them, and said, "Who would have thought that the great hopes, such as those which were begotten in the breast of my wife Teresa Panza by the tidings of my government, would end in my returning now to the crawling adventures of my master Don Quixote de la Mancha? But for all, I am glad to see that my Teresa behaved like herself, by sending the acorns to the duchess; for if she had not sent them,

I should have been sorry she had shown herself ungrateful. My comfort is that that sort of present cannot be called a bribe, for I had my government already when she sent them, and it is fit that they who receive any benefit should show themselves grateful, although it be with childish things. Naked I was born, naked I remain; I neither lose nor gain."

This passed between Sancho and himself on the day of farewell. Don Quixote, on going away, having taken his leave of the duke and the duchess the night before, presented himself on the morning, armed in complete steel, in the castle court. All the folk of the castle watched him from the corridors, and the duke and the duchess went out to see him.

Sancho was mounted upon his Dapple, with his wallets and valise, and a bundle of provend, and was most happy withal, for that the duke's major-domo—he who had acted Trifaldi—had given him a pretty little purse of two hundred gold crowns to supply his wants by the way, and of that Don Quixote had not the least knowledge.

Whilst they were all thus regarding him, as has been said, suddenly from among the other duennas and maidens of the duchess, the witty, wanton Altisidora beheld him, and lifting up her voice in a piteous tone, said—

*Listen, knight of knights the vilest,
Give thy reins a little rest;
Cease to gall the wretched withers
Of thine ill-conditioned beast!
Traitor, 'tis no biting serpent
Makes thee to thy charger leap;*

*See, 'tis but a frisky lambkin,
 Far too young to be a sheep !
 Horrid monster ! Thou hast jilted
 Fairest damsel e'er was seen
 With Diana on the mountains,
 Or with Venus on the green !
 Vireno the cruel, Æneas the flying !
 Barrabas stick to thee, living or dying !*

*Thou art bearing—impious burden !—
 In thy grasping, clutching claws,
 Quivering heart of lowly maiden,
 Loving-kind as ever was ;
 Thou art bearing off three kerchiefs,
 Garters too from legs I know,
 Soft and smooth as purest marbles,
 Be they black or white as snow ;
 Thou art bearing sighs two thousand,
 Which, if charged with glowing fire,
 Would two thousand Troys set blazing,
 If two thousand Troys there were !
 Vireno the cruel, Æneas the flying !
 Barrabas stick to thee, living or dying !*

*For thy squire there, simple Sancho,
 Make his bowels tough as fell,
 That enchanted Dulcinea
 Still may dree the wizard's spell ;
 Let the poor thing pine and suffer
 For the crime that's in thy heart,
 In this country side the righteous
 Sometimes for the sinners smart ;
 Let the best of thy adventures
 Bring thee but a mess of troubles,
 Let thy pastimes change to sorrows,
 And thy fancies burst like bubbles ;
 Vireno the cruel, Æneas the flying !
 Barrabas stick to thee, living or dying !*

*From Sevilla to Marchena
 Thee as traitor may they brand ;*

*From Granada on to Loja,
London town to English land.
When thou playest at reinado,
At primera, or at whist,
Ne'er an ace, and ne'er a seven,
Ne'er a king be in thy fist :
When thy stinging corns thou parest,
May the cuts and blood perplex thee,
When thy raging teeth thou drawest,
May the stumps remain to vex thee ;
Vireno the cruel, Æneas the flying !
Barrabas stick to thee, living or dying !*

Whilst the wounded Altisidora was thus complaining, Don Quixote stared at her, and without answering a word, turned his face to Sancho, and said, " By the century of thy forefathers, O my Sancho, I conjure thee that thou tell me true ; tell me, hast thou perchance the three kerchiefs and the garters of which this enamoured maiden sings ? "

To which Sancho answered, " As for the three kerchiefs, I may say yes, I have got them ; but as for the garters, I know no more about them than the man in the Moon."

The duchess was much astonished for the boldness of Altisidora ; for although she held her to be daring, sprightly, and free, yet not to such a degree as to practise these freedoms ; and as she was not aware of this jest beforehand, her astonishment was the greater.

The duke, who wished to heighten the frolic, said, " To me it seems not well, sir knight, that, having received the good entertainment you have in this my castle, you should carry off three kerchiefs at the least, and for the most my maiden's garters. These are

tokens of a bad heart, and witnesses unworthy of your fame. Disgorge these garters; if not, I here challenge you to mortal combat, without fear that your knavish enchanters will turn or change my countenance, as they did that of Tosilos, my lacquey, who engaged with you in battle."

"God forbid," answered Don Quixote, "that I should unsheath my sword against your illustrious person, from whom I have received so many and great favours. The kerchiefs will be returned, because Sancho says that he has them; as for the garters, it is impossible, for I have not received them, nor Sancho neither, and if this your handmaiden will search her hiding places, full sure am I that she will find them. I, my lord duke, was never a thief, nor think to become one in all my life, unless God forsake me. This maid speaks, as she declares, like one enamoured, for which I am not to blame; and for that I have no need to ask pardon of her, nor of your excellency, whom I pray to hold me in better opinion, and that again you give me leave to go on my way."

"God grant it may be as you say, good sir Don Quixote," said the duchess, "that always we may receive good tidings of your deeds. And God be with you in getting you gone; for the longer you stay the more do you increase the fire within the breasts of the maids who look upon you: and as for her who belongs to me, I will scourge her in such wise that never again shall she transgress in word or deed."

"Only one word would I have you listen to from me, O valorous Don Quixote," here cried Altisidora;

“and it is that I cry you mercy for the charge of stealing the garters; for, in God and in my soul, I have them on: but I fell into the like absence of mind with him who went in search of the ass on which he was mounted.”

“Said I not so?” quoth Sancho. “I should be a good hand at hiding thieveries. An I had been that way inclined, I might have found opportunities enough in my government.”

Don Quixote bowed his head and made obeisance to the duke, the duchess, and all who stood by, and turning the reins of Rozinante, followed by Sancho upon Dapple, he went out of the castle, directing his course to Saragossa.

CHAPTER LVIII.

SHOWING HOW SO MANY ADVENTURES FELL UPON DON QUIXOTE THAT THEY TROD ONE UPON ANOTHER.

WHEN Don Quixote found himself in the open country, free and delivered from the love rhetoric of Altisidora, he appeared to be in his glory, and was renewed in spirit to prosecute afresh the subject of his chivalries. Turning to Sancho, he said—

“Liberty, Sancho, is one of the most precious gifts that Heaven hath bestowed upon man; the treasures which are hidden in the earth do not equal it, nor those which are covered up of the sea; for liberty, as for honour, we may, nay must, adventure life, and the greatest ill which can overtake a man is slavery, its contrary. I say this, Sancho, because thou hast well seen the fine fare and abundance we had in that castle of which we now take our leave: yet, in the midst of those delicious banquets, and sweet draughts candied with ice, I seemed to feel all the pangs of hunger, for I enjoyed them not with the same liberty with which I should have enjoyed them had they been mine own; for the burden of benefits and

gifts received are gyves which let and hinder the mind in its excellent freedom. Happy the man to whom Heaven hath given, if only a piece of bread, so he be under no obligation to any save Heaven itself."

"For all that which your worship has said to me," quoth Sancho, "it does not become us to be unthankful on our part for the two hundred gold crowns which the duke's major-domo has given me in a nice little purse, and which, like a plaster and comforter, I carry over my heart for all that may happen; for be sure we shall not always find castles where they will make so much of us, and perhaps we shall come on inns where they will give us nought but cudgels."

In these and other discourses went the errants, knight and squire, when, having gone little more than a league, they spied in a meadow a dozen men, dressed like peasants, eating their dinners, seated on their cloaks, which were spread upon the green grass. Close by were what appeared to be some white sheets, which covered up some things that stood erect, and were placed at certain distances from each other. Don Quixote came up to those who were eating, and first saluting them courteously, he asked them what that might be which those linens concealed. One of them said—

"Sir, underneath these linens are some sculptured images, which have to serve in a shrine that we are building in our village. We carry them covered up that they get not sullied, and upon our shoulders that they may not be broken."

"If it please you," said Don Quixote, "I should be

glad to see them ; for images which are carried with so much caution, without doubt, will be good."

"That they be," said another ; "if not, let the price speak ; for, of a truth, there is not one which cost less than fifty ducats : and that your worship may see that this is true, just you wait, your worship, and have a look at them with the sight of your own eyes ;" and, rising from meat, he went to take off the cover from the first image, which proved to be that of St. George, mounted on a horse, with a serpent entwined about his feet, and the lance run through its throat, with all the ferocity with which it is usually painted ; the whole image looking like nothing else than one blaze of gold, as they say.

Don Quixote, beholding it, said, "This knight was one of the finest errants which the Church militant ever had ; his name was Don Saint George, and he was, besides, a defender of maidens. Let us see this other."

The man uncovered it, and it appeared to be that of St. Martin, mounted on a horse, and dividing his cloak with the poor man. Scarcely had Don Quixote seen it, when he said—

"This knight also was one of the Christian adventurers, and I believe he was more liberal than valiant, as thou mayest perceive, Sancho, in that he is parting his cloak with the poor man, to whom he gives the half of it ; and, without doubt, it would then be winter time : if not, he would have given him the whole, he was so charitable."

"That would not be it," said Sancho ; "for he would attend to the proverb, which says, 'To give and to have, brains do crave.'"

Don Quixote smiled, and begged that they would take off another covering, beneath which was discovered the image of the patron of the Spains on horseback, the sword bathed in blood, trampling the Moors underfoot, and prancing on skulls. On seeing it, Don Quixote said—

“This, verily, is a knight of the squadron of Christ. The name of this is Don St. James, Slayer of Moormen, one of the most valiant saints and knights which the world ever had, or heaven has now.”

Then they took off another sheet, and it appeared that it concealed the fall of St. Paul from the horse, with all the circumstances of his conversion which are usually painted in altar-pieces. When he saw him, so to the life that one might say that Christ spoke to him and Paul answered him back, Don Quixote said—

“This was the greatest enemy which the Church of God our Lord had in his time, and the greatest defender that it ever shall have—a knight-errant in life, and a saint on foot in death; an untiring toiler in the Lord’s vineyard; teacher of the Gentiles, whose school was heaven, the professor and master who taught him Jesus Christ himself.”

There were no more images, and so Don Quixote commanded that they should cover them up again; and he said to those which carried them, “Brothers, I hold it a fair omen in that I have seen what I have seen. For those saints and knights professed what I profess, which is the exercise of arms; the only difference there is between me and them is that they were saints, and fought the fight of heaven, and I am

a sinner, who fight after the manner of men. They conquered heaven by the force of arms, for heaven suffereth violence; but I, as yet, know not what I conquer by force of arms: but could my Dulcinea del Toboso come out of that which she suffers, my fortune would be bettered, my judgment preserved, and my steps be guided to a better way than that which I now take."

"God hear it, and the devil be deaf!" exclaimed Sancho at that moment.

The men marvelled as much at the figure of Don Quixote as for his discourses, without understanding half of what he meant. They finished their dinner, and having laden themselves with their images, they bade Don Quixote farewell, and went on their way.

Sancho was afresh as much rapt at his master's knowledge as if he had never known him; it seeming to him that there could be no history in the world, nor anything which had ever happened, which he had not got written down on a thumb-nail and riveted in his memory. So he said—

"Verily, our master, if this which has happened to us to-day may be called an adventure, it has been one of the softest and sweetest that has befallen us in the whole discourse of our travels. We have come out of it without any drubbings or frights whatsoever; we have not fumbled with our swords, nor beaten the ground with our bodies, nor been starved with hunger. Blessed be God that he has let me see this with mine own eyes."

"Thou sayest well, Sancho," said Don Quixote;

“but I would have thee know that all times are not the same, nor run they with the same chances ; and these which the vulgar commonly call omens, which are not grounded in any natural reason, will be held and judged by the discreet as happy accidents. One of these omen-mongers rises early in the morning ; he goes abroad ; he meets with a friar of the blessed St. Francis, and, as if he had met a griffon, he turns round and hies him home. Another Mendoza spills the salt¹ upon the table, and at once melancholy is spilt over his heart, as if nature were obliged to give signs of the advent of misfortunes by things of such mean moment as those which I have mentioned. The wise and Christian man will not pry into little things to find out the will of Heaven. Scipio came to Africa ; he fell in leaping on shore. His soldiers held it for a bad omen ; but he, embracing the ground, cried aloud, ‘Africa, thou canst not escape me ; for here I seize thee between mine arms.’ So, then, Sancho, meeting me with those images hath been a most happy accident.”

“That is my way of belief,” answered Sancho ; “and I would like your worship to tell me the cause why the Spaniards say, when they go to give battle, invoking yon St. James the Moor-killer, *Saint James ! and close, Spain !* Is Spain, perchance, cloven anywhere, that she needs closing ? or what is that ceremony ?”

“Thou art very simple, Sancho,” said Don Quixote. “Sithee, that great Knight of the Red Cross God hath given to Spain for her patron and protector, especially

in the hard conflicts which the Spaniards had with the Moors, and so they invoke and call upon him as their defence in all the battles which they make; and many times have they seen him visibly in the strife, demolishing, trampling down, destroying, and killing the squadrons of Hagar: and of this truth I could give thee many examples which are rehearsed in the Spanish histories."

Sancho changed the discourse, and said, "I much wondered, sir, at the impudence of Altisidora, the duchess's maid. Bravely must she have been pierced and struck through by him whom they call Love, who, they say, is a lusty, blind little fellow, with sore eyes, or, better said, without sight, yet if he takes aim at a heart, however small it may be, he with an arrow can strike and pierce it through and through. I have also heard it said that shamefacedness and modesty in maidens make his arrows headless and dull; but in that Altisidora they seem to have been whetted rather than dulled."

"Sithee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "Love stands not in nice respects,² nor keeps the limits of reason in his discourses, but hath the same condition as death, which assaults the loftiest castles of kings, as well as the humble huts of shepherds; and when he hath taken entire possession of a soul, what he first does is to take from it all fear and all shame; and therefore Altisidora, lacking both, made known her desires, which begat in my breast confusion rather than pity."

"O flagrant cruelty!" cried Sancho, "ingrati-

tude never known! O whoreson! what a marble heart! what bowels of brass, and soul of granite! But I cannot fancy what it is that this damsel saw in your worship that captivated her and made her yield. What grace, what spirit, what frolic and looks—what one of these things, or all of them put together, made her to fall in love with you? Verily, verily, have I stopped still many a time to look at your worship, and from the point of your toe to the last hair of your head I have seen more things to frighten than to make love; and having heard it said that beauty is the first and principal thing which makes a body to love, and your worship not having the least bit, I do not know what it was the poor soul fell in love with.”

“Mark thee, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote, “there are two kinds of beauty—one of the soul, and another of the body. That of the soul excelleth in knowledge, in modesty, in fine conduct, in liberality and good breeding; and all these parts are found in, and may belong to, an ugly man: and when this beauty captivates, and not that of the body, it yields a love impetuous and of potent sway. I, Sancho, see full well that I am not beautiful, but I know also that I am not disformed; and it sufficeth a man of honour that he be no monster to be well loved, if he possess those gifts of the soul of which I have told thee.”

While they thus discoursed and reasoned, they began to enter a grove which was a little off the highway, and suddenly, without being aware, Don Quixote found himself entangled in some trammels of green

thread ; and not being able to imagine what that might be, he said to Sancho—

“It seemeth to me, Sancho, that the matter of these trammels will prove one of the newest adventures that could be fancied. May they slay me if the enchanters which persecute me do not intend to entammel me and stop my way, in revenge for the rigour with which I treated Altisidora. But I promise them that although these nets, which are made of green thread, were of the hardest diamonds, or stronger than that by which the jealous god of smiths entrammelled Venus and Mars, so would I rend them as if they were weeds of the sea or ravellings of rags.”

Thus full intent to go forward and break through all, suddenly there stood before him, having come out from between some trees, two most beautiful shepherdesses ; at least, they were dressed like shepherdesses, only that their skins and skirts were of brocade—I mean really that their skirts were of gold tabby, while their flowing hair played loosely on their shoulders, which in fairness might compete with the rays of the sun itself : and they were crowned with two wreaths, one of green laurel, and the other of purple amaranth intertwined. In age, at the first glance, they seemed to be not less than fifteen nor above eighteen years. A sight for which Sancho stood amazed, Don Quixote astonished, and which the sun himself stood still in his course to behold, while a marvellous silence stole over the whole four. At last, the first to speak was one of the two shepherdesses, who said to Don Quixote—

“ Hold, sir knight, I pray you ; softly, and break not these trammels which have been spread here, not for your hurt, but our pastime ; and for that I know you will ask why we have so placed them, and who we are, I would tell you in few words. In a village which is some two leagues from hence, there are many notables and rich nobles and barons. Among many friends and kindred it was agreed that they, with their sons, wives, and daughters, neighbours, friends, and kindred, should all come and enjoy this spot, which is one of the most delicious in these regions, and that we should make among us a new and pastoral Arcadia ; the maidens dressing as shepherdesses, and the young men as swains. We have studied two eclogues, one by the famous poet Garcilaso, and the other by the most excellent Camoens, in his own Portugal tongue, but which we have not yet played : yesterday was the first day we came. Among these branches we have erected some tents which, they say, are called those of the field, on the banks of an abounding brook, which gives gladness to all these meadows. Last night we spread these trammels among the trees, to take the little simple birds which, allured by our call, may fall into them. If it please you, sir, to be our guest, you shall be received graciously, liberally, and courteously ; for now in this place no sorrow nor sadness find their way.” She ceased, and said no more.

To which Don Quixote made answer and said, “ Certes, most beauteous lady, not Actæon himself could be more astonished or amazed, when suddenly and unwarily he beheld Diana bathing in the water,

than am I astonished at the sight of your beauty. I laud the matter of your pastime, and for your offers I give you thanks ; and if I can serve you, with the certainty of being obeyed you may command me : for my profession is none other than to show me grateful and a benefactor towards all, but especially to the noble people whom your persons represent ; and if these trammels, which cannot occupy more than a small space, took up the entire rotundity of the world, I would search for new worlds by which to pass rather than rend them. And that you may give some credit to this my vaunting, behold, he who makes this promise is no less than Don Quixote de la Mancha, if so be that this name hath reached your ears."

"O darling of my soul," quoth the one shepherdess to the other, "what great fortune hath befallen us ! Seest thou this lord whom we have here ? Well, I would have thee to know that he is the most valiant, the deepest in love, the most courteous of any in the world, 'if so be' that a history which is now in print, and which I have read, does not lie nor deceive us ; and I will prophesy that this good man which comes with him is one Sancho Panza, his squire, whose pleasantries there are none to equal."

"It is the truth, lady, that I am that pleasant fellow and that same squire which your ladyship says ; and this lord is my master, the same Don Quixote de la Mancha historified and referred to."

"Oh," cried the other, "let us intreat him, sweet friend, to stay ; for our parents and our brothers will have infinite joy. I also have heard tell of his valour

and his gifts, the same which thou hast told me ; and, above all, they say that he is the most constant and most loyal lover ever known, and that his dame is one Dulcinea del Toboso, to whom all Spain has given the palm of beauty."

"With reason do they give it her," said Don Quixote, "if now it be not put in doubt by your own unequalled beauty. Do not weary yourselves, ladies, in detaining me, for the necessary obligations of my profession do not allow me anywhere to rest."

Here there came up to where the four were standing a brother of one of the shepherdesses, dressed also like a shepherd, as brave and brightly dight as they. They told him that he who was there present was none other than Don Quixote de la Mancha, and the other his squire, whom they already knew by reading his history.

The gallant shepherd saluted him, and prayed that he would go with him to their tents ; and Don Quixote was forced to yield. And now came up the beaters, and the nets were filled with different little birds, which, deceived by the colour of the trammels, fell into the danger from which they fled.

Here were there gathered together more than thirty persons, all gaily dressed like shepherds and shepherdesses, and in an instant they knew who were Don Quixote and his squire ; from the which they got no small joy, for they were very well acquainted with his history.

They made for the tents. They found the tables spread, rich, abounding, and fair ; they did honour to

Don Quixote by yielding him the chief place ; and they all held him in regard, and wondered to see him. Finally, the cloth was removed, and with great calm Don Quixote raised his voice and said—

“ Among the greater sins of which man can be guilty, although some do say it is pride, I say that it is ingratitude, minding me of what is commonly said, that hell is full of the ungrateful. From this sin have I, as much as it hath lain in me ever since I had the use of reason, endeavoured to fly ; and if I have not been able to pay with good deeds the good deeds which have been done to me, then I put in their stead the desire to do so : and if this suffice not, then I publish them ; for whoso tells and publishes abroad the good things which he receives would return them with others of like kind, if he could. For, for the most part, he who receives is inferior to him who gives ; and hence God is over all, because he is, over all, the great giver : and the gifts of man cannot be equal to those of God for the infinite distance at which they stand, and this straitness and insufficiency is supplied by gratitude. I then, full grateful for the favour which has here been done me, not being able to make return with the same measure, contenting me within the narrow limits of my forces, offer what I can and what I have of my harvest ; and so I declare that I will for two natural days maintain, in the midst of this, the king’s highway which goes to Saragossa, that these shepherdesses in disguise which are here, are the most beautiful maidens and the most courteous of any in the world, excepting only the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the sole

mistress of my thoughts : with peace be it spoken to as many men and maidens who hear me."

On hearing which, Sancho, who had been listening with great attention, called out in a loud voice, " Is it possible that there be in the world people who will dare to say and swear that this master of mine is mad ? Say, your worships, gentlemen shepherds, is there any village priest, however clever, and as much of a student as he may be, could speak as well as my master has now spoken ? Is there any knight-errant, no matter what his fame may be, could offer what my master has offered here ? "

Then Don Quixote, turning to Sancho, full of choler and his face on fire, said to him, " Is it possible, O Sancho, that there is in the whole universe any person who will not say that thou art a fool, lined with folly, sewed and bound with I know not of what malice and knavery ? Who bade thee meddle with my affairs, or with proving if I be wise or mad ? Break thee off, nor dare to answer me ; but hie thee and saddle, if so be that Rozinante is not saddled, and let us proceed to give effect to my offer ; for, with the right which I have on my side, ye may consider as conquered all those who shall presume to contradict me."

And, in great fury and full of wrath, he rose from his chair, leaving all who were there in wonder, making them doubt whether to hold him for a fool or a man of sense. Finally, they entreated him not to persist in that challenge ; that they were well assured of his goodwill and gratitude, and that there was no need of new proofs to establish his valour of soul, for

those were all-sufficient which were contained in the history of his exploits.

For all that, Don Quixote sallied forth resolved on his intent, and mounting Rozinante, bracing on his shield, and taking his lance, he planted himself in the middle of the highway, which was no great distance from the green-grassed mead. Sancho followed on his Dapple, with the whole flock of that pastoral folk, who much desired to see what might be the issue of that haughty and unproved proffered offer.

Don Quixote, then, being posted in the middle of the road as hath been said, he wounded the air with some such words as these : “ O ye wayfarers and travellers, knights and squires, folk on foot or on horse, who pass this way, or shall pass in these two following days, know that Don Quixote de la Mancha, knight-errant, is here posted to maintain that the excellent beauty and courtesy of the world is to be found only in the nymphs which inhabit these meads and groves, leaving on one side the queen of my soul, Dulcinea del Toboso. Let him who is on the contrary side come ; here I await him.” Twice he repeated these same words, and twice they were not heard by any adventurer.

But fortune, who was directing his affairs better and better, ordained that a little while after there should appear on the same road a multitude of horsemen, and many of them with lances in their hands, riding at great speed, and all in phalanx. Scarcely had they who were with Don Quixote seen them, than they turned tail, and gat them well away

from the road, for they knew that if they stayed they would run some danger.

Don Quixote alone, with undaunted mettle, stood still, and Sancho Panza warded himself with Rozinante's buttocks.

The troop of lancers came on, and one of them, he who came foremost, shouted to Don Quixote, saying, "Out of the way, thou misbegotten devil, or these bulls will tear thee to pieces!"

"What, O ye curs!" answered Don Quixote, "No bulls can avail against me, even the most savage from the banks of Xarama. Confess, ye miscreants, one and all, that it is true what I here pronounce; and if not, it is with me that ye have to do battle."

The cowherd found no place for answer, nor Don Quixote to get out of the way, even if he had minded. And so the troop of mad bulls and mild kine, with the multitude of cowherds and the other people, who were conducting them to a town where they were to be baited on the morrow, rushed wildly over Don Quixote and over Sancho, over Rozinante and over Dapple, bearing them to earth and rolling them over the ground.

Sancho was terribly mauled, Don Quixote amazed, Dapple sore beaten, and Rozinante in no very catholic state. At length, they all rose to their feet, and Don Quixote in all haste, stumbling here, falling there, began to run after the mob of cows, crying at the top of his voice—

"Halt! await me, ye coward curs! One knight alone defies ye, whose condition is not of their thinking who cry, 'A silver bridge to the flying enemy.'"

But not for that did the hasty runners wait, nor did they take more notice of his threats than of last year's clouds.

Being weary, Don Quixote came to a stand, and more angry than vengeful, he sat him down in the road, waiting until Sancho, Rozinante, and Dapple should come up to him. They came ; master and man again mounted, and without returning to bid farewell to the feigned or counterfeit Arcadia, and with more shame than zest, they went their way onward.

NOTES TO CHAPTER LVIII.

Note 1, page 546.

Another Mendoza spills the salt. The only light I can throw on this dark allusion to one of the first of Spanish names is from Quevedo: "Shouldst thou upset the salt-cellar and art not a Mendoza, avenge thee on the omen, kill the bird, and dine. But if thou art a Mendoza, rise from table without dining, and keep the fast of the omen as if he were a saint, for thus is fulfilled the augury of the salt. Of course misfortune comes, for what greater ill luck can hap than to lose one's dinner?"—*The Book of All Things and Many More*, Cap. I.

Note 2, page 547.

Love stands not in nice respects. The following is translated from a ballad in the Depping Collection; it has no date, but is supposed to be older than the *Don Quixote*. It certainly fairly illustrates the saying of the text.

*Death and Cupid chanced to meet,
On a day when they were roaming,
At a wayside country inn
After sunset in the gloaming;
Cupid he was bound for Seville,
Death was marching to Madrid,
Both with knapsacks on their shoulders
Where their wicked wares were hid.
Seemed to me that they were fleeing
From the clutches of the law,
For the couple gained a living
Dealing death on all they saw.
Cupid slily glanced at Death
As they sat around the board,
Marvelled at her ugly visage,
Shook his merry sides and roared:
"Madam," quoth he, "'tis so rude
To behave in such a way;*

*But, in sooth, so fair a fright
I've not seen for many a day ;"
Death, whose cheeks grew red and fiery,
Put an arrow in her bow ;
Cupid put in his another,
And to combat they would go.
Quick the landlord slipped between them
As they scowled on one another,
Made them swear eternal friendship,
Bade them sit and sup together ;
In the kitchen, by the ingle,
They were fain to lay them down ;
For no bed was in the tavern,
And the landlord he had none.
They their arrows, bows, and quivers,
Gave into Marina's care,
She a buxom wench who waited
On the guests who harboured there.
On the morrow, at the dawning,
Cupid started from the floor,
Bade the landlord fetch his arms,
Broke his fast and paid his score ;
'Twas the arms of Death the landlord
In his haste to Cupid brought,
Cupid flung them on his shoulder,
Took the road, and gave no thought.
Death rose up a little after,
Sour, and limp, and woe-begone,
Took at once the arms of Cupid,
Shouldered them, and wandered on.
From that very day to this,
Cupid's shafts no more revive :
Youths who feel his fatal arrows
Pass not over twenty-five.
And, 'tis stranger still, the old ones,
Whom Death's arrows used to slay,
When they feel the shafts of Cupid,
Gain a new life and a gay.
What a world, so topsy-turvy,
What a change in peoples' lives !
Cupid giving life destroys,
Death destroying life revives !*

CHAPTER LIX.

WHEREIN IS REHEARSED THE EXTRAORDINARY HAP,
WHICH MAY BE HELD FOR AN ADVENTURE, WHICH
BEFEL DON QUIXOTE.

THE draft of dust and weariness which Don Quixote and Sancho drew at sight upon the rudeness of the bulls, was honoured by a clear and running spring, which they found in a fresh woodland, on whose borders they left free, without rein or headstall, both Dapple and Rozinante, while the two belayed travellers, master and man, sat down. Sancho repaired him to the pantry of his wallets, and drew from them what he was wont to call his royal feast; then he rinsed his teeth, and Don Quixote washed his face, by which refreshment their damped spirits recovered breath.

Don Quixote could eat nothing for pure repentant sorrow; and Sancho, for pure mannerliness, presumed not to touch one of the dishes which were spread before him, and he waited for his master to begin the feast. But perceiving that he was carried away by his imaginings, and forgot to carry the bread to his mouth, he opened not his own, but trampling every kind of breeding underfoot, began to pack his stomach

with the bread and cheese which there presented themselves.

“Eat, friend Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “and nourish life, which is of more value to thee than to me, and leave me to die at the hand of my thinkings and of the fierceness of my woe. I, Sancho, was born to live dying, and thou to die eating; and that thou mayest see the truth of this, consider me printed in histories, famous in arms, comely in manners, honoured by princes, solicited by damsels; and after all, at the last, when I looked for palms, triumphs, and crowns laid up for me and merited by my famous exploit, this morning finds me trampled underfoot, kicked, and bruised by the heels of base and unclean beasts. It is this thought that blunts my teeth, makes slow my grinders, benumbs my fingers, and robs me of desire for food; so that methinks I shall die of hunger—a death the most cruel of deaths.”

“After that fashion,” quoth Sancho, without ceasing his fast chewing, “your worship will not allow the proverb which says, ‘Let Martha die, but full of pie.’ I, at least, do not intend to kill myself; rather I shall do as the shoemaker does, who stretches the leather with his teeth till it is as long as he lists—I shall stretch out my life with eating till it comes to the end which Heaven has fixed for it: and, sir, be sure that there is no greater madness than that which comes of despairing, like your worship. Trust to me; and after dinner give yourself a little sleep on the grassy bed of this green meadow, and see when you awake if you do not find yourself much better.”

Don Quixote did so, it seeming to him that Sancho's reasoning was more that of a philosopher than a fool; and he said to him, "If thou, O Sancho, wouldst do for me that which I now shall ask of thee, my mending would be certain, and my sorrows not so great. It is that the while I am sleeping in obedience to thy counsels,¹ thou shouldst betake thee a little from hence, make bare thy flesh to the air, and with Rozinante's reins give thyself three hundred or four hundred lashes, on account of the three thousand and odd which thou hast to give for the disenchantment of Dulcinea; for it is no small pity that that poor lady should remain enchanted through thy carelessness and neglect."

"There is much to be said about that," said Sancho: "but now let us both go to sleep, and afterwards God knows what will happen. But, your worship, you should know that this whipping of a man in cold blood is a rough affair, and much more when the lashes fall upon a body ill nourished and worse fed. Let my lady Dulcinea have patience, and when she least expects it she shall see me made like a sieve with lashes; and until death comes all is life—I mean that I am still alive, and have a wish to keep the promise which I made."

Don Quixote thanked him, ate a little, Sancho much, and both fell asleep, leaving those two continual friends and companions, Rozinante and Dapple, at full liberty, and without any rule, to feed on the abundant grass with which the meadow was full.

They awaked somewhat late, and again mounted

to pursue their way, making haste to come to an inn which seemed to be about a league off. I say it was an inn, because so Don Quixote called it, contrary to the use he had of calling all inns castles. Well, they reached it, and demanded of the host if there were lodging to be had. They were told that such there was, with all the accommodation and cheer which they could find in Saragossa. They alighted, and Sancho put up his pantry in a room, of which the host gave him the key. Then he took the beasts to the stable, gave them their allowances, went out to see what were his master's commands, whom he found leaning against a wall, and gave special thanks to Heaven that to his master that inn had not seemed a castle. The hour for supper arrived ; they betook them to their room, and Sancho asked the host what he had to give them to supper.

To which the host replied that his mouth should be measured and fitted with whatever he pleased, for that that inn was well provided with the little birds of the air, and the big birds of the field, and the fishes of the sea.

"Less will serve us," said Sancho. "A pair of roast chickens will be enough, for my master is somewhat nice and eats little ; nor am I one of your gluttons."

The host replied that he had no chickens, for the kites had desolated them.²

"Well, mine host," said Sancho, "let a pullet be roasted ; only let it be tender."

"Pullet ! my father !" answered the host. "Verily,

verily, it was but yesterday I sent more than fifty into the city ; but, your worship, ask anything you like except pullets."

"That being so," answered Sancho, "there will be no lack of veal or kid."

"Just now," said the host, "there is neither in the house, because it is all finished ; but next week there will be enough and to spare."

"To be sure, we are much the better for that," said Sancho ; "but I dare wager that all these lackings will be made up for with plenty of eggs and bacon."

"By God's manger !" exclaimed the host, "but this is gentle guessing of my guest. I have already told him that I have neither pullets nor chickens, and now he would have me with eggs ! Invent, if you like, some other dainties ; but no more of your chickens, if you please."

"Come, then, body o' me !" said Sancho, "let me know in one word what you have, and have done with these shiftings."

"Good master guest," said the innkeeper, "what I really and truly have are two cow-heels, which look like those of calves ; or two calves' feet, which look like two cow-heels. They are cooked with their beans, bacon, and onions, and this very minute are crying out, 'Eat me, eat me.'"

"I mark them as mine from this minute," said Sancho : "and do not let anybody else have them ; I will pay better than anybody ; for, to my thinking, there is nothing comes up to them in relish, and it matters not to me whether they be feet or heels."

"Nobody shall touch them," said the innkeeper. "As for the other guests which I have, they, out of pure gentility, bring with them their own cook, pantler, and pantry."

"As far as gentility goes," said Sancho, "nobody comes up to my master ; only his office does not allow him to carry about with him such things as pantries and drug-shops. We just spread ourselves in the middle of a meadow, and fill our bellies with acorns and medlars."

This was the discourse which Sancho held with the innkeeper,³ without Sancho's caring to go on with it, or to answer his questions about what office or profession his master held. Supper-time came ; Don Quixote retired to his room, the host brought in the pot just as it was, and the knight sat him down to eat very much to the purpose.

It appears that in the room next to that of Don Quixote, which was divided from it only by a thin partition, he heard one say, "Come now, your worship, sir Don Geronimo, meanwhile that supper is preparing, read us another chapter of the Second Part of *Don Quixote de la Mancha*."

Scarcely had Don Quixote heard the mention of his name than he started to his feet, and, with an alert ear, listened to what they said ; and he heard that the aforementioned Don Geronimo answered and cried—

"Why does your worship, sir Don Juan, wish that we should read these stupidities ? It is impossible that he which hath read the First Part of the *Don Quixote* can find any pleasure in reading the Second."

“For all that,” replied Don Juan, “it will be well to read it; for there is no book, however bad it may be, which does not contain something good.”

“What displeases me most in this is that Don Quixote is described as being no longer in love with Dulcinea del Toboso.”

Which Don Quixote hearing, full of wrath and despite, he raised his voice and said, “Whosoever will say that Don Quixote de la Mancha hath forgotten or can forget Dulcinea del Toboso, I, with equal arms, will make him know that he is far from the truth; for the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso cannot be forgotten, nor is Don Quixote capable of forgetfulness. The legend of his escutcheon is constancy, and his profession to maintain it with sweetness and without the use of force.”

“Who is it that answers us?” demanded they of the other chamber.

“Who should it be,” answered Sancho, “but himself, Don Quixote de la Mancha, who will make good all he has said and all he shall say? To the good paymaster a pawn brings no pain.”

Scarcely had Sancho said this, when there came into the room two gentlemen—for such they seemed to be—and one of them, throwing his arms round Don Quixote’s neck, exclaimed—

“Neither can your presence belie your name, nor can your name discredit your presence. Without doubt, sir, you are the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the pole and morning star of knight-errantry, despite and in spite of him who would usurp your

name and humble your exploits, as the author of this book, which I now deliver to you, has done." And putting a book into his hands which his companion brought, Don Quixote took it, and, without answering a word, began to turn over its leaves; and a little while afterwards he returned it, and said—

"In this little that I have seen, I find three things in this author which are very blameworthy. The first is on account of some words in his preface; the other that the language is Aragonian, for that he appears to leave out certain parts of speech; and the third, which more confirms him for an ignorant person, is that he errs and departs from the truth in what most concerns the history.⁴ For example, he says here that the wife of Sancho Panza, my squire, is called Mary Gutierrez, when such is not her name, but Teresa Panza; and whosoever will err in a matter of such importance, it may well be feared that he will go astray in all the rest of the history."

To this Sancho said, "A very pretty writer indeed, and well instructed in our affairs, to call Teresa Panza, my wife, Mary Gutierrez! Take back the book, your worship, and see if I be there, or if he has changed my name as well."

"From what I hear, my friend," said Don Geronimo, "thou art, without any doubt, Sancho Panza, the squire of sir Don Quixote."

"Yea, I am," answered Sancho, "and I pride myself on it."

"Well, i'faith, this modern author does not speak of thee with that decency which the appearance of thy

person demands ; he paints thee a glutton, a simpleton, and in nothing witty, and very different from the other Sancho which is described in the First Part of thy master's history."

"God forgive him !" said Sancho. "He might have left me alone in my corner, without noticing me ; because only he who knows the tabor should play on it ; and St. Peter is well enough at Rome."

The two gentlemen entreated Don Quixote that he would sup with them in their room, for they well knew that in that inn there was nothing to be found that was befitting his person.

Don Quixote, who was ever courteous, condescended to comply with their request, and supped with them.

Sancho remained with the pot, as deputy lord governor, seated at the head of the table, and with him the innkeeper, who was, no less than Sancho, a votary to his feet and heels.

In the course of supper, Don Juan asked of Don Quixote what tidings he had of Dulcinea del Toboso—if she were yet married, or brought to bed, or had been overshadowed ; or if, being in her pristine condition, she returned, with the modesty and decorum which became her, the love thoughts of Don Quixote.

To which he answered, "Dulcinea is still virgin, and my thoughts more constant than ever, which conform to our ancient devotion, albeit her beauty has been transformed into the foulness of a rustic female." Then he recounted, point upon point, the enchantment of the lady Dulcinea, and what had happened in the

Cave of Montesinos, with the order which Merlin the sage had given for her disenchantment, which was the scourging of Sancho.

Great was the delight which the two gentlemen received to hear Don Quixote tell of the strange passages of his history, and they wondered as much for his follies as for the elegance of his rehearsal of them—in this holding him for uncommon wise, in that for no less a fool; without being able to determine whether he had graduated most in wisdom or in lunacies.

Sancho finished supper, and leaving the innkeeper made into an X,^b went to the room where was his master; and on going in he said, “May I die, sirs, if the writer of this book which your worships have there, does not want to pick a quarrel with us. I should like to know now, since he calls me a glutton, whether he says I am a drunkard as well.”

“Marry, so he says,” answered Don Geronimo, “although I recollect not the words; however, I know his reasons are confused, and for the rest, false as toss, as I can gather from the face of honest Sancho now present.”

“Believe me, my master,” said Sancho, “that the Sancho and the Don Quixote of this history must be some others, and not those which belong to the history of Cid Hamete Benengeli, which are ourselves: my master, valiant, wise, and in love; and I, simple, pleasant, and neither a glutton nor a wine-bibber.”

“I am sure of it,” said Don Juan, “and, were it possible, it should be commanded that no one should

presume to treat of the affairs of the great Don Quixote, save only Cid Hamete, his original author, as Alexander in like manner commanded that no one should dare to draw his portrait, save Apelles."

"Let my portraiture be by whomsoever cares to portrait me, but let him not ill-treat me; for oftentimes it befalls that patience fails when overladen with injuries."

"No injury," said Don Juan, "can be done to sir Don Quixote which he cannot avenge or ward off with the shield of his patience, which in my opinion is strong and mighty."

In these and other discourses they passed the greater part of the night; and although Don Juan much wished that Don Quixote should read more of the book to see on what it treated, yet he would not, saying that he held it as read already, and he confirmed it as ignorant of all things: besides, he would not, if it came to the writer's knowledge that the book had come into his hands, have him receive any pleasure from the fancy that he had read it; for if our thoughts should be kept from obscene and filthy things, much more so should our eyes.⁶

They asked him whither he purposed journeying, and he said to Saragossa, to take part in the jousts for the harness which are held there every year.

Don Juan then told him how it was related in that history that Don Quixote, whoever he might be, had already been there at a tilting of the ring, the description of which was barren of invention, poor in legends, and most poor in liveries, although very rich in silliness.

“Then, for that very same reason,” replied Don Quixote, “I will not set foot in Saragossa; and thus will I proclaim in the market-place of the world the lie of this modern historian, and make the people see how that I am not the Don Quixote of whom he speaks.”

“In that shall you do right well,” said Don Geronimo; “and, besides, there are other jousts at Barcelona, where sir Don Quixote can display his valour.”

“So I think me to do,” said Don Quixote: “and your worships shall now give me leave, for methinks the hour has come when I should to bed; and do you have and hold me in the number of your greatest friends and servitors.”

“And me as well,” said Sancho. “Perhaps I may be good for something.”

With this they took leave, and Don Quixote and Sancho retired to their chamber, leaving Don Juan and Don Geronimo amazed for the mingling which the knight had displayed of wit and madness; and they verily believed that these were the true Don Quixote and Sancho, and not those described by the Aragonian writer.

Sancho paid the innkeeper magnificently well, and advised him to praise the provision of his inn less, or to keep it better provided.

NOTES TO CHAPTER LIX.

Note 1, page 562.

In obedience to thy counsels. Clemencin, who is unusually exercised by this beautiful chapter, observes that you cannot with propriety use the word "obedience" in connection with "counsels:" you can obey precepts, but you must follow counsels. Sancho's expression, *See me made like a sieve with lashes*, according to our commentator, is also not a little dubious: he gathers from the text that the sieve was made of lashes, to which Sancho would compare himself. Such are the motes now easily seen, while the great beams are left unnoticed.

Note 2, page 563.

The kites had desolated them. Clemencin observes that the etymology of the word "desolation" is such that it cannot be used in connection with chickens, but only houses and towns. It is too hard in Clemencin to expect fine grammar from an innkeeper who was given to joking.

Note 3, page 565.

The discourse which Sancho held with the innkeeper. Lope de Vega founded his play of the *Remediador*, or the *Comforter*, on this, in which the famous actor, Juan Rana, took the leading part.

Note 4, page 567.

In what most concerns the history. It is obvious from this ironical remark that the allusion to Mary Gutierrez is also intended for irony. Cervantes could not have forgotten that he was the first to give this name to Sancho's wife, and it is not unlikely that he set up these things as targets on which his critics might waste their arrows.

Note 5, page 569.

The innkeeper made into an X. That is, he was "fuddled" as Mr. Jarvis remarks, or as Smollett calls it "more than half seas over." The allusion is very common in song and story. The *Picara Justina* (lib. ii. cap. 2) mentions it, speaking of certain inebriates as folk who make digression with their heads, a parenthesis of their trunks, and an X of their feet. The rollicking singer of the time praised his bottle of *Peralta* for teaching him how to write; "though he knew not a letter, he could make a capital X with his legs."—*Antonio de Silva, Bohl.* tom. i. num. 359.

Note 6, page 570.

Much more so should our eyes. This is in allusion to the gross filthiness contained in the work of Avellaneda, which is impossible for me to convey to the reader in any words that would not be justly condemned, nor could the forms of such filthiness be hinted at without giving offence. So much must be said, in order that the reader may judge aright of the fierce hatred in which Cervantes holds this truly hateful book.

CHAPTER LX.

OF WHAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE ON HIS WAY TO BARCELONA.

THE morning was fresh, and the day also gave tokens of being so, on which Don Quixote sallied forth from the inn, having learnt first of all which way was the most direct to go to Barcelona, without touching at Saragossa ; such was the desire he had to prove that new historian a liar, whom they said dispraised him so much.

So it befel that nothing happened worthy of being set down in writing in the course of six days ; at the end of which, having left the highway, the night overtook him among some dense clusters of oak or cork trees—but in this Cid Hamete is not so precise as it is his wont to be.

Master and man alighted from their beasts, and seated themselves at the foot of the trees, and Sancho, who had dined early that day, with great intrepidity entered the gates of sleep. But Don Quixote, whom fancy kept awake, much more than hunger, was unable to close his eyes ; on the contrary, his mind went to

and fro between a thousand different places. Now he thought he was standing in the Cave of Montesinos ; now he saw Dulcinea converted into the country maiden skipping and leaping up on the back of her donkey : now did the words of Merlin the sage sound in his ears, which referred to the conditions and the despatch under and by which the disenchantment of Dulcinea was to be brought to pass. He was sorely vexed to see the sloth and little charity of Sancho, his squire, who, as he believed, had not given himself more than five lashes—a small and unequal number to the infinity which yet lacked ; and this caused him so much grief and anger, that he made the following discourse :—

“ If Alexander the Great cut the Gordian knot, saying, ‘ It is all one to cut or to untie,’ and thereby became universal lord of the whole of Asia, neither more nor less may happen now in the disenchantment of Dulcinea, if I scourge Sancho in spite of himself ; for if the condition of this remedy lies in Sancho receiving three thousand and odd stripes, what matters it to me whether he gives them him himself, or another gives them ?—the essence lies in his receiving them, come from whom they may.”

With that fancy he came up to Sancho, having first taken the reins off Rozinante ; and, having so adjusted them that he could flog him, he began to unloose Sancho’s laces, although it is the opinion of some that he had but one, which held up his breeches. Scarcely had he approached him, when Sancho awoke with all his senses about him, and cried—

"What means this? Who is about me? Somebody is unlacing me!"

"I am," answered Don Quixote. "I come to make up for thy defects, and remedy my own troubles. I am going to scourge thee, Sancho, and pay in part the debt for which thou art beholden. Dulcinea is perishing, thou livest carelessly, and I die of desire; therefore unlace thyself of thine own will, for it is my intent to give thee in this solitude two thousand lashes at least."

"Not so," said Sancho. "Your worship must be quiet; if not, I swear by God that the deaf shall hear us. The lashes I am bound for must be voluntary, and not forced, and just now I have not a mind to scourge myself; it is quite enough that I give your worship my word to flog and flay myself when I feel inclined."

"I must not leave it to thy courtesy, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for thou art hard of heart, and, although a rustic, soft of skin." Therefore he tried and struggled to unlace him.

Sancho, seeing this, started to his feet, ran at his master, and flung his arms about him, and, tripping him up, threw him on his back upon the ground; then he put his right knee upon his breast, and with his hands held those of his master, after such fashion that he could neither move nor breathe.

Don Quixote said to him, "How, traitor! dost thou rebel against thy master and rightful lord? Lifest thou thy hand against him who provides thy bread?"

"I neither depose king nor make king,"¹ said

Sancho ; “ I only help myself, who am mine own lord. Your worship must promise me to keep quiet, and not to talk of flogging me now, and I will let you go free and unheld ; if not—

*Here thou diest, O traitor,
Enemy of Sancha the fair.”* ²

Don Quixote promised, and swore by the life of his thoughts not to touch a hair of his raiment, and would leave the flogging of himself to his own free will and choice, when he pleased.

Sancho arose, and gat him a good way off from that spot ; and on going to lean against a tree, he felt a touch on the head, and raising his hands, found the feet of a person having on shoes and stockings. Trembling with fear, he ran to another tree, and the same thing happened to him : he shouted to his master to come to his help. Don Quixote did so, and demanding what had happened to him, and of what he was afraid, Sancho answered that all the trees were full of human legs and feet.

Don Quixote felt them, and at once made account of what they might be ; and he said to him, “ There is no need for thy fear, for these feet and legs which thou feelest, but canst not see, belong to certain padders or disbanded soldiers, who have been hanged on these trees ; and this is the place where the justicers, when they have caught them, hang them in twenties and thirties—by which I now perceive that we are close to Barcelona.” ³ And such was the case as he had imagined.

As the day began to break, they lifted up their

eyes, and saw that the clusters which hung from those trees were the bodies of freebooters. Now the day began to glare ; and if the dead had given them fright, no less did forty living freebooters give them tribulation, who suddenly came upon them and hemmed them in, and said in the Catalan tongue that they should be still, and yield themselves up until their captain should come.

Don Quixote, discovering that he was on foot, his horse without bridle, his lance leaning against a tree, and, in brief, that he was without any means of defence whatever, had nothing to do but to cross his hands, hang his head upon his breast, and reserve himself for a better occasion and opportunity.

The thieves ran to flea Dapple, and they left not a single thing in the wallets or the valise which he carried. Luckily for Sancho, he had placed the duke's crowns and the money which he had brought from home in a belt ; but, for all that, those good people would have gleaned and searched every part of him, even that which lies between the skin and the flesh, if the captain had not just then come up. He appeared to be about thirty-four years old, robust, somewhat above middle stature, of a grave countenance, and brown complexion ; he was mounted upon a powerful horse, and was clad in armour, having four pistols, which in that part are called flint-locks, which he carried at his side. He saw that his squires (for such are they called who follow that profession) were about to despoil Sancho Panza ;⁴ he ordered them to desist, and he was obeyed, and thus the belt escaped. He

was astonished to see a lance leaning against a tree, a shield on the ground, and Don Quixote in armour and pensive, with the most sad and melancholy visage which sadness itself could make ; he came up to him and said—

“ Be not so sad, my good man ; for thou hast not fallen into the hands of some cruel Busiris,⁵ but into those of Roque Guinart,⁶ who is more compassionate than cruel.”

“ I am not sad,” answered Don Quixote, “ for having fallen into thy power, O valorous Roque, whose fame hath no limits on the earth, but for having been so careless that thy soldiers have taken me unbridled ; I being obliged according to the laws of knight-errantry, which I profess, to live continually on the alert, and to be mine own sentinel at all hours : because I would have thee to know, O great Roque, that if they had found me upon my horse, with my shield and lance, it had not been easy for them to make me yield ; for I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, he whose deeds have filled the whole of the universe.”

Then Roque Guinart perceived that Don Quixote's infirmity had more in it of madness than valour ; and although he had sometimes heard of him, yet he never took his deeds for true, nor could he persuade himself that such kind of humour could rule in a man's breast ; so he was glad in the extreme to have met with him, that he might be convinced close at hand of what he had heard afar off. And so he said to him—

“ Valiant knight, be not cast down, nor hold as an evil fortune that in which thou now art, for it

may so chance that among these stumbling-places your crooked lot may be set straight ; for Heaven, by strange and never-seen circuits, nor imagined of man, exalteth the humble and meek, and magnifieth the poor."

Don Quixote was about to return thanks, when they heard a noise behind them, as if from a troop of horse, though it was only one, upon which a youth of not more than twenty years came riding at full speed. He was dressed in green damask with gold lace, trowsers, a loose jerkin, a cocked hat of the Walloon fashion, jack-boots, spurs, a sword and dagger, gilt ; a blunderbuss in his hands, and a brace of pistols on each side. Roque turned his head at the noise, and saw this beautiful figure, which, on drawing near, said—

" I come in search of thee, O valiant Roque, to find in thee, if not a remedy for my distress, at least some means of softening it ; and not to hold thee in suspense, as I perceive that thou dost not know me, I would tell thee who I am. I am Claudia Geronima, the daughter of Simon Forte, thy excellent friend, and the especial enemy of Clauquel Torrellas, who is also thine, being one of the opposite band ; and it is well known to thee that this Torrellas hath a son, whose name is Don Vicente Torrellas—at least, so he was called two hours ago. Well, he—to shorten the story of my misadventure, I will tell thee in few words what he hath wrought upon me. He, I say, saw me, made his court to me. I gave ear to him—I gave him my heart, deceiving my

father; for there is no woman, be she never so retired or close mewed up, that hath not spare time to put in execution and give effect to her inflamed desires. At length he promised me to be my husband, and I gave him my word to be his wife, and nothing more passed between us. Yesterday I came to know that, forgetful of what he owed to me, he would marry him with another, and this morning he went to be married—tidings which confused my senses and abused my patience; and for my father not being at home, I had opportunity of dressing me in this guise which you see: and hastening on this horse, I came up with Don Vicente at the distance of a league from hence, and, without betaking me to reproaches or to hear excuses, I fired this blunderbuss, and as a make-weight these two pistols; and, as I believe, I buried more than two bullets in his body, opening doors by which my honour, enwrapped in his blood, might go out free. There I left him among his servants, who nor durst nor could put themselves in his defence. I came in search of thee to help me pass into France, where I have kindred with whom I can live; and, at the same time, to pray thee to protect my father, that the many of Don Vicente's faction do not presume to take on him their bloody revenge."

Roque, astonished for the gallantry, mettle, handsome figure, and adventure of the beautiful Claudia, said, "Come, lady, and let us see whether thy enemy be dead, and afterwards we will consider what is best to be done."

Don Quixote, who had listened attentively to what Claudia had said and Roque answered, exclaimed, "There is no need for any to take any trouble in the defence of this lady; I take it upon myself. Bring me my horse and my arms; await me here: I will go in search of this knight, and, be he dead or alive, will make him keep the word of his promise to so much beauty."

"Nobody need doubt that," said Sancho, "for my master is a very good hand at marriage-making. Why, not many days ago he made another marry who had denied his word to another maid, and had it not been for the enchanters who persecute him, changing the man's real figure into that of a lacquey, the maid at this hour would no longer be one."

Roque, who attended more to considering what was to be done in the matter of Claudia, than to the discourses of the master or man, understood them not; and, commanding his squires to return to Sancho all that they had taken from the dapple, directing them at the same time to retire to the place where they had lodged last night, he set out at once with Claudia at all speed, to go in search of the wounded or the dead Don Vicente.

They came to the place where Claudia had overtaken him, and found nothing there but some newly spilled blood; but, looking round about them, they descried some people on the side of a hill, and guessed what proved to be true, that this was Don Vicente, whom his servants had carried there, whether alive or dead, to bury or to cure him. They made

haste to overtake them, which, as the people went very slowly, they did with ease. They found Don Vicente in the arms of his servants, and in a weary and feeble voice praying them to let him die there, for that the pain of his wounds would not suffer him to go any further.

Claudia and Roque flung themselves from their horses; they approached him; the servants trembled at the presence of Roque. Claudia was confused to behold Don Vicente; and so, divided between mildness and severity, she came to him, and taking both his hands, said—

“If thou hadst given me these in accord with our agreement, never wouldst thou have come to this pass.”

The wounded gentleman opened his half-closed eyes, and beholding Claudia, he said, “I perceive full well, beautiful and deceived lady, that thou art the cause of my death, which neither my intent nor my deeds deserve, for in neither have I done aught to offend thee.”

“Then belike it is not true,” said Claudia, “that this morning thou wert going to be married to Leonora, the daughter of the rich Balbastro?”

“No, verily,” answered Don Vicente; “my evil fortune must have carried these tidings to thee to make thee jealous, so that thou shouldst take my life, which if I yield up into thy hands and in thine arms, I shall account my fortune happy. And to assure thee of this truth, take my hand and receive me as thy husband, if thou wilt; for I have no other recompense

to give thee for the wrong which thou thinkest thou hast received from me."

Claudia clenched the hand, and her heart was so wrung that she fell into a swoon in the blood and upon the breast of Don Vicente, who sank in a mortal faint.

Roque was in amaze, and knew not what to do. The servants went in search of water to throw in their faces, and they brought it, and with it laved them well.

Claudia revived again ; but never Don Vicente, for he gave up the ghost. Which when Claudia saw, it being brought home to her that her sweet spouse no longer lived, she rent the air with sighs, and wounded the heavens with moans, and tore her hair, giving it to the wind ; and with her own hands she disfigured her face, with all the signs of grief and anguish which could be imagined of a wounded breast.

"O cruel, giddy woman !" she cried, "how easily wert thou moved to execute so vile a thought ! O raving force of jealousy, to what desperate end dost thou conduct all those who harbour thee in their breasts ! O my husband, whose wretched lot in being my jewel hath made the grave thy bridal bed !"

Such, and of such sadness, were the sorrows of Claudia, that they drew tears from the eyes of Roque, who was not used to shed them on any occasion. The servants wept, Claudia fell fainting at every step, and all the country side seemed nothing less than a field of sadness and a city of destruction.

Finally, Roque Guinart ordered the servants of Don Vicente to carry his corpse to the village of his father, which was close by, that they might give it burial.

Claudia told Roque that it was her wish to go to a nunnery, where an aunt of hers was the abbess, in which she purposed to end her life in the company of another, a better and more eternal, spouse.⁷

Roque commended her good purpose, offered to go with her wherever she pleased, and to defend her father from whatever kindred, and from all the world, if they should attempt his hurt.

Claudia would by no means accept his company, and, giving him her thanks for his offers the best way she could, she took her leave of him weeping.

Don Vicente's servants carried away his body, and Roque returned to his people. And this was the end of the loves of Claudia Geronima. What marvel if the web of her woeful story was woven by the invincible and mad devil of jealousy?

Roque found his squires in the place which he had appointed, and Don Quixote among them, making them a discourse, in which he persuaded them to give up that kind of life—dangerous as well to their souls as their bodies; but as, for the most part, they were all Gascons, a wild and unruly people, Don Quixote's discourse availed nothing with them.

When Roque arrived, he questioned Sancho if they had returned and restored to him the furniture and treasure which they had taken from Dapple. Sancho answered that they had, except that there

were three kerchiefs lacking, which were worth three cities.

"What say you, fellow?" demanded one of those who were present. "I have these, and they are not worth three reals."

"That is so," said Don Quixote; "but my squire values them at what he has said on account of the person who gave them to me."

Roque Guinart ordered them to be given up at once. Then he commanded his squires to put themselves in line, and ordered them to produce all the clothes, jewels, and moneys, and all that which they had robbed since their last sharing; and making a short reckoning, returning that which could not be divided, and reducing it to money, he shared it among his company, with such legality and prudence, that he neither added nor diminished a point in distributive justice.

This being done, by which all remained content, satisfied, and paid, Roque said to Don Quixote, "If I were not to observe this nicety with them, there would be no living with them."

On which Sancho said, "According to what I have seen, justice is so good a thing that it is needful to use it even amongst thieves."

One of the squires heard it, and raising the butt-end of his hand-gun, he would, without doubt, have split open Sancho's skull with it, if Roque Guinart had not called to him to hold. Sancho got a spasm, and proposed to keep his mouth shut as long as he was amongst those people.

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Now there came up one or more of those squires who had been placed as sentinels on the roads, to watch for all who might pass by, and to give notice to their chief; and one said, "Sir, not far from here, by the road which goes to Barcelona, there comes a great troop of people."

To which Roque answered, "Hast noticed if they be of those who want us, or of those whom we look after?"

"They are only those whom we look after," said the squire.

"Then off ye go, all of ye," exclaimed Roque, "and bring them to me, without letting one escape."

This they did; Don Quixote, Sancho, and Roque remaining behind, awaiting to see what the squires would bring. And in the mean while Roque said to Don Quixote—

"This way of life will seem new to sir Don Quixote—the adventures new, new the haps, and all full of danger; and it is no marvel to me if they should so seem; for I really confess that there is no way of living more unquiet, nor more full of alarms, than ours, and I have been brought to it by I know not what desires of vengeance, which are strong enough to disturb the most steadfast heart. By nature I am compassionate and well meaning; but, as I have said, the thirst to avenge me of a wrong which was done to me, has dashed to the ground all my good inclinations, and I keep in this estate despite of my intent; and as one hell cries to another, and one crime to another crime, I find me so linked to vengeance that not only

mine own, but my neighbour's also, do I take in charge. But, please God, although I find me in the midst of the maze of my tumults, I shall not lose hope of reaching a safe port."

Don Quixote was astonished to hear from Roque such excellent and well-concerted arguments, because he thought it impossible that among those who robbed, murdered, and waylaid, there could be any one capable of good discourse; and he answered—

"Sir Roque, the beginning of health consists in knowing the disease, and in the will of the patient to take the physic which the physician shall command. Your worship is sick, you know your infirmity, and Heaven (or God, to speak better, who is our physician) will apply medicines which will be for your cure, which commonly work slowly, and not suddenly nor by miracle; and more, that sinners of good understanding are nearer to amendment than fools. And since your worship by your discourse hath set forth that you are discreet, there is nothing needed but to be of good courage, and to hope for the recovery of your sick conscience; and if your worship would put you in readiness to obtain salvation, come with me, and I will teach you how to be a knight-errant, and how you shall pass through so many toils and misfortunes, that, if they are accepted as penances, they will bring thee straightway to heaven."

Roque smiled at the counsels of Don Quixote, to whom, in order to change the discourse, he related the tragical adventure of Claudia Geronima, which grieved Sancho greatly; for the beauty, spirit, and buxomness of the maiden pleased him much.

Now arrived the squires with their booty, bringing with them two gentlemen on horseback, and two pilgrims on foot, and a coach with women and their servants, which, mounted and on foot, came in their company, with other two muleteers which the horsemen brought with them. The squires gathered round them, the conquered and the conquerors keeping marvellous silence, waiting to hear what the great Roque Guinart would say, who questioned the horsemen who they were, where they were going, and what money they brought with them.

One of them answered, "Sir, we are two captains of Spanish infantry, whose companies are in Naples, and we are going to embark in four galleys, which they say are in Barcelona, with orders to sail for Sicily. We have from two hundred to three hundred crowns, which, to our seeming, makes us rich and happy, for the ordinary straitness of soldiers will not allow greater wealth."

Roque demanded of the pilgrims the same as he had of the captains, who replied that they were going to embark to pass over to Rome, and that between them both they had a matter of sixty reals. He wished to know who travelled in the coach, and where to, and what moneys they also carried; and one of the horsemen answered—

"My lady Doña Guiomar de Quiñones, wife of the regent of the vicariate of Naples, with a little daughter, a maid, and a duenna, go in the coach, attended by six servants; and their money is six hundred crowns."

“So that,” said Roque Guinart, “we have here nine hundred crowns and sixty reals. My soldiers number some seventy; see how much that will be apiece, for I am a bad reckoner.”

On hearing this, the highwaymen lifted up their voices and cried, “Long live Roque Guinart, in spite of the cullions which seek his destruction!”

The two captains showed signs of grief, the lady regent was very sad, and the pilgrims were not happy in sight of the confiscation of their property.

Roque held them thus for a brief space in suspense, but had no wish to keep them in this sadness, which might have been seen a bowshot off; so, turning him to the captains, he said, “Your worships, sir captains, shall be pleased of your courtesy to lend me sixty crowns, and the lady regent eighty, in order to give some content to this squadron which attends me; for, you know, the abbot must eat who sings for his meat: and afterwards you can go on your way free, and without embarrassment, with the safe conduct which I shall give you, in case you come upon other squadrons of mine which I have divided in these regions, that they do you no hurt: for it is no intention of mine to do wrong to soldiers, nor to any woman, especially such as are of noble blood.”

Infinite and well spoken were the thanks which the captains gave to Roque for his courtesy and liberality in leaving them with their own money. The lady Doña Guiomar de Quiñones would have thrown herself out of the coach to kiss the feet and hands of the great Roque, but he would not by any

means consent thereto ; rather he begged their pardon for the wrong which he did them, being forced to do so by the pressing obligations of his office.

The lady regent commanded a servant to deliver up the eighty crowns, and the captains had now dispursed the sixty. The pilgrims went to deliver up their miserable lot, but Roque told them to stay as they were ; and turning to his people, he said—

“ Of these crowns two belong to each one of you, and there remain twenty ; ten we will give to these pilgrims, and the other ten to this good squire, in order that he may speak well of this adventure.”

And bringing him writing implements, with which he always went provided, Roque wrote out a safe conduct to the chiefs of his squadron, and, bidding them farewell, let them pass free. They departed, wondering at his nobleness, his brave complexion, and his strange procedure, holding him more for an Alexander the Great than a well-known thief.

One of the squires, in his Gascon and Catalan tongue, said, “ This captain of ours is more fit for a friar than a freebooter ; if in time to come he wants to show himself liberal, it had better be with his own share, and not with ours.”

The wretch spake this not so low but that it was heard by Roque, who, raising his sword, nearly split the robber's head in two parts, saying—

“ After this manner do I chastise the saucy and the bold.”

All the rest were amazed, and not one dared to utter a word, such was the awe in which they stood of him.

Roque then retired on one side, and wrote a letter to a friend of his in Barcelona, giving him tidings of how that he had with him the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, that knight-errant about whom they said so many things, and letting him know that he was one of the pleasantest and best-instructed gentles in the world, and that within three days from that time, which would be John the Baptist's Day, he would have him in the middle of the strand of the city, armed in complete steel, mounted on his horse Rozinante, and his squire Sancho on his ass ; and that he should give notice of this to his friends the Niarros, that they might have some pleasure of him; and that he wished the Cadells, his adversaries, might lack the pastime, but that this was impossible on account of the lunacies and witticisms of Don Quixote, and the conceits of his squire Sancho Panza, which could not fail to give general delight to all the world.

He despatched this letter by one of his squires, who, changing his dress from that of a freebooter to that of a peasant, went to Barcelona and delivered it to whom it was addressed.

NOTES TO CHAPTER LX.

Note 1, page 576.

I neither depose king nor make king (Ni quito Rei, ni pongo Rei). The origin of this proverb is taken from the history of Peter the Cruel, who having on one occasion met with his brother Don Enrique in the tent of the French captain, Beltran Claquin, who had come to the support of Enrique's cause, a fight ensued, and Pedro was overthrown. In the midst of the scuffle, Beltran, turning on his heel, made use of the above words; nor are they the only things for which Spain is indebted to a Frenchman.

Note 2, page 577.

Sancha the fair. La Infanta Doña Sancha was sister of King Don Garcia.—See Gonzalo de Oviedo in his *Quincuagenas*, Part III., es. 8, folio 21.

Note 3, page 577.

Close to Barcelona. Such was the actual state of the beautiful province of Catalonia in the time of Cervantes. For more details, see the *Itinerário desde Roma á España*, by the Canon of Toledo, Blas Ortiz.

Note 4, page 578.

About to despoil Sancho Panza. This incident is taken from the second book of our author's *Galatea*, where the same trouble comes upon Timbrio as overtook Sancho.

Note 5, page 579.

Some cruel Busiris. The original is Osiris, an obvious error on the part of Cervantes. Osiris received divine honours for the arts which he taught the Egyptians. Busiris, on the contrary, sought to propitiate the gods by offering to them in sacrifice all foreign travellers who passed through Egypt. Hence the allusion.

• *Note 6, page 579.*

Roque Guinart. Further mention is made of this Spanish Robin Hood by Cervantes, in his amusing interlude, *The Cave of Salamanca*. For more full particulars of this real robber of Catalonia, see Pellicer, *in loco*. The actual name of this hero in crime was *Pedro Rochaquinarda*. El Señor Don Prospero de Bofarull, keeper of the archives of Aragon in Barcelona, supplied our friend Clemencin with many local facts concerning Pedro taken from the records of the law courts.

Note 7, page 585.

More eternal spouse. This maudlin show of remorse on the part of Claudia, as well as the unnatural quality of the whole of the incident, will not fail to cause disgust and nausea; and no man or woman, on reading it, but will feel shame that Cervantes could have written such rubbish as this. This is the opinion of our dear old Clemencin, who says that he thinks it out of the question that Claudia could have made that confession to Roque without taking him on one side. If, however, the pitiful reader will turn to the *Sergas de Esplandian*, caps. 26, 28, and others, and to the Second Part of *Amadis*, cap. 3, he will find that this scene, worthy of the lowest river-side theatre in a city where the drama has reached its lowest degradation, is very common, and is, in short, a main feature of those books of chivalry whose influence over the minds of the youth of Spain Cervantes set himself to destroy. *More eternal* also offends Clemencin as a phrase, and he observes that it would be equally correct to say "more triangular." Our critic forgets that Cervantes is as much responsible for Claudia's grammar as he is for the remedy she proposes for doctoring her soul. Perhaps the reader will notice the words of Don Quixote to Roque, at page 588—"if they are accepted as penances they will bring thee straightway to heaven," which is the best answer that can be given to those who find fault with the creation of Claudia.

CHAPTER LXI.

OF WHAT BEFEL DON QUIXOTE ON HIS ENTRANCE INTO BARCELONA, WITH OTHER THINGS WHICH ARE MORE NICE THAN WISE.

THREE days was Don Quixote with Roque, and had he been three hundred years, matter should not have failed to regard and admire in his way of life. Here they began the day, ayont they dined; one time they fled from whom they knew not, and for others they laid in wait without knowing them; sleeping while standing, a broken sleep; changing from one place to another; and all was setting of spies, listening of sentinels, keeping quick the matchlocks, although they carried but few, because they were mostly served with flints. Roque himself slept apart from the rest, in places where they might not know; for the many proclamations which the viceroy of Barcelona had made of his life kept him unquiet and fearful, and he dared not trust any one, fearing that even his own people would either kill him or deliver him up to justice—a life most certainly wretched and full of trouble.

At length, through byways, cross paths, and

covered tracks, Roque, Don Quixote, and Sancho, with six other squires, set out for Barcelona. They reached the strand on the eve of St. John, during the night, and Roque embraced Don Quixote and Sancho, to whom he gave the promised ten crowns, which up to that time he had not delivered to him; and he left them, each having made a thousand offers of service to the other.

Roque returned, and Don Quixote remained on horseback, awaiting thus the day; and a while after the fair face of Aurora began to peep through the balconies of the east, making glad the grass and flowers, instead of gladdening the ear,¹ although at the same instant the ear did rejoice in a noise of many hautboys and drums, the sound of bells, and the "tramp, tramp! march, march!" of many horsemen, seemingly coming from the city. Aurora gave place to the sun, which, with a face bigger than that of a buckler,² was little by little rising from below the horizon.

Don Quixote and Sancho, casting their eyes about on all sides, saw the sea, which, till then, they had never beheld. It appeared to them to be very wide and spacious, much more so than the lakes of Ruydera, which they had seen in La Mancha. They saw the galleys in shore, which, on taking down their awnings, appeared covered with streamers and banners, which trembled before the wind, and kissed and swept the water; while within the sound of clarions, fifes, and trumpets, now close, and now far off, filled the air with soft and martial accents. They began to move, and to make a show of skirmish among the peaceful

waters. At the same moment troops of gentlemen came from the city, mounted on gallant horses, and dressed in burnished liveries.

The soldiers of the galleys discharged a multitude of hand-guns, which were answered by those of the walls and forts of the city ; while the heavy artillery with portentous roar tore the winds, and the guns midships of the galleys took up the sound. The dancing sea, the jocund land, and the bright air, only a little dimmer perhaps for the smoke of cannon, seemed to smile and infuse a sudden delight into all people. Sancho could not imagine how those great bulky figures which moved over the sea came to have so many feet.

And now those in the liveries came running, with warlike cries, and shouts, and huzzas, up to where Don Quixote stood rapt and amazed ; and one of them, he who had been advised by Roque, exclaimed in a loud voice to Don Quixote—

“Welcome to our city, mirror, beacon, and polar star of knight-errantry, etcetera, etcetera ! Welcome, I say, the valorous Don Quixote de la Mancha—not the false one, nor the fictitious, nor the apocryphal, which hath been shown to us in these later days in lying histories, but the true, the lawful, and the faithful, which hath been painted for us by Cid Hamete Benengeli, the pink of all historians.”

Don Quixote answered never a word ; nor did the gentlemen wait for his reply ; but, turning about with their followers, they began to bound and curvet round Don Quixote, who, turning to Sancho, said—

“These people seem to know us well ; I prophesy

that they will have read our history, and even that of the Aragonese, but lately printed."

The gentleman who had just spoken to Don Quixote turned to him again, and said, "Your worship, sir Don Quixote, must come with us ; for we are all your servants, and great friends of Roque Guinart."

To which Don Quixote answered, "If courtesy beget courtesy, sir knight, then yours is daughter or very near of kin to that of the great Roque. Carry me whither ye will ; for I am wholly yours, and at your service, if it please you to command me."

The gentleman answered with words no less courtly ; and, inclosing him in their midst, they marched him into the city to the sound of trumpets and drums : at the entrance to which That Wicked which ordereth all wickedness, and the boys which are more wicked than the wicked one, ordered that two of them, who came in the crowd, bold and daring, should lift up, one of them the tail of Dapple, and the other the tail of Rozinante, and together thrust and fix there a handful of furze.

The poor beasts felt the novel spurs, and the pressing closer of their tails increased their disgust, in such sort that, prancing a thousand high curvets, they threw their riders to the ground.

Don Quixote, offended and annoyed, hastened to take away the plume from the tail of his wretched roadster, and Sancho did the same for Dapple.

Those who conducted Don Quixote much wished to chastise the sauciness of the boys, but it was

impossible, for they hid themselves among a thousand others which swarmed about them. Don Quixote and Sancho again mounted, and with the same applause and music they reached the house of their guide, which was large and fair—in fine, such as became the rank of a rich gentleman ; where we will for the present leave them, because such is the will of Cid Hamete.

NOTES TO CHAPTER LXI.

Note 1, page 596.

Aurora began to peep through the balconies of the east, making glad the grass and flowers, etc. This passage gives great offence to some of the critics, who demand to be told what possible connection there is between Aurora and the ear. The answer is that the whole paragraph is a satire on the false and foolish landscape painting of the books of chivalry. For a description of a St. John's morning in the city of Percépolis, see *Don Belianis*, Part I. cap. 16.

Note 2, page 596.

A face bigger than that of a buckler. Clemencin observes on this phrase that a buckler has no face, and that it should be "a face bigger than a buckler;" while he insists that the expression "soft and martial accents" is a contradiction in terms—not minding the evident intention of Cervantes to make the reader perceive the effect of the air, now carrying the sounds on shore, and again carrying them out to sea. Again, at page 598, the same authority says "the sense halts," referring to "That Wicked"—not knowing that this is one of the Scriptural titles of the devil, *cuyo advenimiento es segun operacion de Satands, con grande potencia, y señales, y milagros mentirosas.*—2^a Tes. II. 8, 9.

CHAPTER LXII.

WHICH TREATS OF THE ADVENTURES OF THE ENCHANTED HEAD, AND OTHER CHILDISH TRICKS WHICH MUST BE TOLD.

DON ANTONIO MORENO was the name of Don Quixote's host—a gentleman rich and witty, and fond of honest and agreeable jollity, who, having now Don Quixote with him at home, began to devise how, without any prejudice to him, he might draw some frolic from his lunacies ; for those are not jests which give pain, nor are those pastimes worthy which do hurt to another.

The first thing he did was to cause Don Quixote to be disarmed, and to present him in that close-fitting chamois doublet which we have already painted and described, in a balcony which looked on to one of the principal streets of the city, to the gaze of the people and the boys, who regarded him much as if he had been a monkey. They of the liveries began afresh to career before him, as if for him alone, and not in honour of that festive day, they had donned them.

Sancho was most happy, thinking that he had

found, without knowing how or which way, another Camacho's wedding, another home like that of Don Diego de Miranda, or another castle like that of the duke.

On that day there dined with Don Antonio some friends of his, all doing honour to Don Quixote, and treating him as a knight-errant; and, being inflated with vanity and pomposity, he could not contain himself for happiness. The pleasantries of Sancho were so many, that the servants of the house hung upon his lips, as well as all who heard him.

As they sat at table, Don Antonio said to Sancho, "Tidings are given us here, good Sancho, that thou art so fond of forced meat and breasts of capon, that what is left over thou keepest in thy bosom for the morrow."

"No, sir, it is not true," answered Sancho; "for I am more inclined to cleanliness than gluttony, and my master Don Quixote, who is present, knows well that for a week at a time we have gone with nothing between us more than a handful of acorns or chestnuts. It is true that if they give me the calf, I make haste with the halter—I mean to say, I eat what is set before me, and use the times as I find them; and whosoever he be which says that I am greedy and not clean, take my word for it that he knows not what he says, which I would say in a different way but for the honourable beards now seated at this table."

"Certainly," said Don Quixote, "the temperance and cleanliness with which Sancho eats should be

written and engraved on plates of brass, that it may remain in eternal memory for ages yet to come. It is true that when he is hungry he is somewhat ravenous, for that he eats apace, and on both sides at once; but cleanliness he strictly observes, and while he was yet a governor he learned to eat so delicately, that he would use a fork to eat grapes, and pick out the grains of a pomegranate."

"What!" exclaimed Don Antonio, "has Sancho been a governor?"

"Yea," answered Sancho, "and of an island called Barataria. I governed it for ten days, as I had a mind to do, and in that time I lost my rest, and found how to hate all the governments of the world. I came out of it flying; I fell into a cave, where I held myself for dead, and from which I came out alive by a miracle."

Don Quixote then rehearsed all the particulars of Sancho's government, which gave great pleasure to the hearers.

The cloth being lifted, Don Antonio gave Don Quixote his arm, and they came into a private chamber, which had no other furniture than a table, seemingly of jasper, supported on one foot of the same, and upon it was placed a bust of brass, after the manner of the Roman emperors. Don Antonio walked with Don Quixote up and down the room, going round the table many times, after which he said—

"Now, sir Don Quixote, that I am assured that we are safe, that none can hear and no one listen, and

the door being shut, I would relate to your worship one of the most rare adventures—or novelties, to speak more correctly—that can be imagined, on the condition that what I tell to your worship shall be held in the innermost recesses of secrecy.”

“I swear it,” answered Don Quixote, “and will cover it with a slab for security; for I would have your worship know, Don Antonio”—he now knew his name—“that you are now speaking with one who, although he hath ears to hear, hath no tongue to tell: so that your worship can with all security freely translate that which you hold in your breast into mine, and may reckon that you have hurled it into the abysses of silence.”

“On the faith of that promise,” said Don Antonio, “I shall excite your wonder in what you shall both see and hear; and so shall I somewhat ease me of the pain I feel in having no one to whom I can communicate my secrets, which are not to be entrusted to any one.”

Don Quixote was astonished, waiting to see what would come of all these precautions. Don Antonio then took his hand, and made him feel all over the head of bronze, and over the whole table, and over the jasper leg on which it stood, and finally he said—

“This head, sir Don Quixote, hath been made and fashioned by one of the greatest enchanters and wizards which the world ever had, who I believe was by nationality a Pole, and a disciple of the famous Escotillo, of whom so many wonders are told, who

was once here in my house; and for the price of a thousand crowns, which I gave him, he made this head, which has the property and virtue of being able to answer to everything which is asked at its ear. After fixing the courses, describing characters, observing the stars, and raising points, he finished it with that perfection which we shall see for ourselves to-morrow; for it is mute on Fridays, and to-day being Friday, we must wait till the morrow. Meanwhile your worship shall bethink you what you would prefer to demand, for experience hath proved to me that it declares the truth in all its answers."

Don Quixote was astonished at the virtue and property of the head, and he was not inclined to believe Don Antonio; but, seeing how short the time was to the making of the trial, he would not gainsay him, but thanked him for making known to him so great a discovery. Then they went out of the room, and Don Antonio locked the door with the key, and returned to the hall where were the rest of the gentlemen, and during the time Sancho had related many of the adventures and accidents which had happened to his master.

On that afternoon they carried Don Quixote abroad to take the air, not armed, but in house clothes, with a long cloak of tawny coloured cloth, which in that season would have made even frost itself to sweat. It was ordered that the servants should entertain Sancho, so that he should not leave the house.

Don Quixote went mounted, not upon Rozinante, but upon a gallant mule, very well caparisoned.

They put on him the cloak, on the back of which without his knowing it, was seen a parchment, on which in large letters was written, "THIS IS DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA." On beginning their ride, everybody's eyes were turned to the scroll, and as they read, "THIS IS DON QUIXOTE DE LA MANCHA," he wondered to see how many of those who saw him named his name and knew him; and turning to Don Antonio, who journeyed at his side, he said—

"Great is the prerogative which is enclosed within knight-errantry, for it makes all who profess it known and famous throughout the length and breadth of the earth. Only look, your worship, sir Don Antonio, even the very boys of this city know me, without ever having seen me before."

"So it is, sir Don Quixote," answered Don Antonio; "for, as fire cannot be hidden or concealed, no more can virtue remain unknown, and that which is achieved in the profession of arms shines with a lustre which overtops all other."

It happened that Don Quixote riding amidst all this applause which we have said, a Castilian, who read the inscription on his back, lifted up his voice and said, "Now may the devil take thee for Don Quixote de la Mancha! What! and art thou still alive, after all those many cudgellings which thou bearest on thy shoulders? Thou art mad, and if thou wert alone, and shut up within the doors of thine own madness, it would not so much matter; but it is thy property to turn to madmen and fools all as many as hold commerce with thee or keep thee company. Only see

now and look at these masters who go with thee. Hie thee hence, fool ; to thy house with thee, and look after thy estate, after thy wife, and thy children ; and leave these emptinesses, which fret the brain and live upon the fat of thy understanding."

"Brother," exclaimed Don Antonio, "go on thy way, and give no advice to those who ask it not. Sir Don Quixote de la Mancha is in his senses, nor are we mad who keep him company. Virtue must be honoured wherever it is found ; and get thee gone in an ill hour, and meddle not there where thou art not called."

"By Balaam's ass," retorted the Castilian, "your worship is right, for to give counsel to this good fellow is to kick against the pricks. But, for all that, it grieves me much that the fine mind which they say this fool shows in all things, should be drained by the ditch of his knightly chivalry ; and be it an ill hour to me, as your worship has said, and to all my posterity, if from to-day I give advice to any one else, though I should live longer than Methuselah."

The counsellor departed, and the cavalcade went on ; but so great was the laughter of the boys and all the people who read the inscription, that Don Antonio had to remove it, as if he were removing something else.

On came the night : they returned home. There was a dance of dames ; for Don Antonio's wife, who was a noble lady, joyous, beautiful, and witty, invited others of her lady friends to come and honour their guest, and to find pleasure in his most strange lunacies. Many came ; they supped splendidly, and the dance began about ten o'clock at night. Among the ladies

were two of an arch complexion, and waggish ; but being full honest, they were not inclined that their jests designed for pastime, should give offence. These were so eager to get Don Quixote to dance, that they teased not only his body, but his soul ; and a mighty thing it was to see the figure of Don Quixote, long, lank, lean, yellow, his clothes tightened over him, ungainly, and awkward above all. The ladies wooed him as it were by stealth, and he as it were by stealth disdained them ; but the wooings becoming serious, he raised his voice and said—

“ *Fugite, partes adversæ !* leave me to my repose, ye unwelcome fancies ! depart from me, ladies fair, with your wishes ; for she which is the lady of mine, the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, will not allow others than her own to subject and conquer me.”

And, so saying, he sat down on the floor in the middle of the hall, bruised and broken of his dancing labours.

Don Antonio caused him to be taken up in arms and carried to his bed, and the first who lifted him was Sancho, who said—

“ What, in the devil’s name, set you dancing ? Do you suppose that all the valiant ones are skipjacks, and that all knights-errant must be dancers ? Because if you do say so, you are deceived. I know those who would rather go out to kill a giant than cut a caper. Had it been your shoe-slapping jig, I could have taken your place, for I can do it like a gyrfalcon ; but as for dance dancing, I am nowhere.”

By these and such other discourses, Sancho made

the revellers laugh, and his master to lie down, wrapping him up so that he might sweat out the cold he had caught by his dancing.

On the morrow, Don Antonio thought good to make trial of the enchanted head, and with Don Quixote, Sancho, and two other friends, together with the two ladies who had wearied Don Quixote in the dance, and who had remained that night with Don Antonio's wife, he locked himself up in the room where the head was. He told them the property which it had, charged them with the secret, and told them that this was the first day on which he had proved the virtue of the enchanted head. And, with the exception of his two friends, not another person knew the mystery of that enchantment; and if Don Antonio had not first of all told it to them, they also would have fallen into the same wonder into which the rest fell, for it was not otherwise possible, so cunningly and curiously was it made.

The first which came to the ear of the head was Don Antonio himself, and he said to it in a soft voice, yet not so low but that he might be heard by all, "Tell me, head, by the virtue that is within thee, of what am I now thinking?"

And the head, without moving its lips, answered in a clear and distinct voice, so that all understood the following words: "I do not judge of thoughts."

On hearing this, all were astonished, especially when they saw that in all the room or around the table there was not a human being which could have made that reply.

"How many are we here?" Don Antonio demanded, and was answered in the same measured voice.

"There be thyself and thy wife, with two friends of thine, and two ladies, friends of hers, and a famous knight called Don Quixote de la Mancha, and a squire of his, whose name is Sancho Panza."

Here was food for fresh wonder; here did every one's hair stand on end with pure horror.

Don Antonio, betaking him aside from the head, exclaimed, "This sufficeth me to know that I was not deceived by him who sold me thee, O wise head, talking head, answering head, and head most admirable! Now let another come and demand what he will."

And as women, for the most part, are nimble and fond of knowing, the first which came was one of the two friends of Don Antonio's wife, and what she inquired was: "Tell me, head, what shall I do to make me very beautiful?"

And she was answered, "Be thou honest."

"I will not ask thee more," said she, who found she had asked too much.

Then came her companion and said, "I would know, head, if my husband loves me well or no."

And she was answered, "Look to what he does for thee, and thou shalt see."

The married one retired, saying, "This answer cannot be gainsaid; for, in effect, the works which a man does, declare the affection he has for those for whom he does them."

Then came one of the two friends of Don Antonio, who inquired, "Who am I?"

And he was answered, "Thou knowest."

"I did not ask thee for that," said the gentleman, "but to know if thou knowest me."

"Yea, I know thee," was the answer; "thou art Don Pedro Noriz."

"I wish to hear no more; this sufficeth, O head, to convince me that thou knowest all things."

And, going on one side, the other friend came and demanded, "Tell me, head, what desires hath my son and heir?"

"I have already said," was the answer, "that I judge not of desires; but, for all that, I am able to tell thee that those of thy son are to bury thee."

"That is so," said the gentleman. "What I see with mine eyes I can point out with my finger; I ask no more."

Then came the wife of Don Antonio, and she said, "I know not what to ask thee, O head, but should like to know from thee if I shall have my husband with me for many years to come."

And she was answered, "Thou shalt have him with thee, for that his health and temperance give promise of many years of life, which many cut short by their excesses."

Then came Don Quixote and said, "Tell me, thou who makest answer, was it real or was it a dream that, as I recount, befel me in the Cave of Montesinos? will the scourgings of Sancho, my squire, be accomplished? shall Dulcinea be disenchanted?"

"As for that of the cave," was the answer, "there is much to say: it partakes of all. The scourgings of Sancho will go on slowly; the disenchantment of Dulcinea will come in due time."

"I wish to know no more," said Don Quixote. "Let me behold Dulcinea disenchanted; I shall then be sure that all the good fortune I can desire will come to pass."

The last inquirer was Sancho, and what he demanded was, "Peradventure, master head, shall I get another government? shall I escape from the straitness of squire? shall I get back and see my wife and my children?"

To which he was answered, "Thou shalt govern thy house, and, if thou returnest, thou shalt see thy wife and thy children; and, giving up service, thou shalt cease to be a squire."

"Very good, by Balaam's ass," answered Sancho Panza; "this I might have foretold myself, nor could the prophet Pedro Grullo¹ have said more."

"Beast!" exclaimed Don Quixote, "what answer wouldst thou have? Is it not sufficient that the answers which this head hath given correspond to the questions which have been demanded?"

"Yes, it is sufficient," answered Sancho; "but I wish it had said more, and said more to me."

With this the questions and answers came to an end, but not the wonder in which all remained, except the two friends of Don Antonio, who understood the matter, which Cid Hamete Benengeli wishes to explain at once, so that the world be not kept in

suspense, thinking that some witch or extraordinary mystery was contained in that same head. He says, therefore, that Don Antonio Moreno, in imitation of another head which he saw in Madrid, made by a modeller, ordered this to be set up in his house to make pastime and wonder for the ignorant ; and the construction of it was as follows :—The top of the table was of wood, painted and varnished to look like jasper, and the leg on which it stood was of the same, having four eagle's claws standing out to give it firmness. The head, which seemed to be the portraiture and figure of a Roman emperor, and was of the colour of bronze, was all hollow, and the table was neither more nor less hollow, into which it was so cunningly fitted that no sign of a joint could be perceived. The leg of the table was also hollow, which communicated through the breast and throat of the bust ; and all this was to communicate with another chamber underneath that in which stood the head : and through all this hollowness of the leg, the table, throat and breast of the aforementioned medal and figure, there ran a tin pipe, fitted so nicely that it could be perceived by no one. In the room below, which corresponded to that above, he who had to make answer was placed, putting his mouth close to the tube, so that the voice was shot up and shot down, as through a speaking horn, in clear articulated words, and no one could discover the trick. It was a nephew of Don Antonio, a student, acute and witty, who gave the answers, who being advised by his uncle of those who were to accompany him into the room of the head on that day, it was easy to

answer quickly and particularly to the first question ; to the rest he answered by conjectures, being discreet, discreetly.

Cid Hamete says that this marvellous machine existed for more than ten or a dozen days ; but that it becoming known in the city that Don Antonio had an enchanted head in his house, which answered as many questions as were put to it, fearing that it might come to the ears of the vigilant sentinels of our faith, and having declared the matter to the gentlemen Inquisitors, they commanded him not to go on with it, but to break up the image, lest it should offend the minds of the weak. But in the opinion of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, the head remained enchanted and a resolver of doubts.

The gentlemen of the city, in order to gratify Don Antonio and regale Don Quixote, and to give him opportunity to indulge in his humours, appointed a day for tilting at the ring, which was to take place within six days from that time ; but it was broken off by an occurrence which shall be told hereafter.

Don Quixote had a mind to stroll through the city in a humble way and on foot, fearing that if he went on horseback he would be followed by the boys ; and so he and Sancho, with two other servants which Don Antonio gave him, went out for a walk. It happened that, in passing by one of the streets, Don Quixote raised his eyes, and saw written over a door, in very great letters, " HERE BOOKS ARE PRINTED," which pleased him greatly ; for up to that time he had never seen any printing, and he longed to know

how it was done. He therefore went within, attended by all his train, and he saw them pulling in one part, correcting in another, composing in this, revising in that, and, finally, all that machinery which is to be seen in large printing offices.

Don Quixote came to a frame, and demanded what that might be which was being done, which the workmen told him ; he wondered and passed on. He came, amongst others, to another and inquired what he did. The workman answered—

“ Sir, this gentleman who is here ”—pointing to a man of good presence and somewhat grave—“ has translated an Italian book into our Castilian, and I am setting it up to prepare it for the press.”

“ What is the title of the book ? ” demanded Don Quixote.

To which the author replied, “ Sir, the book in Italian is called *Le Bagatelle*.”

“ And what answers to *Le Bagatelle* in our Castilian ? ” inquired Don Quixote.

“ *Le Bagatelle*,” said the author, “ is as if one might say in Castilian *Trifles* ; and although this book is humble in its name, yet it contains and enfolds within it very good and substantial matters.”

“ I,” said Don Quixote, “ know a little Italian, and pride myself on being able to recite some stanzas of Ariosto ; but tell me, your worship and my dear sir—and I do not ask this in order to try the genius of your worship, but only for curiosity, and nothing more—have you in your writing found the word *pignatta* ? ”

“ Yes, many times,” answered the author.

“And how does your worship translate that into Castilian?” asked Don Quixote.

“How should it be translated,” replied the author, “but by *pot*?”

“By my stars,” exclaimed Don Quixote, “but what progress your worship has made in the Italian idiom! I will wager a good wage that where they say in Italian *piace*, your worship will say *please*, and where they say *più*, you will say *more*, and *su* means *above*, and *giù*, below.”

“All that is so,” said the author, “for all these are their right equivalents.”

“I will dare to swear,” said Don Quixote, “that your worship is not known in the world, who is always an enemy to rewarding flowery wits and laudable labours. What abilities are not lost there! What geniuses are not thrust aside! In what scorn are they not held! But, for all that, to my seeming, this translating of one language into another—excepting those queens of tongues, Greek and Latin—is much like beholding a Flanders tapestry² from the wrong side, where, although the figures be seen, yet are they so covered with threads which hide them, that their smoothness and beauty cannot be seen; and to translate easy languages argues neither genius nor eloquence, any more than transcribing or copying from one paper to another. But I would not infer that this of translating is not a laudable exercise, for a man may be occupied in worse things, and things which bring him less advantage. I do not so hold those two famous translators—the one Dr. Cristoval de Figueroa, in his

Pastor Fido,³ and the other Don Juan de Jauregui, in his *Aminta*, where happily they put in doubt which is the translation and which the original. But tell me, your worship, print you this book upon your own charges, or have you sold the copyright to some bookseller ? ”

“ I print it on my own account,” answered the author, “ and think to gain a thousand crowns by this first impression, which will be of two thousand copies, which they will sell at six reals apiece in a brace of straws.”

“ Your worship is mighty well up in the account. It is well seen that you know nothing of the entrances and exits of publishers, and the relations which one holds with the other. I promise you that when you shall find you laden with the bodies of two thousand books, your own body shall be so wearied that it will affright you, especially if the book be a little dull, and in nothing piquant.”

“ So, then,” said the author, “ your worship would have me give my copyright for three maravedis to a publisher, who will think he does me a kindness in giving me so much ? I do not print my books to achieve fame in the world, for I am already known by my works ; I want profit, for without it fine fame is not worth a farthing.”

“ God give your worship good fortune,” said Don Quixote, and passed on to another frame, where he saw them correcting a sheet of a book entitled *The Light of the Soul* ; and on seeing it he said, “ Such books as this, although there be many of its kind, are

such as should be printed ; for the sinners who use them are many, and an infinity of lights are needed for so many benighted ones."

He passed on, and saw that they were correcting another book ; and, asking its title, he was told that it was called *The Second Part of the Ingenious Knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha*, written by such a one, a neighbour of Tordesillas.

"I have had tidings of this book already," said Don Quixote, "and, in sooth and in my conscience, I thought it must have been burnt and brought to ashes for unscrupulous ; but his Martinmas will come, as it comes to every swine. Novel histories are good and yield delight, as they come near to the truth or to its likeness, and true histories are the best when they are most true ;" and, saying that, with shows of great displeasure, he went out of the printing-house.

On that same day Don Antonio gave orders to take him to see the galleys which were in the roadstead, which greatly delighted Sancho, never in his life having seen them. Don Antonio advised the commandant of the galleys how that that afternoon he would bring his guest to see them—the famous Don Quixote de la Mancha, of whom the commandant and all the neighbours of the city had tidings ; and what befel him there shall be rehearsed in the following chapter.⁴

NOTES TO CHAPTER LXII.

Note 1, page 612.

Pedro Grullo appears to have been a humourist of a very old type. Here are a few of his "prophecies" :—

*Many strange things were foretold
By the prophecies of old :
They foretold that in our day
What God wills would have its way ;
Feathered things would take to flight ;
Footed things would walk upright ;
And, to put us in a fix,
Two times three would make up six.*

Note 2, page 616.

A Flanders tapestry. This comparison is, according to Villegas, taken from Mendoza ; it was subsequently used by Luis Zapata in the introduction to his translation of the *Art of Poetry*, published in 1591. He writes : "Translated books are but as tapestries seen on the wrong side ; weft and woof, matter and form, colours and figures, are all there, as blocks of wood and marble lacking lustre and finish, awaiting the artist."

Note 3, page 617.

Pastor Fido. Published in Valencia, 1609. The *Aminta* was not printed until 1618 ; but as Jauregui was an intimate friend of Cervantes, it is likely that he had read the book in manuscript. *The Light of the Soul*—the full title is *The Light of the Christian Soul against Blindness and Ignorance*, by Fray Felipe Meneses, Salamanca, 1556.

Note 4, page 618.

The following chapter. The secretary of a literary society in Berlin forwarded to Don Francisco de Paula Cuadrado a manuscript entitled, "Chapters of my *Don Quixote de la Mancha* which I could not publish in Spain." The first treats of what happened to the Don at a certain masked ball, and the second of what happened afterwards. They are poor attempts, and need not be further mentioned.—*Arch. de la Real Acad., Madrid.*

CHAPTER LXIII.

OF THE ILL WHICH CAME TO SANCHE PANZA ON HIS VISIT TO THE GALLEYS, AND OF THE NEW ADVENTURE OF THE BEAUTIFUL MOORISH MAIDEN.

GREAT were the discourses which Don Quixote made upon the answer of the enchanted head, none of them touching on the trick of it, and all concluding with the promise, which he held as sure, of the disenchantment of Dulcinea. On that he resolved and re-resolved, now rejoicing within himself, believing that he should soon see it accomplished. And Sancho, although he abhorred being a governor, as hath been said, yet he desired to bear sway again, and to be obeyed ; such is the evil luck which the lust of power brings with it, even though it be founded in jest.

In resolution, that afternoon Don Antonio Moreno, his host, his two friends, with Don Quixote and Sancho, went to the galleys. The commandant, who had been advised, now longed for the advent of two such famous ones as Don Quixote and Sancho, and scarcely had they come to the marina, when all the galleys struck their awnings, and the hautboys began to play. Presently they launched the pinnace, covered

with rich rugs, and bankers of crimson velvet ; and as Don Quixote stepped into it, the flag galley saluted with a broadside, and the other galleys did the same : and on Don Quixote mounting the starboard ladder, the whole crew saluted, as is the custom when any person of distinction boards the galley, with three cheers.

The general—for by this name shall we call him—who was one of the nobles of Valencia, gave him his hand, and embracing Don Quixote, said, “ This day will I mark with a white stone, as one of the happiest I hope to enjoy in this life, for having seen Don Quixote de la Mancha, type and sign which disclose to us that in him is encased and summed up all the valour of knightly chivalry.”

With other no less courtly phrases did Don Quixote answer, glad above measure to find himself treated so much like a lord.

They all mounted the poop, which was gaily decorated, and sat down on the side seats ; the boatswain got him to the gangway, and with his whistle gave the crew the signal to strip, which was done in an instant.

Sancho, at sight of so many naked men, was amazed, and more so when he saw the awning set so swiftly that he verily thought all the devils were working there ; but all this was tarts and gingerbread to what I am now about to tell.

Sancho sat upon the stentril, close to the aftermost rower on the starboard side, who, being avised of what he should do, seized hold of Sancho and lifted him in

his arms ; on which the whole crew rose to their feet on the alert, and, beginning from the starboard side, sent him flying and bounding above the arms of the crew, from bench to bench, with such speed that poor Sancho lost the sight of his eyes, and without doubt believed that the demons themselves were flying away with him ; and this went on, returning him by the larboard side and landing him on the poop. Here lay the wretched mauled one, out of breath and covered with sweat, without knowing what had happened to him.

Don Quixote, who saw Sancho flying without wings, demanded of the general if those were the ceremonies which were observed with those who came aboard galleys for the first time ; because if that were the case, as it was not his intention to make profession in them, and he had no mind for similar pastime, he swore to God that if any one came to seize and to toss him, he would kick out his soul ; and, in saying that, he rose to his feet and grasped his sword.

At that instant they struck the awning, and with a terrible noise let fall the mainyard from the top to the bottom. Sancho believed that the sky, torn from off its hinges, was about to fall on his head, and bowing it down, full of fear, buried it between his legs. Nor was Don Quixote all himself ; he too blenched, bent his shoulders, and turned pale.

The crew hoisted the mainyard with the same noise and fury as they had struck it, and all this in silence, as if they had neither voice nor breath. Then the boatswain piped all hands to weigh anchor, and rushing

into the middle of the gangway, began to fly-flap the backs of the crew with a bull's gristle or rope's end, and the galley, little by little, stood out to sea.

When Sancho saw so many red legs—for such he thought the oars to be—all move together, he said within himself, “These—yes—are, verily and truly, things of enchantment, and not those of which my master speaks. What have these miserable wretches done that they should be whipped in this manner? And how is it that this one fellow, who goes whistling up and down there, dares to scourge so many people? Now do I hold this to be hell, or purgatory at least.”

Don Quixote, who saw Sancho regard all that passed with so much attention, said to him, “Ah, Sancho, my friend, how speedily, and at what little cost, mightest thou half strip thyself from the shoulders, put thee among these gentlemen, and make an end of the disenchantment of Dulcinea; for, amidst the pains and miseries of so many, thou wouldst not much feel thine own: and, more, it might be that Merlin the sage would account every lash of thine, for being laid on with so good a hand, for ten of those which at last thou hast to give thyself.”

The general would have asked of what lashes he spake, or what he meant by the enchantment of Dulcinea, when the mariner called out, “Monjuich signals a row carvel on the coast to the westward.”

No sooner had the general heard, than he sprang midships and shouted, “What ho! my lads; let her not escape us: she will be some barque of the Algerine pirates which the guard has signalled to us.”

Thereupon came the other three galleys to the flag galley to receive their orders. The general commanded that two of them should stand out to sea, and he, with the other, would keep along shore, so that the carvel might not escape.

The crew seized their oars, which compelled the galleys with such fury, that they seemed to fly. Those which stood out to sea discovered, at a distance of some two miles, a carvel which, from the view, appeared to have fourteen or fifteen banks of oars, which fell out to be the case. The carvel, when it discovered the galleys, put herself in chase, with the hope and intent of escaping by her speed; but she was baffled in this, for the flag galley was one of the swiftest ships that sailed those seas, and so she went gaining on them, until those of the carvel saw full clearly that they could not escape, and it was so when the *arraez*, or master, desired the rowers to quit their oars and to strike, so as not to provoke to anger the captain of our galleys: but fate, which ordered their affairs after another manner, ordered that the flag galley neared so close that they on board the carvel could hear a voice calling upon them to yield, when two *Toraquis*, that is to say, two drunken Turks, which with twelve others came in the carvel, discharged two calivers, which killed two soldiers in our bows.

The general, seeing this, swore that he would not leave a man alive on board the captured carvel; but, going to board her with all fury, she escaped under the suspended oars. The galley, having much way on, went ahead a good space; but those of the carvel,

seeing that they were lost, made all sail and plied their oars, and tried to fly afresh, as they saw the galley returning upon them. But this diligence did not profit them so much, as their daring proved to their hurt; for the flag galley, gaining on them at a little more than half a mile, came up, grappled, and took them all alive.

Thereupon came up the two other galleys, and the whole four, with the prize, returned to the strand, where a great number of people had gathered, desirous to see what they brought.

The general cast anchor close in shore, and knowing that the viceroy of the city was on the marina, he ordered the pinnace to be manned to bring him on board, and to strike the lateen-yard, in order to hang straightway the *arraez* and the rest of the Turks whom he had taken in the carvel, and who numbered some six and thirty persons, all stout youngsters, and Turkish musqueteers for the most part.

The general demanded which of them was the *arraez* of the carvel, and he was answered in the Spanish tongue by one of the captives in the carvel—who it was afterwards known was a renegade—

“This young man whom you see here is our *arraez*.”

And he pointed out one of the finest and most gallant youths that the human fancy can paint. He would not in appearance be more than twenty years old.

The general said to him, “Tell me, ill-advised dog, who moved thee to kill my soldiers? Didst thou not see that it was impossible to escape? Is this the

respect which is due to captains? Knowest thou not that temerity is not courage? Doubtful hopes may make men bold, but should not make them rash."

The *arraez* would have made answer, but the general could not then hear him, having gone to receive the viceroy, who had now come on board the galley, attended by some of his servants and people from the city.

"Sir general, you have had a fine chase," said the viceroy.

"And so fine is the game," replied the general, "that your excellency shall see it hang from this lateen-yard."

"How is this?" demanded the viceroy.

"Because," answered the general, "they have killed me, against all law and against all reason and usance of war, two soldiers of the best which serve in these galleys, and I have sworn to hang as many as I have captured in this carvel, chiefly this youth, who is its *arraez*"—pointing to one whose hands were tied, and the cord fastened round his neck, awaiting the death.

The viceroy regarded him, and perceiving him to be so beautiful and so comely, and yet so meek, his beauty in that instant giving him a letter of recommendation, the desire came into his heart to save him from death, and thereupon he questioned him.

"Tell me, *arraez*, art thou by nation a Turk, a Moor, or a renegade?"

To which the youth answered in similar Castilian, "I am by nation neither a Turk, nor Moor, nor renegade."

“Well, who art thou?” returned the viceroy.

“A Christian woman,” answered the youth.

“A Christian woman! and in this dress and in this pass? This is a thing more for wonder than credence.”

“Delay, O my masters, the execution of my death; it shall be no great loss to stay your revenge the while I rehearse to you my life.”

What heart so hard that would not be softened by words such as these; at least, so far as to listen to what the sad and sorrowful youth desired to tell?

The general told him that he might say what he liked, but that he was not to hope for pardon for his barefaced crime.

With that licence the youth began to speak after this manner:—

“I was born of that nation, more unfortunate than wise, upon which, in these latter days, there has rained a sea of troubles. I was begotten of Moorish parents. In the current of their ill fortune I was carried by two uncles of mine into Barbary, without its profiting me to declare that I was a Christian, as indeed I am, and not of the feigned or pretended, but of the true and catholic. This truth availed me not with those who had charge of our miserable banishment, nor would my uncles believe it, but rather held it for a lie and an invention for the purpose of remaining in the land where I was born, and therefore perforce, rather than of my good will, they took me with them. I had a Christian mother, and a father wise and Christian too, neither less nor more. I sucked the catholic faith

with my milk. I was trained in good manners, and nor in these nor in language did I ever, as I think, show the least sign of being a Morisco. Equally and at the same pace with these virtues (for such I hold them to be) grew my beauty—if, that is, I have any; and although my privacy and prudence were great, yet they were not such as to hinder from seeing me a youthful gentleman called Don Gaspar Gregorio, the son and heir of a rich noble whose home was close to our village. How he saw me, how we spoke together, how he held himself lost for me, and how I gained not much by him would be long to recount, especially at a time when I am trembling lest the cruel cord which threatens shall throttle me even while I speak, and so I can only tell how Don Gregorio resolved to accompany me in our banishment. He mingled with the Moriscos which came from out other towns, because he knew the language very well, and during our journey he became the friend of my two uncles, who brought me with them; and because my father was prudent and advised, as soon as he heard the first proclamation for our banishment, he went forth from our village in search of another in some foreign kingdom where he might find refuge. He left buried and concealed in a certain place, to which I alone was privy, many pearls and precious stones of great value, with some moneys in gold *cruzados* and doubloons. He commanded me, if we were banished before his return, not to touch in any manner the treasure which he left. This I obeyed, and with my uncles, as I have said, and other kindred and acquaint-

ances, we passed into Barbary ; and the town where we settled was Algiers, and we might as well have been in hell itself.

“The Dey received tidings of my beauty, and fame made known my riches to him, which in part proved my good fortune. He called me before him ; he demanded of me of what part of Spain I was, and what jewels I had brought. I told him the town, and that the jewels and moneys remained buried in it, but that they could be easily recovered if I returned for them myself. All this I told him in fearful hope that he would be blinded by his covetousness more than by my beauty.

“While he was thus discoursing with me, it came to his ears how that there had come with me one of the goodliest and fairest youths that could be imagined. I immediately knew that they referred to Don Gaspar Gregorio, whose beauty excelled all others, even the highest. I was troubled, considering the peril which Don Gregorio ran ; for among those barbarous Turks they hold and esteem a boy or a beautiful youth more than a woman, however beautiful she be. Then the king commanded him to be brought before him that he might see him. He asked me if it were true what they said of that youth. Then I, as if cautioned by Heaven, told him what he was like, but that he must know that he was not a male, but a female like me ; and I entreated him to let me dress her in her natural clothes, in order that she might appear in his presence in all her beauty, and with less bashfulness. He told me that I might do so and welcome, and that on the

morrow we should talk of how I might return to Spain and take out the hid treasure.

“ I spake with Don Gregorio—told him of the peril in which he ran by appearing to be a man. I dressed him as a Moorish maiden, and on that same afternoon brought him into the king’s presence, who, on seeing, admired her, and formed the design of keeping her to send her as a present to the Grand Turk ; and to escape the risk he might run by placing her in the seraglio with his own wives, and also fearing himself, he ordered that she should be lodged in the house of one of the chief Moorish ladies, where straightway they carried her. What we two both felt—for I cannot deny that I love him—I leave to the thoughts of those who, while they love, are separated from each other.

“ The king presently gave orders that I should return to Spain in this carvel, and that two Turks should come with me, which were they who killed your soldiers ; there came also with me this Spanish renegade”—pointing to him who had been the first to speak—“ whom I know is a Christian in disguise, and who comes with greater desire to remain in Spain than to return to Barbary ; the rest of the crew of the carvel are Moors and Turks, who are of no other use than to row. The two covetous and insolent Turks, disregarding the orders which were given to them to put me and this renegade ashore in the first part of Spain at which we might touch, and in the dress of Christians, with which we came provided, wished first of all to sweep this coast, and to make some prize if they could ; fearing that if they landed us first, we

might make it known by some accident that such a carvel was out at sea, and if perchance there were galleys abroad, she might be captured.

“Last night we made this strand, and without having tidings of these four galleys, we were discovered, and that has befallen us which you have seen. Finally, Don Gregorio remains in woman’s attire among women, in manifest danger of losing himself, and I behold me with my hands tied, fearing to lose the life of which I am weary. This, sirs, is the end of my lamentable story, as true as it is most unfortunate. What I entreat of you is that I may be allowed to die like a Christian, for, as I have said, in nothing have I been to blame for the blame into which my people have fallen.”

And then she held her peace, her eyes being pregnant with tender tears, in which many of those who stood by kept her company.

The viceroy, tender and compassionate, came to her, and, without speaking a word, with his own hands took off the cord which bound those of the beautiful Mooress.

The while that the Christian Mooress rehearsed her strange story, the eyes of an ancient pilgrim who had come on board the galley with the viceroy were riveted upon her, and scarcely had the Mooress made an end of her discourse, when he threw himself at her feet, and kissing them, with words broken by a thousand sobs and sighs, he cried—

“Oh, Ana Felix, my unhappy child, I am thy father Ricote, who hath returned to seek thee; without thee I cannot live, for thou art my soul!”

At these words Sancho opened his eyes and raised his head, which he held bowed down, thinking of the ill luck of his trip; and regarding the pilgrim, he knew him to be the same Ricote whom he had met on the day when he sallied from his government, and was convinced that this was his daughter, who, now being unbound, embraced her father, mixing her tears with his own. Then said he to the general and to the viceroy—

“This, my lords, is my daughter, more unhappy in her fortunes than in her name. She is called Ana Felix, with the surname of Ricote, famous as much for her beauty as for my riches. I left my country to seek in foreign realms some place in which to lodge and shelter us: having found one in Germany, I returned in this pilgrim’s habit, in company with other Germans, to search for my daughter, and to unbury many riches which I have left hidden. I found not my daughter, but I found the treasure, which I have brought with me; and now, by the strange circuit which you have seen, I have found the treasure which most enriches me, which is my lost child. If our little fault and her tears and mine by the integrity of your justice can open the doors of mercy, use it with us, who never thought to offend you, nor in any ways agreed with the ill intent of those of our people who have been justly banished.”

Then said Sancho, “I know Ricote well, and I know that what he has said about his daughter Ana Felix is true. As for these other odds and ends of coming and going, and good or ill intents, I do not mix myself up in them.”

All present were greatly astonished for the strange case, and the general said, "At all events, thy tears will not permit me to keep my oath. Live, beautiful Ana Felix, the years of thy life which Heaven hath set out for thee, and let the insolent and presumptuous bear the punishment of their crimes." And forthwith he commanded that they should hang on the lateen-yard the two Turks who had killed his two soldiers.

But the viceroy pleaded earnestly that he would not hang them, their crime coming more from madness than courage.

The general did as the viceroy wished, for vengeance is never well taken in cold blood. Then they pondered how to plan the rescue of Don Gaspar Gregorio from the danger in which he remained. Ricote offered towards this more than two thousand ducats, which he had in pearls and jewels. Many measures were proposed; but none were equal to that of the aforementioned renegade, who offered to return to Algiers in some small barque of half a dozen banks, armed with Christian rowers, for he knew where, how, and at what time he might and ought to disembark, and at the same time he was not ignorant of the house in which Don Gaspar remained.

The general and the viceroy were in doubt about trusting the renegade, or confiding to him the Christians who were to row at the oars. But Ana Felix undertook for him, and Ricote offered to ransom the Christians if perchance they should be captured.

All now being agreed in this, the viceroy disembarked, and Don Antonio took with him the Moorish

and her father, the viceroy enjoining him to regale them and give them all good welcome, and on his own part offered all that was in his house for their repose and comfort; so great was the benevolence and charity which the beauty of Ana Felix had inspired in his breast.

CHAPTER LXIV.

WHICH TREATS OF THE ADVENTURE WHICH GAVE DON QUIXOTE MORE GRIEF THAN ANY OF THE MANY WHICH HAD HAPPENED TO HIM UNTIL NOW.

THE wife of Don Antonio, so the history recounts, received the greatest pleasure from seeing Ana Felix in her home. She welcomed her most kindly, being as much enamoured of her beauty as of her discretion ; for in one and the other the Mooress greatly excelled ; and all the people of the city came to see her, as if they had been called by toll of bell.

Don Quixote gave Don Antonio to understand that, according to his seeming, they had taken a wrong course for the deliverance of Don Gregorio, there being in it more danger than likelihood of success ; and that it would have been better to put him in Barbary with his horse and arms ; for he would have delivered him in spite of all Moorism, as Don Gayferos had rescued his wife Melisendra.

“ Look, your worship,” said Sancho on hearing this, “ that Master Don Gayferos rescued his wife on the mainland, and by the mainland carried her into

France ; but here, even if we delivered Don Gregorio we have no means to bring him into Spain, because the sea lies between."

"There is a remedy for all things but death," said Don Quixote. "It is but having a ship ready on the sea-coast, and we could embark in it, even though all the world opposed us."

"Your worship describes and makes it very easy," said Sancho, "but between said and done is a long way to run ; and I like the renegade, for he seems to me a good honest fellow, and of true pity."

Don Antonio said that if the renegade should fail in the business, they might then put in practice the plan for the descent of the great Don Quixote upon Barbary.

Two days after this, the renegade set sail in a fast vessel having six oars on each side, armed with a most valiant crew ; and in other two days the galleys sailed for the Levant, the general having prayed the viceroy to advise him of all that happened in the deliverance of Don Gregorio, and in the matter of Ana Felix. And the viceroy promised to fulfil all his request.

Now one morning, as Don Quixote went forth for a trot on the strand, armed in complete steel—for, as he often said,

My ornaments are arms, my only rest the fight,

and therefore he never cared to appear in other dress—he saw a knight coming towards him, armed like himself from top to toe, and bearing on his shield the

device of a silver moon. On coming within earshot, in a loud voice, directing his speech to Don Quixote, he said—

“ Illustrious knight, and never-enough-lauded Don Quixote de la Mancha, I am the Knight of the Silver Moon, whose unheard-of exploits have perhaps brought him to thy notice, and am come to contend with thee, and to prove the strength of thine arms, and to make thee know and confess that my lady, be she whom she may, is, without compare, more beautiful than thy Dulcinea del Toboso ; which truth if thou shalt straight confess, fully and freely, thou shalt save thy life, and me the trouble of taking it from thee : and if thou wilt fight, and I overthrow thee, I demand no other satisfaction than that thou shalt forsake arms, and, renouncing the search for adventures, shalt retire and hie thee home for the space of a year, where thou shalt live in peace and profitable quiet, without laying hand to thy sword, for such doth thy estate need, and so shall it prove thy soul’s salvation ; and if thou shalt conquer me, my head will remain at thy discretion, and the spoils of my horse and arms shall be thine, and the fame of my exploits shall pass from me to thee. Consider what is best for thee, and answer me at once ; for on this day must this business be despatched.”

Don Quixote was astonished and amazed, as much for the arrogance of the Knight of the Silver Moon as at the cause for which he challenged him ; and with calm, but severe, mien he answered, “ Knight of the Silver Moon, whose exploits up till now have not come

beneath my notice, I dare 'be sworn that never has thou seen the illustrious Dulcinea ; for, hadst thou seen her, full well I know that thou wouldst never have put thyself in this demand, for the sight of her should have undeceived thee to confess that there never was, nor could be, a beauty which could vie with hers. And therefore, not to say that thou liest, but only that thou art grievously in error, with the conditions thou hast named I accept thy challenge, and at once, for that thy limited day shall not pass : with one exception in thy conditions, that the fame of thy exploits shall pass to me, for I know nothing of them, or of their kind ; I am content with mine own, such as they are. Choose you what part of the field liketh you best, I will do the same ; and she whom God shall give thee may St. Peter bless."

It being now known in the city that the Knight of the Silver Moon was holding a controversy with Don Quixote de la Mancha, it was told to the viceroy, who, believing it to be some new adventure plotted by Don Antonio Moreno, or by some other gentleman of the city, went down to the strand in company of Don Antonio, and with many other notables of the city, and reached the spot just as Don Quixote had wheeled Rozinante to take his career.

The viceroy, perceiving that the two were about to rush to an encounter, put himself between them, and demanded the cause which had moved them to engage so suddenly in that battle.

The Knight of the Silver Moon answered that it was on a precedence in beauty, and in brief words

repeated what he had said to Don Quixote, with the acceptance of the challenge and its conditions made on both sides.

The viceroy came to Don Antonio, and asked in his ear if he knew who was that Knight of the Silver Moon, or if it were some new jest to be played on Don Quixote.

Don Antonio replied that he did not know who the knight was, nor if the challenge were in jest or in earnest.

This reply perplexed the viceroy, and made him doubt if he should allow the combat to go on ; but not being able to persuade himself that it was aught else but a jest, he gat him to one side, and said, "Sir knights, if now there be no other remedy but to confess or die, and sir Don Quixote is bent on carrying out his purpose,¹ and his worship of the Silver Moon persists in his, why, to it in God's name."

He of the Silver Moon thanked the viceroy in courteous and discreet words for the licence which he had given them ; and the same also did Don Quixote, who, commending himself to Heaven with all his heart, and to Dulcinea, as was his custom at the beginning of all the battles which were offered him, turned to take a little more field, for he saw that his adversary had done the same ; and, without sound of trumpet or other martial music to give signal for the onset, they both wheeled their horses at the same instant. And as that of Silver Moon was more swift, he met Don Quixote before he had run a third of his career, and with such great force, that without touching him with the lance

—for it appears that he carried it aloft ² on purpose—he gave Rozinante, and with him Don Quixote, a parous fall to the ground. Foot-hot he ran to him, and bringing his lance to his vizor, he cried—

“Thou art conquered knight, and even a dead man unless thou confess to the conditions of our challenge.”

Don Quixote, bruised and stunned, without raising his beaver, and as if he spoke from within a tomb, in a sick and feeble voice said, “Dulcinea del Toboso is the most beautiful woman of the world, and I the most miserable knight of the earth; nor is it right that my weakness should belie this truth. Strike home, knight, thy lance, and take my life, seeing thou hast taken away mine honour.”

“That I most certainly shall not do,” said he of the Silver Moon. “Long live in its entirety the fame of the beauty of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso; I am content alone for that the great Don Quixote shall retreat to his village for a year, or until such time as shall be prescribed by me, according to the conditions on which we agreed before we engaged in this battle.”

All this the viceroy and Don Antonio heard, together with all those who were with them; and they also heard Don Quixote say that, as he demanded nothing that was to the prejudice of Dulcinea, all the rest he would comply with as a knight, punctual and true.

This confession being made, he of the Silver Moon turned rein, and, bowing his head to the viceroy, at a hand gallop returned to the city.

The viceroy requested Don Antonio to follow

after him, and by all means to find out who he was.

They raised Don Quixote, discovered his face, and found it blanched and bathed in sweat. Rozinante, in evil case, could not then stir. Sancho, all grief, all sadness, knew not what to say, nor what to do; to him it seemed that all that had happened had passed in a dream—that the whole of that machination was a thing of enchantment. He saw his master surrender, sworn not to take up arms for a year; he imagined the light of the glory of his deeds clouded over, the hopes of his new promises broken, as smoke is broken by the wind. He wondered if Rozinante would remain humpbacked or not, or his master dislocated: it had been no small fortune had he been disluned.

Finally, they carried him to the city in an arm-chair, which the viceroy had sent for; and the viceroy also returned thither, desirous to know who was the Knight of the Silver Moon who had left Don Quixote in such evil case.

CHAPTER LXV.

WHEREIN TIDINGS ARE GIVEN OF HIM WHO WAS THE KNIGHT OF THE MOON, WITH THE DELIVERANCE OF DON GREGORIO, AND OTHER HAPS.

DON ANTONIO MORENO followed the Knight of the Silver Moon, who was pursued, and even persecuted also, by many boys, until they had housed him in an inn within the city. Don Antonio passed in with the desire to know him ; a squire passed out to receive and disarm him : and he found himself closeted in a lower room with Don Antonio, whose cake was dough till he knew who the knight could be.

Silver Moon, seeing that the gentleman would not leave him, said, " Sir, I know right well for what you come, that it is to know who I am ; and because there is no reason for me to deny you, while my servant is disarming me I will tell you, without bating one jot of the truth of the case. You must know that they call me the bachelor Sampson Carrasco. I am a native of the same village as Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose lunacy and foolery move all as many as know him to pity, and me most of all the rest ; and

believing that his health lies in his being quiet, and that he should be at his own place and in his own home, I hit upon this device to stay him there: and so, some three moons ago, I took to the road as a knight-errant, calling myself the Knight of the Mirrors, with intent to fight him and overcome him, without doing him any hurt, imposing for the condition of our battle that the conquered should remain at the discretion of the conqueror; and what I intended to demand of him—for I already held him as conquered—was that he should return to his village, and not leave it for a whole year, in which time he might get cured. But chance ordered it after another sort; for he conquered me, and threw me from my horse, and therefore my purpose did not take effect. He continued on his way, and I went back, conquered, tousled, and mauled with the fall, which was sufficiently dangerous. Still not for that did I give up the wish to return in search of him, and to conquer him, as you have seen this day; and as he is so punctual in keeping the rules of knight-errantry, without any doubt he will observe that which I have laid upon him, and will be as good as his word. This, sir, is the meaning of what has passed, without my needing to tell you aught besides; I entreat of you that you do not discover me to Don Quixote,³ nor tell him who I am, in order that my good desires may be accomplished, and that a man may recover his wits who is of an excellent mind, if the fooleries of chivalry do but leave him.”

“Oh, sir,” said Don Antonio, “may God forgive

you the wrong you have done to all the world in wishing to make sane the most gracious madman which it holds! Do you, sir, not perceive that the profit which shall come from the healing of Don Quixote can never be equal to the pleasure which is caused by his ecstasies? But I fancy that all the art of master bachelor shall not avail to make sane a man who is so irrecoverably mad; and if it were not against all charity, I would say, May Don Quixote never be cured; for by his health we shall not only lose his pleasantries, but also those of Sancho Panza his squire—either one of which is able to make melancholy herself be merry. But, for all that, I will hold my tongue, and will say nothing, to see if I suspect aright that never shall the trouble taken by Master Carrasco be of any avail."

The bachelor answered that as now, all things considered, the business was in a fair way, he hoped for a happy issue out of it; and having desired Don Antonio to command him in all things, he bade him farewell. Then, causing his arms to be packed on a mule, and at the same time mounting the horse with which he had entered the lists, he departed from the city on that same day, and returned home without anything happening worthy of recordation in this veracious history.

Don Antonio rehearsed to the viceroy all that Carrasco had told him, from which the viceroy received but small pleasure; for, in the retreat of Don Quixote, all who had knowledge of him would lose the delight which his follies procured for them.

Six days was Don Quixote in bed, melancholy, sad, pensive, and ill-conditioned, the misery of his unhappy overthrow passing and quickly returning through his mind.

Sancho comforted him, and amongst other words he said, "Lift up your head, dear sir, be glad, if you can, and give thanks to Heaven that the overthrow on earth has not come off with a broken rib : and you know that where they give they take, and that not always is there bacon where there are hooks to hang it up. A fig for the doctor, since he be not needed to cure you of this complaint ; let us go home, and give up this wandering about after adventures through lands and places which we know not. And if you think well about it, I am here the biggest loser, although your worship is the worst hit. I, who gave up the government, and with it the desire ever to be a governor, did not give up liking to be a count, which can never come to pass if your worship gives up thinking to be king, and you forsake the exercise of your chivalry ; and so, all my hopes must end in smoke."

"Break thee off, Sancho ; dost thou not see that my retreat and seclusion will not be for more than a year, when speedily will I return to my honoured profession, and then will there be no lack of a kingdom to gain, and a county to give to thee ?"

"God hear him," said Sancho, "and the sinner be deaf ; and I have always heard it said that a good hope is better than a bad holding."

They were in the midst of this, when Don Antonio entered, crying aloud, with great expressions of delight,

“Largess, sir Don Quixote, for the tidings which I bring. Don Gregorio and the renegade who went out for him are now on the strand—— Why do I say of the strand?—they have reached the house of the viceroy, and will be here this instant.”

Don Quixote was a little cheered, and he said “In truth, I am for saying that it had pleased me better if it had happened otherwise, for then should I have found me bound to pass over into Barbary, where, by the strength of my arm, I would have given liberty not only to Don Gregorio, but to as many Christian captives as are there in Barbary. But what am I saying, wretched man that I am? Am I not the conquered? am I not the overthrown? am I not he who is not able to take up arms for a whole year? What then do I promise? Of what can I vaunt, if the distaff becomes me better than the sword?”

“Leave this, master,” said Sancho. “Long live the hen, if it be with her pip: to-day is for thee, and to-morrow for me: and in these affairs of encounters and tumblings there is no need to take note of them; for he that falls to-day may rise to-morrow, unless he has a mind to stay in bed—I mean to faint, and not make heart for fresh quarrels. And, good your worship, rise now to receive Don Gregorio; for the people will be all alive, and no doubt he is now in the house.”

And such proved to be true; for Don Gregorio and the renegade having now given the viceroy an account of his going and return, Don Gregorio yearned to see Ana Felix, and he came with the renegade to Don Antonio’s house: and although Don

Gregorio, when they rescued him from Algiers, was in a woman's dress, he changed it in the barque for that of a captive who came with them ; but, in whatsoever habit he came, he appeared to be a person whom all would wish to serve and to love, for he was handsome in the extreme, and of the age of seventeen or eighteen years. Ricote and his daughter went out to meet him, the father in tears, and the child clothed in modesty. They did not embrace one the other ; for, where there is much love, there is never much boldness. The two beauties together, Don Gregorio and Ana Felix, made all who were there together to wonder and admire. It was silence which spoke for the two lovers, and eyes were the tongues which made known their happy honest thoughts.

The renegade rehearsed the art and means he used for the deliverance of Don Gregorio. Don Gregorio told of the dangers and conflicts he had passed among the women with whom he was left, not in any large discourse, but in few words, wherein he showed that his discretion exceeded his years.

Finally, Ricote paid and liberally rewarded not only the renegade, but all those who had rowed in the barque. The renegade was reincorporated and reconciled with the Church, and, from a rotten member, became clean and sound by penance and repentance.

Two days afterwards, the viceroy consulted with Don Antonio on the best way to proceed whereby Ana Felix and her father might remain in Spain, it appearing to them that there should be no difficulty whatever why so Christian a daughter and a father so well meaning should not remain.

Don Antonio offered to come to court to negotiate the affair, having to come of necessity on other business; letting them know that there, by means of favours and gifts, many difficult things can be accomplished.

“No,” said Ricote, who was present at this discourse, “there is no need to wait for favours or to hope in gifts, because with the great Don Bernardino de Velasco,⁴ Count de Salazar, to whose charge his Majesty committed our expulsion, prayers are of no avail, nor promises, nor gifts, nor tears; for, though it be true that he mingles mercy with justice, as he knows that the whole body of our nation is contaminated and rotten, his way is rather to cauterize with fire than to mollify with ointment: and thus, by prudence, with sagacity, with diligence, and with terrors, he hath borne upon his strong shoulders the bounden execution, the heavy burden of this vast business, without our thrifts, stratagems, solicitations, and frauds having been able to veil his Argus’ eyes, which are continually awake; so that none of ours might remain like a hidden root, to spring up afterwards and shoot and bear poisoned fruit for Spain, now cleansed, now free of the fears in which our swarming numbers held it: heroic resolve of the great Philip the Third, and unheard-of prudence in having charged with it the same Don Bernardino de Velasco.”

“Well, well,” said Don Antonio, “while I am there I will use all diligence that is possible to me, and may Heaven be pleased to do for us the rest. Don Gre-

gorio shall with me to heal the sore which his parents must feel for his absence ; Ana Felix will remain with my wife in my home, or in a convent ; and I have no doubt that his excellency the viceroy will be glad for the good Ricote to remain with him until we see how the business goes."

The viceroy consented to the whole proposal ; but Don Gregorio, fully aware of what had passed, said that in no manner could it so be, nor would he consent to leave Doña Ana Felix, but being minded to visit his parents, when he could devise how best to return for her, he fell into the concerted agreement. Ana Felix remained with Don Antonio's wife, and Ricote in the house of the viceroy.

The day came for Don Antonio's departure ; and for that of Don Quixote and Sancho, two other days afterwards : his fall not allowing him to take the road sooner.

There were tears, there were sighs, faintings, and sobs, on Don Gregorio taking his leave of Ana Felix. Ricote offered him a thousand crowns if he needed them ; but he did not take them—only five, which he borrowed from Don Antonio, promising to return them on arriving at Madrid. With this the two took their leave, and Don Quixote and Sancho afterwards, as hath been said ; Don Quixote disarmed, and in a dress for the way, and Sancho on foot, because Dapple was laden with arms.

NOTES TO CHAPTERS LXIV. AND LXV.

Note 1, page 639.

Bent on carrying out his purpose. This is but a paraphrase of the text *Don Quixote está en sus trace y vuesa merced en sus catorce*—a proverbial expression like *echarlo todo á doce* in chapter xxv. Part I., the meaning of which appears to be quite lost. The Academy's dictionary explains the first thus: *mantenerse ó persistir con pertinácia en una cosa que se ha aprendido ó empezado á ejecutar.*

Note 2, page 640.

He carried it aloft. i.e. his lance. This description of the two knights is taken literally from the books of chivalry, where it repeatedly occurs.—See the *Caballero de la Cruz*, lib. ii. c. 23 ; *Tirante*, Parte iii. p. 362, Cailus's translation ; *Tristan*, p. 137 ; *Policisne de Boécia*, c. 73, etc., etc.

Note 3, page 643.

Do not discover me to Don Quixote. This, the reader will not fail to notice, was the precise treatment required for the recovery of Don Quixote of his reason, and Cervantistas may contend with homœopathists for the right to use the motto which heads the page where the bachelor's explanation of his method is given.

Note 4, page 648.

Don Bernardino de Velasco. According to Pellicer, this Count de Salazar was not the only grandee who was entrusted with the task of expelling the Moors from Spain ; there were others. If we may judge from some verses which Pellicer found in his Majesty's library, the people passed some free remarks upon these officers, and the easy manner in which they became suddenly rich. Salazar, it appears, was an ugly man, but had an uglier wife, and was thereby consoled.

*Yesterday it came to pass
Salazar went to the glass,
Saw unscared an ugly phiz ;
'Twas his wife's—it was not his.*

Vide Pellicer, tom. v. 313, 314.

CHAPTER LXVI.

WHICH TREATS OF THAT WHICH HE WHO SEES SHALL
READ, OR HE SHALL HEAR WHO LISTENS TO THE
READING.

ON leaving Barcelona, Don Quixote turned to look at the place where he had fallen, and he exclaimed—

“Here stood Troy! Here my evil chance, and not my cowardice, despoiled me of my achieved glories; here did fortune use with me her turns and overturns; here were my exploits sullied o’er; here finally fell my fortunes, never to rise again.”

Which being heard by Sancho, he said, “It belongs to valiant hearts, master mine, to be patient in tribulations as to be jocund in prosperities. And by myself do I judge this: for if when I was a governor I was merry, now that I am a foot squire I am not sad; for I have heard say that her whom they call Fortune is a drunken wanton, fickle, and, above everything, blind; and so she neither sees what she doeth, nor knoweth whom she overthrows, nor whom she sets up.”

“Verily thou art a philosopher, Sancho,” answered Don Quixote. “Marvellous wisely dost thou talk; nor

do I know who instructed thee. What I may tell thee is that there is no fortune in this world, nor do the things which happen in it, be they good or be they bad, fall by accident, but by the special providence of Heaven; and of this comes that which is said, 'Every man is the artificer of his own fortune.' So have I been of mine, but not with wary temperance, and so my presumption has been followed by disgrace; for I ought to have known that it was not possible for the weakness of Rozinante to stand the shock of the mighty splendour of the horse of him of the Silver Moon. In fine, I was bold: I did what I could; I bit the dust, and, although I lost honour, I have not lost, nor can I lose, the virtue of keeping my word. While I was a knight-errant, daring and valiant, with my works and with my hand I brought credit to my deeds, and now, while I am a squire of foot, I will do credit to my words, fulfilling that which I have promised. March, then, friend Sancho, and hie we home to keep the year of our probation, in which retiredness we will arm us with new virtue, in order to return to the, by me, never-to-be-forgotten profession of arms."

"Master," answered Sancho, "it is not a matter of such great pleasure to go on foot, as to excite me to make long marches. Let us leave these arms hung up in some tree in the stead of some hanged fellow, and then, I occupying the back of Dapple, with my feet picked off the ground, we can make way just as your worship likes and measures; but to imagine that I can go on my shanks and make a long day's trot, is out of all question."

“ Well said, Sancho,” replied Don Quixote ; “ hang thee my arms for a trophy, and at the foot of them, or over them, we will cut in the trees that which was written underneath the trophy of arms of Orlando—

*Let none but he these arms remove
Who dares Orlando's strength to prove.”*

“ All this, to my seeming, is beautiful,” said Sancho ; “ and if it were not that we should find the lack of Rozinante by the way, it would not be amiss to hang him as well.”

“ Well, neither he nor the arms shall be hanged,” answered Don Quixote, “ that none may be able to say, ‘ For good service evil guerdon.’ ”

“ Your worship says right well,” quoth Sancho ; “ for, according to the opinion of the wise, the fault of the ass should not be heaped on the saddle ; and since your worship was to blame in this business, you ought to punish yourself, and not let your wrath burst on the bloody and battered arms, nor on the meekness of Rozinante, nor on the tenderness of my feet, wanting them to go further than they can bear.”

In such discourse and reasoning did they pass that day, and even four others, without a thing happening to them to put them out of the way ; and on the fifth day, on entering a village, they found much people in front of a tavern, who, for that it was a feast day, were enjoying themselves there. When Don Quixote came up to them, one, who was a labourer, lifted up his voice and said—

“ One of these two gentlemen who are a-coming

here, and who does not know the sides, shall decide our wager."

"That will I, most willingly," answered Don Quixote, "with all uprightness, if, that is, I may understand it."

"Well," said the labourer, "the case is, good master, that there is a neighbour of this village so fat that he weighs eleven *arrobas*, and he challenged another neighbour to run with him who does not weigh more than five. The condition is that they are to run a race of a hundred paces with equal weights; and having demanded of the challenger how the weights were to be made equal, he answered that he who weighed five *arrobas* should carry six *arrobas* of iron on his back, and so the eleven *arrobas* of the lean should equal the eleven of the fat."

"By no means," exclaimed Sancho, before Don Quixote could make answer; "and to me, who only a few days ago left off being governor and judge, as all the world knows—to me belongs the resolving of these doubts, and to give opinion on the whole case."

"Resolve and welcome, friend Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for I am not fit to give sops to a cat, so disturbed and confused do I carry my judgment."

With this licence, Sancho said to the labourers—many of whom had gathered around him, with mouths open, awaiting his sentence—"Brothers, that which the fat one demands will not hold water, nor hath it the least shadow of justice; for if what they say be true, that the challenged one can choose the weapons, it is not fair that he select such as shall hinder, or

stand in the way of victory being fairly won ; argal, it is my opinion that the fat challenger peel, prune, polish, pare, and sweat out six *arrobas* of his flesh, from here, there, or anywhere of his carcase, wherever and howsoever it liketh him best ; and after this manner, he remaining with five *arrobas*, shall be equal and balanced with the five of his adversary, and, argal, be able to run on even terms."

"Now, by my body!" exclaimed one of the labourers who had listened to Sancho's sentence, "but this gentleman has spoken like a saint, and given sentence like a canon ; but full sure am I that the fat one will not part with an ounce of his lard, much less six *arrobas*."

"The best way out of it will be," said another, "not to run at all, and then lean will not be pounded with his weights, nor fat be robbed of his flesh ; and let us spend half the bet in wine, and let us take these gentles to the tavern, and treat them with the dearest : and, when it rains, throw the cloak over me."

"I, gentlemen," answered Don Quixote, "thank ye, but I cannot stay me a moment ; for weighty thoughts and mournful haps compel me to a seeming of incivility, and I must away with all speed."

And, so saying, he gave Rozinante the spur, and passed on, leaving them all in wonder for what they had seen and noted, as much for his strange figure, as for the discretion of his servant—for such they judged Sancho to be.

And another of the labourers said, "Well, well ! if the man be so judgmatical, what shall the gaffer be ? I will lay a bet if they goes to the studies at Salamanca,

they will come to be beadles of the court in no time ; for when a fellow least looks for it, he finds him with a wand in his fist, and a mitre on his noddle."

That night master and man passed in the fields beneath the clear and open sky, and on the morrow they continued on their way, when they saw a man coming towards them on foot, with some wallets round his neck, and a spear, or partisan, in his hand—the proper figure for a walking post to cut—who, as he drew near to Don Quixote, picked up his feet and, at half a trot, came to him, and embracing his right thigh, not being able to reach higher, he exclaimed with much mirth—

"Oh, my lord Don Quixote de la Mancha, how will the heart of my lord the duke jump for joy when he knows that your worship is returning to his castle ! He is still there with my lady the duchess."

"I do not know thee, friend," replied Don Quixote, "nor can I guess who thou art, unless thou tell me."

"I, my lord Don Quixote," answered the post-boy, "am Tosilos, the lacquey to my lord the duke, who had no mind to fight with your worship about marrying the daughter of Doña Rodriguez."

"God guard me !" exclaimed Don Quixote, "is it possible that thou art he whom the enchanters, my enemies, formed into that lacquey of whom thou speakest, to defraud me of the honour of that battle."

"Peace, good master," replied the man of letters. "There was no manner of enchantment, nor any changing of the face whatever ; I was as much the lacquey Tosilos when I went inside the stakes, as I was

Tosilos the lacquey when I came out. I thought to have married without fighting, for I liked the wench very well, but it happened just the other way of my fancy ; for no sooner had your worship left our castle, than the duke my master made them give me a huge beating, and all because I went against the ordinances which he gave me before entering into the battle ; and the end of it all is, that the girl is now a nun, and Doña Rodriguez has gone back to Castile, and I am on my way to Barcelona with a packet of letters to the viceroy, which my master sends him. If your worship would like to have a pull pure—although it will be somewhat warm—I have here a calabash full of the dearest, with I know not how many crusts of Tronchon cheese, to serve as a caller and wakener up of the thirst, if it be asleep.”

“ I like the offer,” said Sancho, “and let the rest slide : pour out, Tosilos the good, despite and in spite of all the enchanters there are in the Indies.”

“ In fine, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “if thou wilt not be persuaded that this postman is enchanted, and this Tosilos a counterfeit, thou art the greatest glutton of the world, and the most ignorant of the earth. Remain thee with him and stuff thyself ; I will proceed slowly onward, and await thy coming.”

The lacquey smiled, unsheathed his gourd, unwalleted his chips, and drawing out a little loaf of bread, he and Sancho seated them on the green grass, and in peace and good company they sharpened their teeth and cast anchor in the depths of the wallets, with such

lusty greed, that they licked the packet of letters because it smelt of cheese.

Said Tosilos to Sancho, "Without doubt, thy master, Sancho, is bound to be mad."

"Why bound?" replied Sancho. "He does not owe anything to anybody; he pays all, and more when money is madness. I see it well, and well do I tell him my mind: but to what profit? More by token that it is now all over with him, through having been conquered by the Knight of the Silver Moon."

Tosilos entreated him to tell what had happened: but Sancho said that it would be unmannerly to have his master wait for him, but that some other day, when they met, there might be time and place for the gossip; and, rising to his feet, shaking his coat and beard of the crumbs, driving Dapple before him, and saying "God be wi' you," he left Tosilos, and followed after his master, whom he found awaiting him in the shadow of a tree.

CHAPTER LXVII.

OF THE RESOLUTION WHICH DON QUIXOTE TOOK TO TURN SHEPHERD AND FOLLOW A PASTORAL LIFE WHILE THE YEAR OF HIS PROMISE SHOULD PASS, WITH OTHER HAPPENINGS, IN SOOTH, VERY SAVOURY AND GOOD.

IF many thoughts wearied Don Quixote before his overthrow, many more thoughts wearied him after his fall. He stood in the shadow of a tree, as hath been said, and there, as flies on honey, so swarmed his stinging thoughts; some pricked him with the disenchantment of Dulcinea, and others on the life which he should lead in his compelled retreat.

Sancho now came up and lauded the liberal condition of the lacquey Tosilos.

“Is it possible, O Sancho,” said Don Quixote to him, “that as yet thou deemest yonder one to be a real lacquey? It seems that thou wouldst even deny having seen Dulcinea converted and transformed into a field woman, and the Knight of the Mirrors into the bachelor Carrasco—the works, all of them, of the enchanters who pursue after me. But, tell me now, didst thou demand of this Tosilos, as thou callest him,

what God hath done with Altisidora ; if she hath mourned my absence, or hath now delivered into oblivion the love thoughts with which my presence troubled her ? ”

“ I ne’er thought on it,” answered Sancho, “ nor did the thoughts I had leave me room to make question of fooleries. Body o’ me ! is your worship now in a state to inquire after other people’s thoughts, especially thoughts of love ? ”

“ Look you, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ there is much difference between the works which are done of love, and those which are done for gratefulness. It might well be that a knight may be loveless ; but it can never be, speaking in strict truth, that he should be ungrateful. In all likelihood Altisidora loved me well. She gave me three kerchiefs, as thou knowest ; she wept my parting, cursed me, vilified me, and, without modesty, publicly railed on me—signs, every one of them, that she adored me ; for the anger of lovers is wont to end in maledictions. I had neither hopes to give her, nor treasures to offer her ; for all mine I hold devoted to Dulcinea, and the treasures of your knights-errant are, like those of the fairies, passing false and seeming show, and I can only bestow upon her these fond records which I have of her, without prejudice whatever to those which I have of Dulcinea, whom thou dost wrong by thy slackness in scourging thee, and chastening that flesh of thine—may I see it given to the wolves !—which would rather keep itself for worms than yield it as a ransom for that poor lady.”

“Master,” answered Sancho, “if I must tell you true, I cannot persuade me that the flogging of my buttocks hath aught to do with the disenchantment of the enchanted, which is just as if you were to say, If the head aches, anoint thy knees; at least, I dare swear that in as many histories your worship hath read, which treat of errant chivalry, you have never seen any disenchantment by whipping: but, for yea or for nay, I will lay it on when I have a mind for it, and the time shall serve to chastise myself.”

“God grant it,” replied Don Quixote; “and Heaven give thee grace to fall into the duty and obligation which pertains to thee, to run to the succour of my mistress, who is thine, because thou belongest unto me.”

In this discourse they held on their way, when they came to the same site and spot where they were tumbled over by the bulls. Don Quixote recognized it, and said to Sancho—

“This is the meadow where we lighted on the brave shepherdesses and the gallant shepherds who would imitate and re-act in it the pastoral Arcadia, a fancy that is as novel as it is discreet; in imitation of which, if, that is, it shall seem good to thee, I would like, O Sancho, that we convert ourselves into shepherds, at least, for the time in which we have to be in retreat. I will buy a few sheep, and all other things which are needful for the pastoral life, and I will call me the shepherd Quixotiz, and thou the shepherd Pancino; we will roam over these hills, and through the woods and skirted meads,

singing here, lamenting there, drinking of the liquid crystals of the fountains, or now of the clear streams, or of the proud and plenteous rivers. The oaks shall give us of their most sweet and plentiful fruit ; the trunks of the most hardy corks shall give us seats, the willows shade, the roses perfume, the spreading meadows carpets of many colours, the clear and pure air breath ; the moon and stars, light in spite of the darkness of night ; song, delight ; weeping, gladness ; Apollo, poesy ; love, conceits by which we may make ourselves eternal and famous, not only in the present age, but in ages to come."

"By the Virgin's doves," said Sancho, "but this manner of life likes me very well ; and it is my faith that scarcely shall the bachelor Sampson Carrasco have seen it, and Master Nicholas the barber, but they will want to come and make shepherds of themselves too with us : and, if it please God, the priest shall also have a mind to come and enter the fold ; for he is of a merry turn, and fond of pleasure."

"Thou hast well said, Sancho," answered Don Quixote ; "and thou canst call the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, if he enter the pastoral pale—as he will enter it, without doubt—the shepherd Sansonsino, or, again, the shepherd Carrascon : the barber Nicholas might be called Niculoso, as the ancient Boscan was called Nemoroso ; the priest—I hardly know what name to give him, unless it be some derivative of his name, calling him the shepherd Priestfold. For the shepherdesses of whom we are to be the lovers, we can choose their names like pears ; and as that of my

mistress squares as well with a shepherdess as a princess, I need not weary myself in seeking for a better. Thou, Sancho, can give to thine whatever pleaseth thee."

"I do not mean," said Sancho, "to give her another, except it be Teresona, which will fit well with her fatness and the one she has already—for is she not called Teresa?—and more besides when I come to sing her in my verses, and I come to make known my chaste desires; for I do not hunt after better bread than wheaten in other folk's houses. As for the priest, it will not be so well for him to have a shepherdess, in order to set a good example; and as for the bachelor, if he should like to have one, why, he can please himself."

"God's my light!" exclaimed Don Quixote, "what a life we shall have of it, Sancho, my friend! What a world of sweet pipes shall sound in our ears! what of bagpipes! what of tambourines! what of timbrels and of rebecks! and if among these different sorts of music we may find the albogue, we should then have nearly the whole of the pastoral instruments."

"What are albogues?" demanded Sancho; "for I have never heard their name, nor seen them, in all my life."

"Albogues," answered Don Quixote, "are a sort of metal plates like brazen candlesticks, which, striking one against the other on the hollow side, give out a sound which, if neither very agreeable nor harmonious, does not offend, and goes well with the rustic tabor and tambourine. And this name of albogues is Moorish,

as all these are which, in our Castilian tongue, begin with *al*. It will serve thee to know *almohaza*, *almorzar*, *alhombra*, *alguacil*, *alhuzema*, *almacén*, *alcancia*, and other similar ones, which will be but few more; while there are only three in our tongue which are Moorish and end in *i*, which are *borcegui*, *zaquizami*, and *maravedi*: *alheli* and *alfagui*, as much for the *al* which begins as for the *i* with which they end, are known to be Arabic. This have I told thee in passing, the name of albogues having called it to my recollection; and in the perfecting of this rustic profession, we shall be greatly helped by my being somewhat of a poet, as thou knowest. So also is the bachelor Sampson Carrasco in the extreme. Of the priest I am not so sure, but I prophesy that he will have his points and collars of the bard; and that the same will have Maese Nicholas, I make no doubt, for that all barbers, or most of them, are guitarists and carol-makers. I will make my complaints of absence; thou shalt laud the constant lover; the shepherd Carrascon shall mourn for being disdained, and the shepherd Priestfold of whatever he pleases; and thus shall the thing go on, leaving nothing more to be desired."

To which Sancho answered, "I, sir, am so unlucky that I fear me the day will never come when I shall see me in such a profession as that. Oh, what nice spoons will I not make when I find me a shepherd! what fried sops! what creams! what garlands, and what pastoral trumpery! And supposing that these do not gain me much fame for wisdom, yet shall they not fail to gain me repute for being ingenious.

Sanchica, my daughter, shall bring dinner to the flock. But hold : she is fair to look upon, and there are shepherds more vicious than simple, and I would not have her go out for wool and come home shorn ; and also your loves and wanton wishes are as common to the meadows as to cities, and in shepherds' huts just as much as in royal palaces : and take away occasion you keep off sin ; and what the eye sees not, the heart doth not grieve for ; and the leap from a bush is better than good men's prayers."

"No more proverbs, Sancho," said Don Quixote ; "any one of those which thou hast uttered will suffice to let us know thy mind : and I have many times counselled thee not to be so prodigal of proverbs, and to keep a tight hand on them ; but I perceive that it is preaching in the wilderness, and my mother chastises me, and I tear the more."

"To my seeming," said Sancho, "your worship is much like what they say, 'Said the frying-pan to the pot, away with thee, black eyes.' I am chid for talking proverbs, and your worship goes stringing them yourself in pairs."

"Sithee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "I bring in proverbs which are to the purpose, and when I use them, they fit as a ring fits the finger ; but thou luggest in thine so by the hair, that they rather confuse than guide thy speech : and, if I do not ill remember me, I have told thee before that proverbs are short sentences drawn from the experience and speculation of our ancient sages, and that the proverb which comes not up to the purpose is a foppery rather than a maxim.

But leave we this, and, as the dark is coming now, let us retire a space from the road, where we can pass this night, and God knows what shall be on the morrow."

So they retired, supped late and ill, much to Sancho's sorrow, who now began to think of the straits of knight-errantry, practised among woods and hills, though at times plenty showed itself in castles and houses, now of Don Diego de Miranda, now at the bridals of Camacho the Rich, and of Don Antonio Moreno's ; but he consoled his heart with the thought that it could not always be day, nor always night, and so he passed that one sleeping, while his master passed it watching.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

OF THE BRISTLY ADVENTURE WHICH HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE.

THE night was a little dark ; for, although the moon was in the heavens, yet was she not in a part where she could be seen. For at times the lady Diana goes to take a walk at the antipodes, leaving the mountains in mourning and the valleys in cloud.

Don Quixote acquitted him with nature, sleeping the first sleep without giving place to the second ; very much the reverse of Sancho, who never took a second, for his sleep lasted from night till morning, by which he showed his good complexion and little cares. Those of Don Quixote kept him awake, on such wise that he woke up Sancho, and said to him—

“ I marvel, Sancho, at the freedom of thy condition. I fancy that thou must be made of marble or of massy brass, in which there is neither motion nor feeling. I watch while thou sleepest ; I weep whilst thou dost sing ; I faint with fasting, whilst thou of pure fulness art a hog in sloth. It pertains to good servants to share the sorrows of their masters, and participate in their feelings, at least for the sake of appearance. Behold the soft stillness of the night, the solitude of

this spot, which invites us to mingle some watchfulness with our slumber. On thy life, I charge thee to arise and betake thee a little apart, and, with good courage and grateful cheer, give thyself three hundred or four hundred stripes to the account of those required for the disenchantment of Dulcinea: and this do I ask of entreaty, as I have no mind to come to thee with wrestling, as aforetime; for I know the weight of thine arms. After thou hast laid them on we will pass the rest of the night; I singing the torment of absence, and thou the constancy of thy passion, making beginning from now of the pastoral life which we shall follow in our village."

"Master," answered Sancho, "I am not a monk, that I should rise up out of the middle of my sleep and scourge myself; still less does it seem to me that from out of the extreme of pain from scourges, one can pass to the delights of music. Suffer me, your worship, to sleep, and do not press me to this whipping of myself, or you will make me swear never to touch a hair of my jerkin, much less one of my body."

"O unconstrained soul! O merciless squire! O bread misspent, and favours ill bestowed, which I have already given thee, and others I hoped to do thee! By me thou wast made governor, and by me thou art in hopes of soon becoming an earl, or some other dignitary of equal title; nor will their fulfilment lag longer than the passing of this year; for *post tenebras spero lucem*."

"I do not understand all that," said Sancho. "I only know that while I am asleep I have nor fear,

nor hope, nor toil, nor glory ; and blessed be he that invented sleep—the cloak which covers all human thinkings, the food which stayeth hunger, the drink which scareth thirst, the fire which warmeth cold, the cold which tempers heat, and last of all, the universal money which buys all things, the scales and weights which make equal the shepherd with the king and the simple with the wise. Sleep hath only one evil thing, as I have heard, which is that it looks like death ; for between a sleeper and a dead corpse there is very little difference.”

“Never, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “have I heard thee talk with such elegance, whereby I know the truth of the proverb which thou ofttimes usest, ‘Not with whom thou art bred, but with whom thou art fed.’”

“Ah ! by the holy ass,” quoth Sancho, “our lord and master, I am not now the stringer of proverbs, for they fall in couples from your worship’s mouth, better than from mine, only there is this difference between mine and yours, that those of your worship come in the nick of time, and mine whenever they feel inclined. But, in sooth, they are all proverbs.”

They were in the midst of their discourse, when they heard a deafening clamour and a confused noise hurtle through all those vales. Don Quixote sprang to his feet and drew his sword ; Sancho hid himself under Dapple, placing on both sides of him the bundle of arms and the saddle of his ass, trembling as much with fear as Don Quixote was stirred up with courage. Still the noise increased, and drew nigh to the two

fearful ones—at least to one of them, for we well know of the valour of the other.

Now, the case was this: Certain fellows were driving to sell at a fair some six hundred swine, with which they journeyed at those hours; and so great was the noise they stirred up with their grunting and puffing, that they deafened the ears of Don Quixote and Sancho, who could not guess what it might be.

On came the troop, the spreading, grunting herd; and, without holding in respect the authority of Don Quixote or that of Sancho, they ran over the two, destroying the trenches of Sancho, and overturning not only Don Quixote, but carrying off Rozinante to boot. The trooping, grunting, and swarming hurry of those unclean beasts struck into confusion and brought to the dust, as hath been said, the packsaddle and arms, Dapple, Rozinante, Sancho, and Don Quixote.

Sancho got up as well as he could, and begged his master's sword, saying that he wanted to go and kill half a dozen of those gentry, the disrespectful pigs—for by this time he knew what they were.

But Don Quixote said, "Let them alone, friend, for this offence is the punishment of my sin; and it is a just chastening of Heaven for a vanquished knight-errant to be devoured of jackals, stung of wasps, and trampled underfoot of swine."

"It ought also to be a chastisement of Heaven," said Sancho, "for the squires of conquered knights-errant to be picked by flies, eaten up of lice, and attacked by hunger. If we squires were the sons of

knights whom we serve, or their very near kinsmen, it would not be much to wonder at if the punishment of their sins was visited on them to the fourth generation; but what is there between the Panzas and the Quixotes? Very well, then, let us put things straight again, and go to sleep for the little of the night which is left to us, and we shall rise in better plight an God give us a new day."

"Sleep thou, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "who wert born to sleep; while I, who was born to watch, will for what yet it lacks of being day give rein to my thoughts, and vent them in a little madrigal which, unknown to thee, I composed last night in my mind."

"It seems to me," quoth Sancho, "that the thoughts which give way to the making of couplets cannot be very heavy; so couple away, your worship, when you like, and let me sleep when I am able." And thereupon, taking up as much ground as he liked, he muffled himself up, and slept a free sleep, without suretyships, or debts, or any pain soever disturbing him.

Don Quixote, leaning against the trunk of a beech or a cork—for Cid Hamete Benengeli makes no mention of what the tree was—to the sound of his own sighs sang after this sort:—

*O Love, what time thy pangs do stun
My heart with great and grievous blows,
With reckless speed to death I run,
In haste to end my fearful woes.*

*But when I reach the wished-for goal,
The haven in my sea of troubles,*

*I feel such joy throughout my soul
That life comes back, my strength redoubles.*

*Thus living takes away my life,
And dying gives me back my breath;
O strange condition ! curious strife !
Which hovers thus 'twixt life and death.*

Each of these verses he accompanied with many sighs and not a few tears, as much becoming one whose heart was pierced with the pain of defeat and the absence of Dulcinea.

Now day came on, and the sun darted his rays into Sancho's eyes, who awaked, roused himself, and shook and stretched his slothful limbs. Then he saw the havoc which the hogs had made of his larder ; and he cursed the herd, and even went somewhat further.

Finally the two resumed their beaten road, and in the fall of the evening they saw coming towards them some ten men on horseback, and four or five on foot.

Don Quixote's heart leaped to his mouth, and Sancho's sank to his breeches ; for the people who were bearing down upon them bore lances and shields, and came in battle array.

Don Quixote turned to Sancho, and said to him, "If I were able, Sancho, to exercise mine arms, and my promise did not tie my hands, this vast crowd now bearing down upon us would I hold as tarts and gingerbread ; but it may be something else than what we fear."

Here the horsemen came up and surrounded Don Quixote, raising their lances without speaking a word, some pointing at his back, and others at his breast, threatening him with death.

One of those on foot, who placed a finger on his lips to note that he should hold his peace, seized the reins of Rozinante, and withdrew him from the road, and the rest who were on foot drove Sancho and Dapple on before them, all keeping a marvellous silence, following his steps who led Don Quixote, who twice or thrice would have demanded whereto they were carrying him, or what was their will ; but scarcely did he begin to open his lips than they shut them with the points of their lances. And the same happened to Sancho, for scarcely did he show signs of speech than one lifted the butt of his pike to his mouth ; and neither more nor less did he so to Dapple, as if he too would also have spoken.

The night fell, the pace was quickened, fear increased in the two prisoners, and more when now and again they heard their captors call out, " March, Troglodytes ! break off, ye barbarians ! revenge, ye anthropophagi ! stay your cries, O Scythians ! nor dare to squint an eye, ye murdering polyphemuses, ye carnivorous lions ! " together with other and similar names, by which they tortured the ears of the miserable ones, master and man.

Sancho went on saying to himself, " What, are we cock doves, or barber's hens, or draggle-tails, or little bitches, whom they call with hisses ? I like me nothing of these names. An ill wind this for drying corn cops ! And all the mischief comes upon us at once, like kicks to a cur ; and pray God that the threats of this adventure end in nothing worse."

Don Quixote went rapt, without the power to guess,

by all the arguments in his power, what those names could be, so full of reproaches, and from which he could not hope to come off with aught that was good, while he feared much evil.

Thus they continued for about an hour on into the night, when they came to a castle, which Don Quixote knew full well to be that of the duke, and where he but quite lately had been.

"God 'a mercy!" he cried, when he knew the mansion, "and what may this be? In this house all is courtesy and good usage; but to the vanquished the good is changed to ill, and ill to worse."

They entered the chief court of the castle, and saw that it was dressed and set in such wise that it increased their wonder and doubled their fear, as we shall see in the chapter which follows.

CHAPTER LXIX.

OF THE MOST RARE AND MOST NEW EVENT WHICH IN
THE WHOLE DISCOURSE OF THIS GREAT HISTORY
CAME UPON DON QUIXOTE.

THOSE on horseback alighted, and together with those on foot, snatching up Sancho and Don Quixote, they came into the court, round which there blazed nearly a hundred torches placed in their sockets, and about the corridors of the court there were more than five hundred festal lights ; so that, in spite of its being night, and somewhat of the darkest, none could tell that it was not day.

In the middle of the court they had raised a funeral pile some two yards high from the ground, surmounted by a magnificent canopy of black velvet, round which, and as before an altar, there burned white wax candles in more than a hundred silver candlesticks. Placed upon the said pile was shown the dead body of a damsel, so beauteous that by her beauty death itself was made to seem beautiful. Her head, lying upon a pillow of cloth of gold, was crowned with a garland, twisted, of divers and sweet-smelling flowers ; her

hands were crossed upon her breast, and between them a branch of the yellow, victorious palm. On one side of the court was built a theatre, and seated in two chairs were two personages, which, for having crowns on their heads and sceptres in their hands, seemed now like real and now like apparent kings. On the side of this theatre, which was ascended by some steps, there were two other chairs, upon which those who carried the prisoners seated Don Quixote and Sancho : all this in silence, and giving them by means of signs to perceive that they must keep silence also ; but they were silent enough without need of signs for the wonder they were in, for what they saw held their tongues tied. Here there mounted the theatre with much pomp two noble personages, whom Don Quixote straightway knew to be the duke and the duchess, their hosts, who sat them down upon two most handsome chairs, close to those who seemed to be kings.

Who could help wondering at this, and all the more that Don Quixote now recognized that the dead body that was laid upon the pile was that of the beautiful Altisidora ?

On the duke and the duchess ascending the theatre, Don Quixote and Sancho made them a profound reverence, and the duke and the duchess returned it, bending a little their heads.

Hereupon, and from behind, there came forth a minister, and approaching Sancho, he threw over him a gown of black buckram, painted all over with flames of fire, and taking off his cap, he put on his head a mitre, like unto those which the penitents of the holy office

wear, and spoke in his ear that he should not open his lips, lest he should be gagged or slain.

Sancho looked at himself from top to toe, and saw that he was all in flames ; but as they did not burn him, he did not care two doits for them. He took off his mitre, and saw it painted all over with devils ; he put it on again, and said to himself, " It is well ; these do not burn, nor those fly away with me."

Don Quixote also looked at him, and, although the fear he felt suspended his senses, he could not help smiling at Sancho's countenance.

Then, seemingly as from underneath the funeral pile, there came forth a low sweet sound of flutes, which, not being mingled with any human voice—for in that place silence itself kept silence—was soft and pleasing. Then on a sudden there appeared, close by the pillow of the apparent dead, a beautiful youth dressed as a Roman, who, to the sound of a harp that he himself played, sang in a clear, mellifluous voice these two stanzas—

*Till fair Altisidora lives again,
Slain by Don Quixoté's most inhuman spleen ;
And till the court of Fairyland is fain
To deck its dames in robes of sombre sheen ;
And till the maidens in my lady's train
In finery of serge and baize are seen ;
I'll sing the fair one's fate, till all shall know it,
With higher harp than did the Thracian poet.*

*But think not 'tis alone while life shall last,
That this sad office I will undertake ;
Though in my mouth my dead tongue freezes fast,
My voice shall sound melodious for thy sake ;
And when my soul its prison walls hath passed,
And freely skims across the Stygian lake,*

*Thy beauty's praise shall ring from it, and cause
The waters of forgetfulness to pause.*

“Enough!” here cried one of the two seeming kings, “enough, divine singer! for one might sing for ever now the death and now the groans of the peerless Altisidora; who is not dead, as thinks the ignorant world, but alive in the tongues of fame, and in the penance which Sancho Panza now present hath to pass through, in order to restore her to the lost light. And therefore, O thou, Rhadamanthus, who with me judgest in the murky caves of Dis, since thou knowest all that is decreed of inscrutable fate touching the coming to life of this maiden, tell and declare it forth away, that the delight we await from her revival may not be delayed.”

Scarcely had this been said by Minos, judge and companion of Rhadamanthus, when Rhadamanthus, springing to his feet, said, “What ho, there! ministers of this house, high and low, great and small! come hither one after the other, and chuck the chin of Sancho two dozen times, and give him one dozen pinches with finger and thumb, and six pricks with a pin in his arms and loins; for in this ceremony consists the saving of Altisidora.”

On hearing which, Sancho Panza broke the silence and said, “I vow to God that I will no more let my chin be chucked, nor my face felt, than I will turn Moor! Zounds! what hath the brandling of my person to do with the resurrection of this damsel? The old woman gets a taste of the cresses, and neither

leaves them green nor dry. They enchant Dulcinea, and I am to whip myself to disenchant her; Altisidora dies of evils which God hath sent her, and they would raise her up with two dozen chucks of my chin, and making my body into a sieve with pins, and wealing my arms with pinches. To a bad brother with these jests; for I am an old dog, and not to be caught with 'Here, here!'"

"Thou diest," cried Rhadamanthus, in a loud voice. "Soften thine heart, tiger; humble thyself, proud Nimrod; and suffer and be silent. Thou art not asked for impossibilities, and busy not thyself in verifying the difficulties of this business. Chucked must thou be; a sieve shalt thou behold thee; pinched shalt thou gibber. What ho, there! ministers, obey my command; if not, by the faith of a man of honour shall ye know for what ye were born."

Here there appeared coming through the castle court some six duennas in procession, one after the other, four of them in spectacles, and all with their right hands raised on high, with four fingers' breadth of the wrist laid bare to make the hands seem longer, as is now the custom.

Scarcely had Sancho seen them when, bellowing like a bull, he cried, "I might have let all the world handle me, but to consent to be felt by duennas, may I be damned first. Scratch my face with cats, as they did my master in this same castle; let them pierce my body through and through with burnished daggers; let them tear my flesh with burning pincers: I will bear it all in patience to serve these noble lords; but

to be handled by duennas I will not consent, if the devil should fetch me."

Don Quixote also broke the silence, and said, speaking to Sancho, "Have patience, lad, and give pleasure to these nobles, and many thanks to Heaven, who hath put such virtue into thy body, that by its martyrdom thou mayest disenchant the enchanted and raise the dead."

Now were the duennas come close to Sancho, when he, become more soft and persuadable, putting himself well into the chair, gave his face and beard to the first, who chucked him very well, and then made him a great curtsy.

"Less manners, less slabber sauce, mistress duenna," said Sancho. "'Fore God, thy fingers smack of stale vinegar."

Finally, all the duennas chucked him under the chin, and many other of the people of the house pinched him; but that which he was unable to suffer was the pricking of the pins, and so he rose from his chair seemingly sad, but, seizing one of the torches which was close at hand, he laid it on the duennas, and upon all his executioners, crying, "Avaunt, ministers of hell! I am not made of brass, that I cannot feel these accursed tortures."

In the midst of this, Altisidora, who must have been weary for lying so long upon her back, turned upon one side; which being seen by all who stood by, nearly all with one voice shouted—

"Altisidora lives! Altisidora lives!"

Rhadamanthus then bade Sancho lay aside his

wrath, for now had been achieved the end which they all desired.

And so it was, that when Don Quixote saw Altisidora move, he ran and fell on his knees before Sancho, and said, "Now is the time, O son of my bowels—I say not my squire—to give thee a few of the stripes which thou art bound to give for the disenchantment of Dulcinea. Now, I say, is the time when thy virtue is in season, and with efficacy canst work the works which I hope for from thee."

To which Sancho answered, "This, to my thinking, is toil upon moil, and not honey on fritters. It is good that after pinches, chucks, and pricks, the stripes should come; there is nothing more to do but to take a millstone and bind it round my neck, and cast me into a well, for which I shall not much grieve, if that, to cure other people's ills, I am to be the cow of the bridals. Let me abide, or by God I will out with all, at a price you will not like."

And now was Altisidora seated upon the funeral pile, and in that moment did the clarions sound, and the flutes play, and the voices of all cried with one acclaim, "Long live Altisidora! long live Altisidora!"

The duke and the duchess rose up, so did the kings Minos and Rhadamanthus, and all together, with Don Quixote and Sancho, went to receive Altisidora, and help her down from the pile; who, feigning a fainting, bowed to the duke, the duchess, and the kings, and, looking askance at Don Quixote, said—

"God forgive thee, loveless knight! for thy

cruelty have I been in the other world, and, to my seeming, more than a thousand years : and thee, O most compassionate squire which the world contains ! I thank thee for the life which I now enjoy. On thee, from this day forward, friend Sancho, do I dispose six smocks of mine, that out of them they make six shirts for thee ; and if they be not all whole, at least they are white and clean."

Sancho kissed her hands for that, with the mitre in his hand and his knees on the floor.

The duke ordered them to take the mitre from him, and to return him his cap, and put on him his coat, and take away the gown of flames. But Sancho entreated the duke that he might have the gown and mitre given to him to carry into his own country, for a token and in memory of that never-before-seen event.

The duchess answered, and told them to let him have the clothes, for now he knew what a great friend she was to him. The duke ordered the court to be cleared, and that all should betake them to their own rooms, and that Don Quixote and Sancho should be conducted to those which they well knew.

CHAPTER LXX.

WHICH FOLLOWS SIXTY-NINE, AND TREATS OF THINGS
WHICH COULD NOT BE PASSED OVER FOR THE
CLEARING UP OF THIS HISTORY.

SANCHO slept that night on a trundle-bed, in the same room with Don Quixote—a thing which he would not have done could he have helped it, for he knew full well that his master would not let him sleep for questionings and answers, nor did he find himself in disposition for much speaking; for he held present the pains of the past martyrdom, which robbed him of the freedom of his tongue; and much rather would he have slept alone by himself in a hut, than in that handsome room in company. So true did prove his fear, and so certain his suspicion, that scarcely had his master laid him down in bed, when he said—

“What thinkest thou, Sancho, of this night’s events? Great and mighty is the power of disdained love, as thou with thine own eyes hast seen in Altisidora, dead, and with no other darts, nor other sword, nor other instrument of war, nor with mor-

tiferous poison, but solely by the consideration of the sternness and disdain with which I ever treated her."

"She might have died and welcome, whensoever and howsoever she liked," answered Sancho, "an she had left me quiet at home, since I neither loved her nor disdained her in all my life. I don't know, nor can I think, how it comes that the health of Altisidora, a maid more fickle than discreet, can have to do, as I have said before, with the tortures of Sancho Panza. Verily, now do I come to know, clearly and distinctly, that there are enchanters and incantations in the world, from which God deliver me, seeing I know not how to deliver myself. But withal, I pray your worship, let me sleep, and question me no more, unless you will that I throw myself out of a window down below."

"Sleep, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "if, that is, the pricks and pinchings which thou receivedst, and the chucks they made thee, will grant thee leave."

"No pain," said Sancho, "came up to the offence of the chucks, for no other reason than that they were given me by duennas—may they be confounded! And again I pray your worship to suffer me to go to sleep, for sleep is rest from the miseries which never slumber."

"So mote it be," said Don Quixote, "and God keep thee company."

The two slept. And in the mean time Cid Hamete, the author of this great history, would write and give account of how the duke and the duchess

came to be moved to raise the edifice of the aforementioned sumptuous structure; and he says that the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, not forgetting when the Knight of the Mirrors was conquered and overthrown by Don Quixote—which fall and vanquishing blotted out and undid all his designs—wished to return and try his hand again, hoping a better issue than the past. So, learning from the page who carried the letters and present to Teresa Panza, the wife of Sancho, where Don Quixote was stopping, he looked up new armour and a horse, and he put the silver moon on the shield, carrying all on the back of a mule, which was led by a labourer—not Tommy Cecial, his ancient squire—that he might not be recognized by Sancho or Don Quixote. Then he came to the castle of the duke, who told him of the road and direction which Don Quixote had taken with intent to be present at the jousts of Saragossa. He likewise told him of the jests which had been played upon him, and the trap for the disenchantment of Dulcinea, which must be at the cost of Sancho's buttocks. In fine, he gave him account of the trick which Sancho had played on his master, making him believe that Dulcinea was enchanted and changed into a field girl, and how the duchess, his wife, had made Sancho believe that he had deceived himself, and that verily and truly Dulcinea was enchanted; at all of which the bachelor laughed and wondered not a little, considering the sharpness and simplicity of Sancho, as well as the extreme of the madness of Don Quixote.

The duke entreated the bachelor, if he found him,

and whether he vanquished him or not, to return by that way, and give him account of the event.

The bachelor promised to do all this ; and so took his leave and went on his search. Not finding him in Saragossa, he pressed onward ; and then followed what has been told. He returned to the castle of the duke, and rehearsed all to him, with the conditions of the battle, and that Don Quixote was now returning to his village to keep his word, like a true knight-errant, to hold himself in retreat for a whole year ; in which time, said the bachelor, it might be that he should get cured of his lunacy : which was the intention that had moved him to make those disguises, for it was a thing of pity that a gentleman of so fine a mind as Don Quixote should go mad. On that he bade the duke farewell, and returned home, there to await Don Quixote, who came after him.

Whereupon the duke took occasion to play upon him that jest, so great was the pleasure he took in the affairs of Sancho and Don Quixote: Then he caused all the far-off roads and near approaches to the castle, and all parts by which Don Quixote might return, to be occupied by numbers of his servants, footmen, and horsemen, and ordered them, if they found him, to bring him to the castle by force, if he refused to come of his own pleasure. They did find him, and sent word to the duke, who having all prepared for what was to be done, when he received tidings of his approach, ordered all the torches and luminaries of the court to be lit, and Altisidora to be placed on the pile, with the whole of the apparatus

as hath been set forth ; so much to the life and so well done, that between them and the truth of things there was little difference. And Cid Hamete says further that, for himself, he feels sure that the jesters were as mad as those whom they mocked ; and the duke and the duchess were not within two fingers' breadth of becoming fools themselves, so eagerly did they go about to befool two fools, one of which was sleeping a tethered sleep, and the other keeping watch with unbridled fancies, in which the day found them, as well as the wish to rise ; for slothful feathers, whether as vanquished or vanquisher, never gave pleasure to Don Quixote.

Altisidora—to Don Quixote's seeming returned from death to life—following the humour of her lord and lady, crowned with the same garland which she wore on the pile, clad in a bishop's rochet of white satin sprinkled over with gold flowers, her hair flowing over her shoulders, and herself leaning upon an angel's crook of finest polished ebony, entered the room of Don Quixote ; who at that presence became so moved and confused, that he doubled himself together, and covered him nearly all over with the sheets and coverlets of the bed, his tongue mute, and without the least show of doing her one poor courtesy.

Altisidora seated herself in a chair at his bed's head, and, after heaving a deep sigh, in a voice of moan and tenderness she said to him—

“ When notable women and meek maidens trample upon honour, and at all hazard give the tongue its

licence to make known the secrets which are locked up in the heart, then have they come to their last strait. I, my lord Don Quixote de la Mancha, am one of these vexed, vanquished, yet loving beings; but, for all this, patient and honest, so much so that my soul broke forth through my silence, and I lost my life. It is now two days ago that by reason of the rigour with which thou didst treat me,

O harder far than marble to my plaints,

stony-hearted knight! I died, or, at least, was judged to be dead of those who saw me; and but that Love, taking pity on me, deposited my ransom in the tortures of this good squire, there had I remained in the other world."

"Love," said Sancho, "might just as well have deposited them in my ass, and I had been grateful. But tell me, lady, as Heaven shall give you a more tender-hearted lover than my master, what did you see in the other world? What was doing in hell? For whosoever dies in despair must perforce stay at that halting-place."

"Truth to tell," answered Altisidora, "I did not die altogether, for I did not go to hell; because if I had, as things go, I should not have got out again, although I might have wished. The truth is, I did go to the door, where there were some dozen of devils playing bandy-ball, all in their breeches and tabards, with their collars adorned with points of Flanders lace, and ruffles of the same for wristbands, leaving bare four fingers' breadth of the arm to make

the hands look longer, in which they wielded sticks of fire. And what made me wonder most was, that instead of balls, they had books, seeming full of wind and fluff—a thing marvellous and new; but I wondered not so much at this as to see that, it being natural for the winning players to rejoice and those who lose to be sad, down there, at that play, all grumbled, all snarled, and all cursed and swore.”

“There is nothing to wonder at in that,” said Sancho; “for devils, play or no play, can never be happy, whether they win or not.”

“That is so,” answered Altisidora. “But there was another thing which I did wonder at—I mean to say that I wondered then—and it was this: that the ball, once thrown, was destroyed, and was of no profit to serve again; and so they whirled them away, new and old, that it was quite a marvel. To one of them, a modern, spick and span, and beautifully bound, they gave such a rap on the nose as to tear out its contents and make its leaves fly. Said one devil to another, ‘See what book is that;’ and the devil answered, ‘This is the *Second Part of the History of Don Quixote de la Mancha*—not made, mark you, by Cid Hamete Benengeli, the original author, but by a certain Aragonese, who says that he is a native of Tordesillas. ‘Away with it,’ said the other devil, ‘down to the lowest pit of hell, that my eyes rest upon it no more.’ ‘So bad is it?’ demanded the other. ‘So bad,’ replied the first, ‘that had I undertaken on purpose to make it worse, I could not have done so.’ They went on with their play, bandying

other books ; and I for having heard Don Quixote named, because I love and yearn for him so much, this vision remained in my memory."

"A vision, without doubt," said Don Quixote ; "for there is no other *I* in the world : and now this history is tossed from hand to hand, and stays not in any one, for that all kick it from them. It gives me no pain to hear that I wander about like a body fantastical in the darkness of hell, nor in the daylight of the earth, for I am not he of whom the history treats. If he were good, faithful, and true, he should live for ages ; but if he be evil, from his birth to his grave the road will not be long."

Altisidora was about to continue her complaints to Don Quixote, when Don Quixote exclaimed, "Many times and oft have I told you, lady, that it pains me to find that you have placed your affections on me, since from mine you can but receive thanks in the place of satisfaction. I was born for Dulcinea del Toboso, and the Fates, if such there be, have dedicated me to her ; and to think that another beauty can occupy the place which she occupies, is to think that which is impossible—an undeceiving sufficient to make you retire within the bounds of your modesty, since no one is bound to do that which is impossible."

On hearing which, Altisidora, seeming enraged, and with altered mien, exclaimed, "Long live Don Cod ! soul of metal mortar ! date-stone ! more obstinate and hard than the villein when courted with his eye on the aim ! if I come at you, I will tear out your eyes ! Dost think, haply, Don Overthrown, Don

Basted-back, that I died for thee? All which thou sawest last night was feigned. I am not a woman that would bear the pain of the black of a finger-nail for such camels, much less die for them."

"That," said Sancho, "I steadfastly believe; for this dying for love is all a joke. Folks may talk of it; but as for doing it, ask Judas to believe in it."

While they were thus discoursing, there came into the room the musician, singer, and poet who had sung the two afore-written stanzas, and making a low bow to Don Quixote, said, "Your worship, sir knight, shall reckon and hold me among the number of your most humble servants; for, for these many days have I held your lordship in my love, as much for your fame as your great deeds."

Don Quixote said, "I pray you, tell me who you are, that I of my courtesy may answer your worship as you deserve."

The youth replied that he was the musician and panegyrist of the night before.

"In sooth," said Don Quixote, "your worship hath an extreme cause. But I would say that, to my seeming, that which you sang was not much to the purpose; for what have the stanzas of Garcilaso to do with the death of this lady?"

"My fair sir," answered the musician, "this should cause your worship no wonder, for now, among the long-haired poets of our age, it is the custom of each one to write as he likes, and to steal from whom he pleases, apt or inapt; for now there is no tomfoolery sung or written but it passes under cover of poetical licence."

Don Quixote would have made answer, but was hindered by the duke and duchess coming in to see him, between whom there passed a long and sweet discourse, in the which Sancho uttered so many quips and quiddities, that anew the nobles wondered as much at his simplicity as at his quirks of wit.

Don Quixote entreated that they would give him leave to take his departure that day, for to vanquished knights, such as he, the straitened cottage was more fitting than the palaces of kings.

They granted his request with right good will, and the duchess inquired if Altisidora was still in his grace.

He answered, "Lady mine, your excellency shall know that all the ill of this maiden comes of idleness, the remedy for which is modest and continued occupancy of the mind. She tells me but just now that they use lace in hell, and as she knows how to make it, it should never be out of her fingers ; for, taken up with wriggling the spools, the image or images of love shall not wriggle in her fancy. And this is true ; this is my opinion, and this my counsel."

"And mine," added Sancho. "For I have never seen, in the whole course of my life, a lacemaker die for love, and maidens who are occupied in such work think more of finishing their tasks than they think of their loves. As for me, while I am delving I never recollect anything of my old woman—I mean of my Teresa Panza, whom I love more than the eyelashes of my eyes."

"Thou sayest full well, Sancho," said the duchess ;

“and I will take care that my Altisidora busies herself, from now and henceforth, in some plain needle-work, which she can do extremely well.”

“There is no need, lady,” answered Altisidora, “for the consideration of the cruelties which this vagabond scampman hath used on me will blot him from my mind, without use of other artifice ; and, with permission of your greatness, I would retire from here, so as not to hold before my eyes his now no longer rueful visage, but his foul and loathsome countenance.”

“This,” said the duke, “reminds me of the old saying—

*When scolding runs highest,
Forgiveness is nighest.”*

Altisidora made a show of drying her tears with a kerchief, and making a curtsy to the duchess and the duke, she went out of the room.

“I will and bequeath thee, poor maiden,” said Sancho—“I will and bequeath thee an ill tide ; for thou hast taken up with a soul of grass and a heart of oak : i’ fay, an thou hadst taken up with me, another sort of cock would have crowed for thee.”

The discourse here broke off. Don Quixote dressed, dined with the duke and duchess, and bade them farewell that afternoon.

CHAPTER LXXI.

OF WHAT HAPPENED TO DON QUIXOTE AND HIS SQUIRE
IN GOING TO THEIR VILLAGE.

THE vanquished and much-beaten Don Quixote went on his way, on the one side pensive, and very jocund on the other. His sadness was caused by his overthrow, and his joy by the virtue which he saw was in Sancho, as had been shown in the resurrection of Altisidora, although he had some scruple in persuading himself that the enamoured maiden was really dead.

Sancho went on in nothing much pleased, for he was sad because Altisidora had not kept her word to give him the smocks ; and revolving this in his mind, he said to his master, " Verily, sir, I am the most ill-used doctor that can be found in the world, in the which you shall find physickers who kill the sick they cure, and would be paid for their work, which is no other than signing a slip of paper with some medicine writ upon it, which they do not make up, but a medicaster, and which they prigged and choused ; as for me, whom the health of another costs drops of blood, chucks, pinches, pricks, and scourges, they give not a

doit. Well, I swear by Peter's cock, that if they put another sick body into my hands, they must grease them well before I make the cure. Why, does not the abbot eat where he sings for meat? I will never believe that Heaven has given the virtue I hold for me to communicate it to others *de bobiles bobolis*."

"Thou art in the right, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "and Altisidora hath behaved very scurvily by thee in not giving thee the promised smocks; and even though the virtue which thou holdest is *gratis data*, and hath cost thee no study whatever, much more than study is the receiving of tortures in thy body. For me, I can say to thee that, if thou hadst cared to be paid for the scourges for disenchanting Dulcinea, I would have made it good to thee ere now; but I know not if payment suits well with the conditions of the cure, and I would not have the quittance enfeeble the medicine. For all, nothing will be lost in trying it. Sithee, Sancho, if thou wilt, and straightway, scourge thyself, and be paid in ready money into thine own hand; why, thou hast money of mine already."

At which offers Sancho opened his eyes and ears a palm wide, and consented in his heart to the scourgings with right good will; and he said to his master, "Very well, master, I am full well disposed to give pleasure to your worship, since I am to gain some profit by it; for the love I bear my wife and children makes me look selfish. Tell me, your worship, how much will you give me for each lash I give myself?"

"If I had to pay thee, Sancho," answered Don

Quixote, "according to the grandeur and quality of this cure, the wealth of Venice¹ and mines of Potosi² would be payment too small for thee. But see thou what moneys thou hast of mine, and put the price on each stripe."

"They number," said Sancho, "three thousand and three hundred and odd: of these I have given me five; the rest remain. Let the five pass for the odd, and let us come to the three thousand and three hundred, which, at a quartillo each one—and I will take no less if all the world commands me—will make three thousand and three hundred quartillos; which three thousand are one thousand five hundred half reals, which make seven hundred and fifty reals, and the three hundred make one hundred and fifty, which come to seventy-five reals, which, putting them together with the seven hundred and fifty, make eight hundred and twenty and five reals in all. These I will deduct from what I hold of your worship, and I shall go home rich and happy, although well striped; for they do not catch trouts——³ I say no more."

"O blessed Sancho! O amiable Sancho!" replied Don Quixote, "how much shall Dulcinea and I be bound to serve thee all the days of our lives which Heaven shall give us! If she regain her lost estate—and it is not possible but she shall—then shall her ill hap prove good fortune, and my fall a happy triumph. And, Sancho, when will it please thee to begin thy discipline? Because if thou make quick despatch, I will add another hundred reals."

"When?" said Sancho. "This night, without fail."

Have you care, master, that we camp under the open heavens, and I will set about to open my flesh."

The night came on, awaited by Don Quixote with the greatest anxiety in the world; for, to his seeming, the wheels of Apollo's car had surely broken down, and the day lengthened itself beyond its wont, even as it happens to lovers, who never adjust the account of their desires.

Finally, they entered among some delightful trees which were a little way from the road, where, leaving empty the saddle and the pannel of Rozinante and Dapple, they stretched them along the green grass, and supped from Sancho's larder; and Sancho, having made a flexible and mighty scourge of the bridle as well as the halter of Dapple, got him some twenty paces from his master under some beeches.

Don Quixote, who saw him go with so much boldness and spirit, called to him and said, "Have a care, my friend, and cut not thyself to pieces; let the stripes stay each other's leisure; make not such haste that thou lose thy breath in the midst of the race—I mean lay not on so pitilessly that thou lose thy life before thou reachest the desired number: and that thou lose not the game by a card the less or more, I will hold me apart, counting on this my rosary the number of stripes thou givest thyself. Heaven favour thee as thy good intent doth merit."

"To the good paymaster pawns bring no pain," answered Sancho: "I intend to lay on on such wise that I smart without killing myself, for in this must consist the substance of this miracle."

He stripped himself from the waist upwards at once, and then, snatching up the cord, began to lay it on his body, and Don Quixote began to count the scourgings. Sancho had given himself some six or eight, when he thought the weight of the jest a little too heavy, and the price paid for it much too light; and, holding on a while, he said to his master that he had been deceived, and would appeal; for each of those strokes was worth, not a quartillo, but half a real.

"Go on, friend Sancho, and faint not," said Don Quixote; "I will double the pay of the bargain."

"On those terms, then," cried Sancho, "to it, in God's name, and let it rain down stripes!"

But the sly thief gave up lashing his back, and laid it on the trees, heaving certain sighs now and again, each one of which made believe that he would tear up his soul by the roots.

Don Quixote, being of tender heart, became fearful that Sancho would end his life, and by his imprudence not achieve his desire; so he called to him and said, "On thy life, friend, let the business rest at this point. This medicine seems to me to be very rough; it shall not be amiss to go softly, for Zamora was not gained in an hour.⁴ More than a thousand stripes hast thou given thyself, if I have not ill counted: enough therefore for the present; for the ass, to speak in rustic phrase, will suffer the cargo, but no more."

"No, no, master," answered Sancho; "it shall never be said of me, 'The money paid and the work

delayed.' Stand a little further off, your worship, and let me give me another thousand or so ; and a couple more bouts, and this bargain will be settled and something to spare."

"Well, as thou findest thee in so excellent a disposition," said Don Quixote, "Heaven help thee, lay on ; I will get me further away."

Sancho returned to his task with so much fervour, that he struck the bark from off many trees, such was the vigour with which he lashed them ; and at last together raising his voice and giving a merciless blow to one of the beeches, he cried, "Here thou diest, Sampson, and all that are with thee."

Don Quixote, foot hot, ran to him at the sound of his piteous voice and the lash of the cruel scourge, and seizing the twisted halter which had served Sancho instead of a bull's gristle, he said, "Heaven will not allow, Sancho friend, that for my pleasure thou shouldst lose the life which serves for the sustenance of wife and children. Dulcinea shall wait a more seasonable time ; I will contain me within the limits of the nearest hopes, and will trust to thy regaining fresh strength, that thou mayest conclude this business to every one's pleasure."

"Well, your worship, master mine, if so you will have it," said Sancho, "so let it be and welcome ; and throw me your cloak over these shoulders, for I am sweating, and I have no mind to catch cold, which is the danger run by all new disciplinants."

Don Quixote did so, and, leaving himself in his doublet, wrapped up Sancho, who slept until he was

awaked by the sun. Soon after they continued their journey, which came to an end for that day in a village some three leagues off.

They alighted at a tavern—for such Don Quixote took it to be, and not a castle, with its moated grange, its towers, portcullises, and drawbridge; for since his overthrow he discoursed with more wit on all things, as we shall now see. They lodged him in a lower room, hung with embossed and gilt leather,⁵ and painted cloths, such as are often found in country villages. On one of them, painted by a vile hand, was the rape of Helen, at what time the hardy guest carried her away from Menelaus; and on another was the story of Dido and Æneas—she upon a high tower, as if making signs with half a sheet to the fugitive guest, who was flying over the sea in a frigate or brigantine. It was to be seen, in these pieces, that Helen went not much against her will, for she was slyly and roguishly smiling; but that the beautiful Dido seemed to let fall from her eyes tears as great as walnuts. Which being seen of Don Quixote, he said—

“These two ladies were very unfortunate for not being born in this age, and I, above all, unhappy in not having been born in theirs. For, had I encountered those gentry, neither had Troy been burnt, nor Carthage overthrown; for with only slaying Paris, all these mischiefs had not happened.”

“I will wager,” said Sancho, “that before much time is over, there will be no cook-shop, inn, tavern, or barber’s shop, in which our doings will not be painted; but I should like them to be painted by the hands of a better painter than he who painted these.”

“Thou art right, Sancho,” said Don Quixote; “for this painter is like one Orbaneja, a painter who lived in Ubeda, who, when asked what he was painting, answered, ‘Just what comes;’ and if by chance he painted a cock, he would write underneath it, ‘This is a cock,’ that none might take it for a fox. After this manner it seems to me, Sancho, that the painter or writer—they are all one—who brought to light the story of this new Don Quixote, but now newly published, painted or wrote whatever came into his mind; or like a poet who was found about the court some years ago, of the name of Mauleon,⁶ who would on the spur answer any question put to him, and one day being asked the meaning of *Deum de Deo*, answered, ‘Down where it is done.’ But, leaving this apart, tell me, Sancho, dost think of giving thyself another turn to-night? And hast a mind to do it under a roof, or the open sky?”

“By the Lord, master,” answered Sancho, “for what I intend to give me, it shall be as well done at home as in a field: but withal, methinks I like it better between trees; for they seem to keep me company, and help me to bear my labour most marvellously.”

“It must not so be, friend Sancho,” replied Don Quixote; “but recover thy strength, for we shall need it all to make our village, which we shall reach at the furthest the day after to-morrow.”

Sancho answered that he might do as he pleased, but that, for his part, he would like to end that business quickly, in hot blood, and while the mill was spinning: for oftentimes there was danger in delay; and

while to God suing it is well to be doing ; and one take thee is better than two I will give, and the sparrow in hand than the vulture flying.

“No more proverbs, Sancho, by the one only God !” exclaimed Don Quixote ; “methinks thou art returning to ‘As it was in the beginning.’ Speak plainly, clearly, and not in mazes, as I have often advised thee, and thou shalt prove thee the best loaf in the batch.”

“I know not how I came to be so unlucky,” answered Sancho ; “I cannot give a reason without a proverb, nor a proverb which does not seem to be a reason to me ; but I will mend if I can.”

And with that his discourse ended for that time.

NOTES TO CHAPTER LXXI.

Note 1, page 696.

The wealth of Venice. A very common figure in the time of Cervantes for vast treasure, and frequently used in his novels. Quevedo holds this treasure to be of a dubious kind. Venice, for having its foundations in water, its treasure, he thinks, must always have been in the air.

Note 2, page 696.

Mines of Potosi. The population of Potosi, at the time Cervantes wrote these words, was said to be 150,000; but as there were some 5000 different mines, and all worked by Indians—that is, the native people of Peru—dragged thither in chains, or driven like sheep by the help of dogs, the population must always have been changing and very fluctuating. Moreover, the daily deaths were many. No less than seventeen provinces of Peru were, by the immaculate Government of Spain, compelled to supply labourers to work in those accursed mines, where it often happened that the labourers brought from the warm valleys, on entering these silver caves of death, never came out again alive. The height of the lowest of them is over 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, the climate deadly, and the means of life absolutely none. Every grain of wheat, potato, and all wood for fuel, had to be brought very long distances from the lower altitudes. There were no fruits, or vegetables, or flowers within a hundred miles of the place, save here and there round the dwelling of some wicked constable, or bailiff, or governor. So changeable is the climate, that I have seen in Potosi all the four European seasons, as regards cold and heat, snow and rain, and dust, in one day, and for many days together. The product of the mines, from 1545 down to 1616, amounted to 5,531,398 silver dollars of four shillings. The native pronunciation is *Ppotocsi*.

Note 3, page 696.

They do not catch trouts—— The whole proverb is, “No se cogen truchas á bragas enjutas.”

Note 4, page 698.

Zamora was not gained in an hour (No se ganó Zamora en una hora). The origin of this proverb was the obstinate resistance which the city made to King Sancho II., when he besieged it, intending to take it from his sister Urraca. The English equivalent is, “Rome was not built in a day.”

Note 5, page 700.

Hung with embossed and gilt leather. Or guadamaciles ; “aluta cælata, insculpta,” says Salvá—now very rarely seen in Spain, at least any that are of great price.

Note 6, page 701.

The name of Mauleon. Mention is also made of this poet and his nonsensical answer by Cervantes in his novel of the *Dialogue of the Two Dogs*.

Note 7, page 702.

The best loaf in the batch (Vale un pan por ciento). The baker's dozen was not known in Spain in the time of Cervantes, but bread was very dear in Madrid, owing to the exactions of bakers, and one per cent. would be of much value. It is, however, likely to be “a printer's error” for “vale un *pamporcina*,” the cyclamen, and as such I have rendered it at page 287, by the words “as fine and fresh as a daisy.” *Pamporcina* has also another meaning which could with propriety be made applicable to *Sancho de Paunch*.

CHAPTER LXXII.

OF HOW DON QUIXOTE AND SANCHE ARRIVED AT THEIR VILLAGE.

DON QUIXOTE and Sancho remained all that day in that village and tavern, waiting for the night, one to finish his discipline in the fields, and the other to see the end of it, in which consisted the end of his desires.

Presently there arrived a traveller at the tavern, a gentleman on horseback, attended by three or four servants, one of whom said to him who appeared to be master—

“Here, sir Don Alvaro Tarfe, may your worship pass to-day’s *siesta*; the lodging seems to be cleanly and cool.”

Don Quixote, on hearing this, said to Sancho, “Mind thee, Sancho, when I turned over the leaves of that book of the Second Part of my history, methinks that in passing I came there on this name of Don Alvaro Tarfe.”

“It is likely enough,” said Sancho. “Let us see him alight, and after we can make inquiries.”

The horseman alighted, and the landlady gave him a lower parlour in front of Don Quixote's chamber, caparisoned with painted cloths like those which hung round the room of the knight.

The newly arrived traveller put himself in summer dress, and going into the gateway of the tavern, which was spacious and fresh, where also Don Quixote was pacing up and down, he said—

“Whither is your worship bound, sir gentleman?”

And Don Quixote answered, “To a village close by, and of which I am a native. And whither is your worship bound?”

“I, sir, am going to Granada,” said the horseman, “which is my native country.”

“And a good,” replied Don Quixote. “And will your worship for courtesy give me your name?—for methinks it behoves me to know it better than I can well explain.”

“My name is Don Alvaro Tarfe,” replied the guest.

To which Don Quixote answered, “Without any doubt, your worship will be that Don Alvaro Tarfe which is in type in the *Second Part of the History of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, lately printed and brought to the light of the world by a modern author.”

“The same am I,” replied the horseman. “And that same Don Quixote, the principal person of that same history, was a very great friend of mine, and I it was who drew him from his country; at least, I did incite him to come to certain jousts which they held in Saragossa, whither I was going: and verily,

verily, I did him many kindnesses, and saved his back from being stroked of the executioner for being too daring."

"And will your worship tell me, sir Don Alvaro, am I in anything like to this same Don Quixote of whom you speak?"

"No, for certain," answered the guest, "not in any manner."

"And this Don Quixote," continued ours, "took he with him a squire of the name of Sancho Panza?"

"He did," answered Don Alvaro; "and although he had the fame of being very pleasant, I never once heard him say a pleasant thing."

"That I very well believe," here exclaimed Sancho; "for it does not belong to everybody to say good things: and yon Sancho which your worship speaks of, master gentleman, is some very great rascal, dullard, and thief together, and the real Sancho Panza am I, who hath more graces than welcome; and if not, let your worship make experiment, and trot behind me for no more than a year, and you shall see how they fall from me at every step, such and so many, that without my knowing for the most times what I am saying, I make everybody laugh who listens to me: and the true Don Quixote de la Mancha, the famous, the valiant, and the discreet, the enamoured, the righter of wrongs, the tutor of pupils and orphans, shield of widows, and the destroyer of maidens, he who has for his one mistress the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, is this lord who is now here, and who is my gaffer. Every other whatsoever

of a Don Quixote, or whatever other Sancho Panza, is a mockery and a thing of dreams."

"By God! I believe it," answered Don Alvaro; "for thou hast spoken more pleasantries, my friend, in the few words which thou hast spoken, than the other Sancho Panza in the many I have heard him speak, and they have been many indeed. He had much more of the glutton than the pleasant spokesman, and more of the clown than the jester; and I hold it for certain that the enchanters which persecute Don Quixote the good have been minded to persecute me with Don Quixote the bad. Yet I know not well what to say; for I dare be sworn that I left him under cure in the mad-house of Toledo, and now here appears another Don Quixote, although very different to mine."

"I," said Don Quixote, "know not if I am good, but I can say that I know I am not bad. In proof of which, I would have your worship know, my dear Don Alvaro Tarfe, that never in all the days of my life have I been in Saragossa; on the contrary, because I was told that this Don Quixote the fantastical had been seen in the jousts of that city, I refused to enter, that in the face of the whole world I might cast that lie in his teeth: and so, in the light of day, I went into Barcelona, the archive of courtesy, the hospice of the stranger, the refuge of the poor, the land of the valiant, the avenger of the aggrieved, where linked friendship finds its fullest sympathy, and in situation and in beauty without an equal. And although the events which befel me there were

not to my pleasure, but rather to my much grief, yet would I pay that price for only having seen it. Finally, sir Don Alvaro Tarfe, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, the same of which fame doth speak, and not this wretch which hath usurped my name, and would win honour by my thoughts ; and I entreat your worship, for that you are a gentleman, that you make a declaration before the magistrate of the town that never in the whole course of your worship's life have you seen me until now, and that I am not the Don Quixote printed in that Second Part, nor is this Sancho Panza, my squire, the one which is shown to you."

"This will I do with right good will," replied Don Alvaro, "although it makes me much to wonder to see two Don Quixotes and two Sanchos so alike in name, so different in faculties ; and I say again, and affirm, that I have seen what I have not seen, nor hath that happened which has happened to me."

"Without doubt," said Sancho, "your worship must be enchanted, like my lady Dulcinea del Toboso ; and I would to Heaven that the disenchantment of your worship lay in my giving me another three thousand and odd stripes, as I have given me for her, for I would give them without any quittance whatever."

"I understand nothing of these stripes," said Don Alvaro.

And Sancho answered that it would be long to tell, but that he would tell it if perchance they journeyed by the same road.

Here the dinner hour arrived, and Don Quixote and Don Alvaro dined together. As it happened, the magistrate of the town came into the tavern, with a notary; and Don Quixote pleaded for a petition of right that Don Alvaro, the gentleman there present, should declare before his worship that he did not know Don Quixote de la Mancha, there also present, and that he was not the one named in print in a certain story, entitled *The Second Part of Don Quixote de la Mancha*, composed by one Avellaneda, a native of Tordesillas.

Finally the justice ruled juridically; the deposition was made with all those forms which in such cases ought to be observed, and Don Quixote and Sancho were in great delight, as if such deposition was of the highest importance to them, whose words and works were all-sufficient to make clear the difference between the two Don Quixotes and the two Sanchos.

Many were the courtesies and offers of service which passed between Don Alvaro and Don Quixote, in which the great Manchegan displayed his discretion on such wise that Don Alvaro was undeceived of the error into which he had fallen, which also convinced him that he must be enchanted, since with his own hand he had touched two such opposite Don Quixotes. The evening came; they left the village, and within the space of half a league the road parted in two different ways—the one leading to Don Quixote's village, and the other that which Don Alvaro must needs take. In this brief space Don Quixote rehearsed to him the ill fortune of his vanquishing and the enchantment, and the

ransom of Dulcinea, all of which struck new wonder into Don Alvaro, who, embracing Don Quixote and Sancho, followed on his way and Don Quixote on his, who passed the night among some trees to give occasion to Sancho to fulfil his penance; and he did so after the same manner as the night before, much more to the cost of the beeches' bark than his shoulders, of which he was so careful, that the stripes he laid on them would not have brushed off a fly had there been one there.

The cozened Don Quixote lost not count of a single stripe, and found they mounted with those of the night before to three thousand and twenty and five.

It would seem as if the sun had risen to see the sacrifice, by whose light they began to prosecute their way; the two discoursing between themselves of the delusion of Don Alvaro, and how happy a thing it was that they should have thought of taking his deposition before the justice, and so authentic withal!

That day and night they journeyed without aught happening to them worthy of being rehearsed, except that Sancho then finished his task, for which Don Quixote became happy above all men, and longed for the day, expecting to see if he could not come on the now disenchanted Dulcinea, his mistress. And continuing his way, he came on no woman whatever whom he did not go to scan, to see if he might recognize Dulcinea del Toboso, holding it as infallible that the promises of Merlin could not lie.

In these fancies and longings they mounted a little hill, from which they descried their own village; at

which sight Sancho threw himself on his knees, and cried—

“Open now thine eyes, O longed-for country, and behold the return to thee of thy son Sancho Panza, if not rich, yet very well whipped : open wide thine arms, and receive also thy son Don Quixote, who, if he comes conquered of other arms, comes self-conquered : which, according to what he has told me, is the greatest conquest heart can wish. I bring money ; for, if they gave me good stripes, I rode a good horse.”

“Quit thee of these fooleries, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “and let us put our right foot first for home, where we will give free warren to our fancies, and fix the plan to follow in the pastoral life we mean to profess.”

On this they came down the hill and went to their own village.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

OF THE OMENS WHICH CAME TO DON QUIXOTE ON ENTERING HIS VILLAGE, WITH OTHER SORTED HAPS WHICH GRACE AND BRING GOODLY CREDIT TO THIS GREAT HISTORY.

ON the entrance to which, according to Cid Hamete, Don Quixote saw on the village threshing-floor two boys fighting, and one said to the other, "Go on, Periquillo, but never again shalt thou see her in all the days of thy life."

This Don Quixote heard, and he said to Sancho, "Dost mind, friend, what yon boy did say? *Never again shalt thou see her in all the days of thy life.*"

"Well, what then?" Sancho answered. "Of what worth is the saying of that young chap?"

"What!" replied Don Quixote, "dost thou not perceive that, applying that word unto mine intention, it means that I shall never again behold Dulcinea?"

Sancho was about to make answer, when his attention was arrested by seeing a hare come flying, pursued by many greyhounds and sportsmen, the which, all fear, came for shelter and crouched between the legs of Dapple. Sancho took her up alive, and presented her to Don Quixote, who was saying—

“*Malum signum, malum signum !* the hare flies ; the hounds pursue her ; Dulcinea doth not appear.”

“ Your worship hath a strange conceit,” said Sancho. “ Let us suppose that this is Dulcinea del Toboso, and these hounds which pursue her the vile enchanters which changed her into the country wench. She flies ; I catch her and place her in your worship’s power, and you have her comfortably in your arms. What bad sign is this ? What evil omen can you make out of that ? ”

The two boys of the quarrel came to look at the hare, and Sancho asked one of them wherefore they fought ; and he was answered by the one who had said, *Never again shalt thou see her in all the days of thy life*, for he had taken from the other boy a cage of crickets, which he never intended to give him back in all the days of his life.

Sancho took four *quartos* from his pocket and gave them to the boy for the cage, which he placed in the hands of Don Quixote, saying, “ See now, master, all these omens are broken up and spilt, and have no more to do with our matters, as I fancy, although I am a fool, than last year’s clouds ; and, if I do not ill remember me, I have heard the priest of our village say that it is not for Christian people, nor the discreet, to care for these childish things ; and even your worship’s own self in bygone days gave me to understand that those Christians were fools who looked to omens : and there is no need to worry about this, but to push forward and get home.”

The sportsmen came up and asked for their hare,

which Don-Quixote restored to them. They passed forward, and at the entrance of the village they came, in a little mead, upon the priest and the bachelor, Sampson Carrasco, who were at their prayers. And you must know that Sancho Panza had thrown over Dapple, and over the fardel of arms, by way of a sumpter cloth, the tunic of buckram, all painted over with flames of fire, in which they had dressed him up at the duke's castle on the night when Altisidora returned to herself; he also fixed the mitre on Dapple's head, which was the most novel transformation and odd adorning that had ever before been seen on any ass in the world.

The two were at once recognized by the priest and the bachelor, who came towards them with open arms. Don Quixote alighted and embraced them warmly; while the boys, who are as lynxes not to be denied, descried the mitre of the ass from afar, and ran to see it, saying among themselves—

“Come on, lads, and see the ass of Sancho Panza, more splendid than Mingo, and the beast of Don Quixote, thinner now than on the day he was born.”

Finally, with a swarm of boys, and attended by the priest and the bachelor, they entered the village and went to the house of Don Quixote, and found there at the door his housekeeper and his niece, who had received the tidings of his coming.

Neither more nor less had they given the same to Teresa Panza, wife of Sancho, who, half dressed and her hair all about her shoulders, dragging Sanchica her daughter by the hand, ran to meet her husband; and,

seeing him not so finely dressed as she thought a governor ought to be, she said to him—

“After what fashion dost thou come, my husband? To my seeming thou comest afoot and floundering, and more like a stoned gander than a governor.”

“Be quiet, Teresa,” said Sancho; “it often happens that there are hooks when there is no bacon: and let us home, where thou shalt hear marvels. I bring moneys, which is most to the purpose, gained by my own labour, and without damage to anybody.”

“Dost bring moneys, my dear husband?” exclaimed Teresa. “Let them be gained here or there or anyhow, if they be gained, thou hast made no new custom in the world.”

Sanchica embraced her father, and asked him if he had brought anything, for she had been expecting him like showers in May; and taking hold of him on one side by his sash, and his wife taking hold of his hand on the other, Dapple being pulled along by Sanchica, they went to their own home, leaving Don Quixote in his, in the care of his niece and his house-keeper, and in company of the priest and the bachelor.

Don Quixote, without observing times and seasons, in that same moment went apart alone with the bachelor and the priest, and in few words he recounted his overthrow, and the obligation under which he had come, not to leave his village for a year, which it was his intention to keep to the letter, without transgressing it one jot, as it became a knight-errant to obey with all niceness all the ordinances of knightly chivalry; and he had thought to turn shepherd for

that year, and amuse himself in the solitude of the fields, where with loose rein he might give free scope to his amorous thoughts, exercising himself in that pastoral and virtuous profession: and he entreated them, if they had not much to do, and were not hindered by more important business, to become his companions, and he would buy sheep and cattle sufficient to entitle them to the name of shepherds: and he might tell them that the principal part of the enterprise was already done, for he had given each of them their names, which fitted like a glove.

The priest begged him to repeat what they were.

Don Quixote replied that they would call him the shepherd Quixotiz, and the bachelor the shepherd Carrascon, and the priest the shepherd Priestfold, and Sancho Panza the shepherd Pancino.

They were all amazed for this new lunacy of Don Quixote; but in order that he might not pass away again from the village on his chivalries, trusting that in that year he might be cured, they fell in with his new intent, and approved his madness for discretion, offering to be his companions in his exercise.

“And more,” said Sampson Carrasco, “as all the world already knows, I am a most celebrated poet, and at every step can compound pastoral verses, or courtly, or whatever may be most to the purpose, in order that our pastime may be assured in these groves where we shall rove; and, what is most essential, dear sirs, is that each one must select the name of the shepherdess whom he intends to make renowned by his verse, and there must be no tree, how hard soever it be, on which

shall not be cut and carved her name, as is the use and custom among enamoured shepherds."

"All this is much to the purpose," replied Don Quixote; "although I am free from searching the name of a feigned shepherdess, for there is the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, glory of these river banks, adornment of these fragrant meads, breath of beauty, the cream of wit, and, finally, the personage in and upon whom may be fixed and centred all laud in hyperbolical acclamations!"

"That is true," said the priest; "but search we out now some meek shepherdesses who, if they will not square, will round with us."

To which Sampson Carrasco added, "And when these shall lack to us, we will give them the names of those which are printed and embossed, of whom the world is full—Phillises, Amaryllises, Dianas, Floridas, Galateas, and Belisardas; for as they are sold in the squares, we can buy and use them as our own. If my mistress, or to speak more fitting, my shepherdess, perhaps should be called Anna, I will make her famous as Anarda; if Francisca, I will call her Francenia; and if Lucy, Lucinda; and in like form all others: and Sancho Panza, if he is to enter into this brotherhood, he can celebrate his wife Teresa Panza under the name of Teresayna."

Don Quixote laughed at the application of the name; and the priest praised greatly his modest and honourable resolve, and again offered to keep him company all the time which he could spare from his necessary duties: and with that they bade him fare-

well, and prayed and counselled him to look to his health, and to strengthen himself with all sorts of good things.

It so chanced that the niece and housekeeper heard the discourse of the three, and so, as they separated, the two entered into Don Quixote's room, and the niece said to him—

“What doth this mean, sir uncle? Now that we trusted your worship had come to stay at home, and pass in it a peaceful and honoured life, you would plunge into new labyrinths, making of yourself—

*Gentle shepherd thou who comest,
Gentle shepherd thou who goest.*

Well, in sooth,” she continued, “the stalk is too hard now to make tuneful pipes.”

And the housekeeper added, “And can your worship suffer the noontide heats of summer, the winter nights, and the howling of wolves? No, for certain; this is work and exercise for stout men, cut and bred for such ministry almost from their very swaddling bands and clouts. Ill for ill, it is better to be a knight-errant than a shepherd. Look you now, master, take my counsel, which is not given by one full of bread and wine, but fasting, and with fifty years on my head: stay at home, have an eye to your estate, confess often, look after the poor, and on my soul rest whatever evil come.”

“Break ye off, daughters,” replied Don Quixote; “full well know I what it becomes me to do. Lead me to bed, I think I am not well; and hold for certain that now, whether as knight-errant, or then

as wandering shepherd, I shall not fail to provide for all that you need, as ye shall see in truth."

And the good daughters—as no doubt they were—housekeeper and niece, led him to bed, where they gave him to eat, and nourished him with all care.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

OF HOW DON QUIXOTE FELL ILL, AND OF THE WILL HE
MADE ; AND HIS DEATH.

As human things are not eternal, ever tending to decline from their beginning till they reach their final end, especially the lives of men ; and as Don Quixote held no privilege of Heaven to stop the course of his, his end and finish came, and came when he least expected it. Whether because of the melancholy caused by his being vanquished, or because it was the will of Heaven which ordered it, a tyrant fever took him, and held him six days in bed. During this time he was visited many times by his friends, the priest, the bachelor, and the barber ; and Sancho Panza, his good squire, never went from his bedside.

They, supposing that his grief for his overthrow, and the disappointment of his hope touching the deliverance and disenchantment of Dulcinea, had brought him to that pass, sought by all possible ways to make him merry. The bachelor bade him take heart and rise, and set about his pastoral exercises, for which he had already writ an eclogue, which would

outshine all the eclogues which Sannazáro ever wrote ; that he had, out of his own money, already bought two famous dogs to ward the herds, one called Barcino and the other Butrón, which a flockmaster of Quintanar had sold to him.

But not for that did Don Quixote cease his careful sadness. Then his friends sent for the doctor, who felt his pulse, with which he was nothing pleased ; and he told him, in a word, that he should attend to the health of his soul, for that that of his body was in peril.

Don Quixote heard it with a quiet mind ; but not so his housekeeper, his niece, and his squire, who began to weep most tenderly, as if they saw him already stretched dead before them.

It was the opinion of the doctor that some sad melancholy and disturbing cares had brought him to his end.

Don Quixote entreated them to leave him alone, for that he would sleep a while. This they did ; and he fell asleep at one stroke, as they say, and slept more than six hours, and so soundly that the housekeeper and niece thought he would never awake. At the end of that time he awaked, and in a cheerful voice he cried aloud—

“ Blessed be Almighty God, who hath done so much good to me ; his mercies endure for ever, and are over the sins of men.”

The niece gave heed to her uncle's words, and perceiving them to be more concerted than they were wont to be in his sicknesses, she asked him, “ What would your worship, dear uncle ? Do

you feel any change? What mercies be these, or what sins of men?"

"Niece," answered Don Quixote, "the mercies I speak of are those which God this instant hath vouchsafed to me, and which, I repeat, are over all my sins. My reason is free and clear; the dark clouds of folly are passed away, which my bitter and continued reading in the hateful books of the chivalries had gathered over it: now I know their erring extravagancy and their delusions, and my only sorrow is that this undeceiving comes so late that the time avails me not to make some recompense, by reading others which should enlighten the soul. I find me, niece, at the point of death, and I would so die that men may know that my life hath not been so ill that they should surname me madman; for, although I have been such, this truth shall not be confirmed by my death. Call to me, dear, my good friends the priest, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and Master Nicholas the barber; I would confess me, and make my will."

But this labour was saved the niece by the present entry of all three.

Scarcely had Don Quixote perceived them, when he cried, "Largess, good masters; for now am I no more Don Quixote de la Mancha, but Alonso Quixano, to whom men used to give the surname of The Good; now am I the enemy of Amadis of Gaul, and of all the infinite swarm of his lineage; now are all the profane stories of knight-errantry hateful to me; now know I my folly, and the peril I ran in reading them; now, by the mercy of God, become wise at my own cost, I abhor them."

When the three heard this, they believed beyond a doubt that some new madness had seized him, and Sampson said to him—

“Now, sir Don Quixote, that tidings have reached us of the disenchantment of lady Dulcinea, does your worship give way thus? now that we are on the point of becoming shepherds in order to pass our lives singing like princes, hath your worship a mind to turn hermit? Peace, on your life; come to yourself, and leave all idle tales.”

“Those which up till now,” replied Don Quixote, “have been to my hurt shall in my death, by the help of Heaven, return to my profit. I, my good masters, know that I am dying at all speed: leave we these mockeries aside, and bring me a confessor which shall confess me, and a notary to make my will; for in extremities such as this a man must not jest with the soul: and so I pray you, while master priest confesseth me, that you send for the notary.”

They looked one upon another, they wondered at the arguments of Don Quixote, and, although they doubted, they wished to believe. One of the signs by which they conjectured that he would die was the suddenness in which he changed from being mad to being sane. For to the foregoing discourses he added many others, so well spoken, so Christian-like, and in such concerted sense, that all doubt was taken from them, and they believed him to be in his right mind.

The priest put all the people from the room, and remaining alone with him, took his confession.

The bachelor went for the notary, and a little while

after he returned with him, and with Sancho Panza, who, having heard the tidings from the bachelor of his master's state, and finding the housekeeper and the niece in tears, began first to whine and then to cry.

The confession being ended, and the priest come out from the room, he said, "Really and truly he dies, and really and truly is Alonso Quixano the Good in his right mind. We may as well go in to help make his will."

These tidings were a terrible blow to the pregnant eyes of the housekeeper, the niece, and of Sancho Panza; for of a truth, as hath sometime been said before, while Don Quixote was plain Alonso Quixano the Good, and while he was Don Quixote de la Mancha, he was ever of gentle condition and good conversation; and for this cause not only was he well loved by those of his own house, but of all as many as knew him.

The notary entered with the rest, and after he had made the heading of the will and bequeathed his soul, with all the accustomed Christian circumstances, coming to the legacies, Don Quixote said—

"Item: it is my will that of certain moneys held by Sancho Panza (who in the days of my vanity I made my squire) because of certain accounts between us, and reckonings, receipts, and payments, no charge be taken thereof or accounts demanded, except that if any remain over after he has paid himself what I do owe him, the rest shall be his—which will be but little, but may it profit him much; and if, when I, being mad, was of a mind to give him the government of an island, could I now, being sane, bestow upon him the government of a kingdom, that would I do, for the simplicity of his condition and the fidelity of his walk deserve it."

And, turning to Sancho, he said, "Forgive me, my friend, for that I gave occasion to make thee seeming mad with myself, causing thee to fall into the same error into which I fell, of believing there were and are in the world knights-errant."

"Oh, my master," exclaimed Sancho, crying, "do not die, but take my counsel, and live many years; for the greatest madness which a man may be guilty of in this life is to die without more ado, without anybody's killing him, or any other hands finishing him, but unmanly melancholy. Look you, master, be not slothful, but get you out of this bed, and let us afield, dressed out like shepherds, as we held agreed; perhaps we shall find the lady Dulcinea behind some bush, disenchanted, as fine as fair to see. If you want to die for grief of being overcome, throw the blame on me, saying as how you fell because I had ill girthed Rozinante; besides, your worship must often have seen in your books of chivalry that it is a common thing for some knights to knock over others, and he which is conquered to-day shall be conqueror to-morrow."

"That is so," said Sampson, "and the good Sancho is well up in the truth of these cases."

"My good masters," said Don Quixote, "fair and softly; in last year's nests you shall not find this year's birds. I was mad, I am now in my right mind; whilom I was Don Quixote, I am now Alonso Quixano the Good. I trust that my repentance and troth may restore me to the esteem in which your worships once did hold me. Proceed, master notary:

Item : I bequeath all my estate, to be at her sole disposal, to Antonia Quixana my niece, who is here present, after having first deducted to the best advantage all which is needed in quittance of the bequests I now make ; and the first shall be the payment of the wage which I owe for the time my housekeeper hath served me, and twenty ducats more for a dress.

I appoint as my executors our priest and Master Bachelor Sampson Carrasco, who are here present.

Item : It is my will that if Antonia Quixana hath a mind to marry, she marry her with a man of whom, first of all, it is well reported that he knows not what sort of things are books of chivalry ; and in case it shall be proven that he hath this knowledge, and yet, for all that, my niece still desires to marry her with him, she shall then lose all that I have herein bequeathed to her, the which shall be distributed in pious works by my executors, according as they shall direct.

Item : I entreat of the same good masters my executors that if, by good hap, they come to know the author of whom it is said he writ a story which goes about under title of the Second Part of the Exploits of Don Quixote de la Mancha, they pray him most earnestly on my part, to pardon the occasion which I unwittingly gave him of writing so many and great extravagancies which are therein written ; for I quit me of this life with some pain for having given him any cause for writing them."

With that the will was finished ; on which he fell in a faint, stretched at length in his bed. They were all affrighted, and ran to his help ; and in the space of the three days which he lived after making his will, he fainted very often, and the house was in a continual stir. But for all, the niece did eat, the housekeeper drank, and Sancho Panza made merry ; for this matter of inheritance doth somewhat cloud, or at least temper, in the mind of the inheritor the recollection of the pain which of reason he would feel for the testator's death.

In fine, the last day of Don Quixote came, which was after he had received all the sacraments, and after

he had, with many and potent arguments, set forth his abhorrence of books of chivalry.

The notary was present, and protested that he had never read in any book of chivalry of a knight-errant who had died in his bed so calmly and so Christian-like as Don Quixote, who, amidst the compassion and the tears of all who were there, gave up his ghost. In other words, he died.

On seeing which, the priest demanded a certificate of the notary, setting forth how that Alonso Quixano the Good, commonly called Don Quixote de la Mancha, had passed from this present life, and had died naturally; and he demanded that certificate to remove occasion from any other author except Cid Hamete Benengeli to falsely raise up and make never-ending stories of his deeds.

This was the end of the INGENIOUS KNIGHT OF LA MANCHA, of whose village Cid Hamete had no wish to make special mention, for that he would leave all the towns and villages of La Mancha to contend amongst them which should adopt and hold him for its own, as the seven cities of Greece contended for Homer.

We leave out here the laments of Sancho, the niece, and housekeeper of Don Quixote, as well as the new epitaphs of his sepulchre, although Sampson Carrasco placed this:—

*The doughty knight that lies beneath
Reached valour's height by dint of strife,
For death, that triumphed in his death,
Achieved no triumph o'er his life.*

*The world he scorned, and fain would purge,
Was both its scarecrow and its scourge,
And had this luck beyond all rule—
To die a sage and live a fool.*

And the prudent Cid Hamete said to his pen,
“ Hang thou here from this rack and by this brass
thread—I know not if thou be well formed or ill
cut, my constant pen—where thou shalt stay for long
ages, if presumptuous and malignant writers do not
take thee down to profane thee. But before they
reach thee thou mightest arise, and say to them in the
way thou best knowest—

*Hands off: nor touch a single thing,
Ye cullions base, begone!
This enterprise, my noble king,
Is mine, and mine alone.*

For me alone was Don Quixote born, and I for him.
He knew how to act, and I to write; we two are one,
despite and in spite of the feigned Tordesillian writer
who has dared or may dare to write with gross and
ill-dressed pen of ostrich the deeds of my valiant
knight; for that is not a fardel for his shoulders, nor a
subject for his frost-bitten genius: to whom tell, if per-
chance thou comest to know him, to suffer the wearied
and now mouldering bones of Don Quixote to rest in
the grave, and that he attempt not, against all the
charters of death, to carry him to Castile the Old, or
to drag him from his grave, where, really and truly, he
lies stretched at length, incapable of making a third
journey and a new sally; for the two which he hath
already made, and with so much pleasure and favour,

as well of the people of this nation as of stranger kingdoms, are sufficient to make mockery of all knights-errant. And with this shalt thou conform to thy Christian profession, giving good counsel to such as wish thee evil ; and I will remain content and gay for being the first to rejoice fully in the fruit of his writings, as he wished : for my one desire has been to bring into the abhorrence of men the false and extravagant histories of the books of chivalry, which by means of those of my genuine Don Quixote, begin already to stagger, and at last must fall altogether without any manner of doubt.

“FAREWELL.”

Envoy.

Go lityl Boke, God send the gode passage.
Chese well thy waie, be simple of manere,
Take thy clothynge be like the pilgrimage,
And specially let this be thy praiere
Unto 'hem all that the will rede or here,
Where thou art wrong after ther helpe to call
The to correcte in any parte or all ;
Praie 'hem also with thine humble servise
Thy boldenesse to pardon in this case,
For els thou art not able in no wise
To make thyself appere in any place ;
And furthirmore besech 'hem of ther grace
By ther favour and supportacion
To take in gree this rude Translacion.

GEOFF. CHAUCER, *La Belle Dame Sans Mercy*.

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